

Are to be sold by Ni: Alsop at the Angell in Popes head ally. ¹¹





TO THE RIGHT HONOU-
 rable and thrice noble, the Lord *George*, the
 Lord *John*, and the Lord *Bernhard Stewart*,
 sonnes of the gracious and illustrious princeesse
Katharine, Dutches of *Lenox*, *John Vicars*
 wisheth all increase of true noblenesse and
 honour here, and eternall happinesse
 in heaven hereafter.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

H He boundlesse bond of sincere gratitude,
 For favours multitude and magnitude,
 My self and second doth so firmly tie
 To you and your illustrious familie,
 That what I can or do, or speak, or write,
 Comes short of your demerits infinite.
 Yet that I be not totally ingrate,
 At least (at last) in minde to memorate,
 What I and mine to you and yours do owe,
 I long have longed, fitly forth to show.
 And thus at length my hopes being happi'de,
 And kinde occasion caught, as soon as spi'de;
 My humble hand and thankfull heart accords,
 To you thrice noble and illustrious Lords,
 To dedicate and consecrate, as due,
 My self, my service, and my all to you.
 In this translated prince of poets rare,
 Disrobed thus from's *Latine* vestures faire,
 Into a home-spun english gray-coat plain,
 Its vitall warmth, not worth, safe to maintain;

The Epistle dedicatorie.

Yet in its self a princely poem sweet,
For your true princely patronage most meet;
Not for my manner, but its matters sake,
Wherein much various pleasure you may take.
Fully and fairely to affect and fit
Your pregnant promising, faire sprouting wit,
And cedar-like high growing noblenesse,
In learning, vertue, grace and godlinesse.
O as your yeares, so may these in you flourish,
Your king t' affect, the church and state to nourish!
So faire paire-royall of young nobles high,
Here to adorn, in heaven to glorifie.
Thus from his heart (best part) most humbly prayes
He, who in him and his doth rest alwayes

*Your honours most humbly
devoted servant,*

JOHN VICARS.

TO

TO THE COURTEOUS not curious Reader.

THou hast here (courteous and candide reader) the weak issue of my many nocturnall travells; a work fitter (I confesse) for one of *Apolloes* elder bay-browed sonnes: But thus you see, it hath pleased *Vrania* to make choice of one of the meekest and most unworthie younger brethren of *Parnassus*. In which my (though poore, yet painfull) travell, I must intreat thee, kinde reader, to take notice of two things touching the translation; namely the motives thereunto, and the manner thereof. The motives, whereby I first undertook this task, were first, the instigation and incitement thereunto, by a no lesse learned then loving friend. Secondly and especially the common good and publick utility, which I hoped might accrew to young schollars and grammaticall *Tyroes*. The manner, wherein I have aimed at these three things, Perispicuity of the matter, fidelity to the authour, and facility or smoothnes to recreate thee my reader. Now if any criticall or curious wit tax me with a *Frastra fit per plura, &c.* and blame my not curious confinement to my authour line for line; I answer, (and I hope this answer will satisfie the moderate and ingenuous) that though peradventure I could (as in my *Eabels Balme* I have done throughout that whole translation) yet in regard of the loftie majestie and gravity of this my authours stile, I would not adventure so to pinch in his spirits, as to make him seem to walk like a livelesse ghost. But thinking on that of *Horace*, *Brevis esse Laboro, obscurus fio*, I presumed (yet still having an eye to the genuine sense as I was able) to expatiate with poetick liberty, where necessity of matter and phrase enforced. And so much the rather, being backt with so good a warrant therein, as the authority and direction of the forelaid authour, in his *Arte Poetica*: whose words runne thus;

*Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Nec circa vilem paulumque moraberis orbem,
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres, &c.*

If then (gentle and ingenuous reader) these my poore endeavours may either *prodesse*, or *delectare*, then give God the praise, his due desert, my true desire: But if thou canst finde neither of either, but canst finde in thy heart to finde fault withall, then I say to thee, or rather *Martiall* in his Epigrams for me, *Carpere vel noli nostra, vel ede tua.*

Thine JOHN VICARS.



THE LIFE OF VIRGIL,

written by *Tiberius Claudius Donatus*,
as *Servius* in his commentarie
upon *Virgil* relates it.

PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO was (as antiquity testifies) born of mean parentage, especially on the fathers side, whose name was Maro, who, as some say, was by profession a potter. He was (as many suppose) at first, servant to a certain wandering wizard or soothsayer; and by his sedulous industrie in rustic affaires, husbandrie, keeping of cattell, working in woods, and tending of bees, raised up his masters small means to a good estate, and afterwards marrying his daughter, became his masters sonne in law. He was born the 15. day of October in a countrey village called Andes, neare Mantua, in the yeare of the consulship of Cneius Pompey the great, and Marcus Licinius Crassus, and was a citizen of Mantua, as saith Servius Aemilius Honoratus, a learned Grammarian. His mother Maia, being great with childe of him, dreamed that she was delivered of a small branch, which being set in the ground, grew up immediately into a great spreading tree, fairly fraught with variety of fruit and fragrant flowers. And the next day she and her husband walking into the next neighbouring countrey, she stepping aside, was delivered of him in a ditch. It is said, that being born, he never cried; but was of such a sweet and amiable countenance, that he gave great hope of a most flourishing future condition. His infancie, till the age of about seven yeares, was spent in Cremona. From Cremona he went into Millan, and from thence shortly after passed over into Naples, where with great industrie and utilitie studying the Greek and Latine tongues, he addicted himself principally and most seriously to the studie of Physick, and of the Mathematicks, and in both exceeded all others of his time, insomuch that he planted himself in Rome; where falling into familiaritie and acquaintance with the master of the horse to Augustus the emperour, he cured many of his horses diseases, who rewarded him with a dayly allowance of bread, as to the rest of the officers of his stable.

Afterward

The life of VIRGIL.

Afterward the Cretonians presented to the emperor a gallant colt, which in the opinion of all the beholders was like to prove a nagge of rare spirit and pace: but when Virgil saw him, he told the master of the horse that it was bred of a very faultie mare, and would prove neither quick spirited nor nimble paced: which afterward fell out so indeed. Which the master of the horse relating to Augustus, he commanded that Virgils allowance of bread should be dayly doubled. Again, certain hounds being sent as a present out of Spain to the emperor, Virgil told both of what kinde they came, and how they would prove dogs of admirable use and swiftnes: which also being made known to Augustus Cesar, he again gave order that his allowance of bread should be re-doubled. Shortly after, Augustus growing doubtfull of himself whether Octavius were his father, and perswaded that Virgil, who so well knew the nature and kinde of hounds and horses, could also resolve this doubt, separating all other companie, and retiring into a private room, he takes Virgil with him, and asks him alone, whether he knew who he was, and what power he had to make men honourable and happie. Whereunto he answered, I know that thou art Augustus Cesar, and that thou hast power almost equall to the immortall Gods, and that thou canst happie whomsoever thou pleasest. Surely, said Cesar, I have now a minde and purpose to make thee most happie and honourable, if thou canst give a full answer to my request unto thee. Sir, sayes Virgil, I wish it were in my power to tell you the certainty of whatsoever your majesty could demaund of me. Some men (sayes Cesar) think that Octavius was my father, others think some body else: Whereunto Virgil with a smile, thus replied, Sacred sir, if I may freely and without offence answer your majesties demaund, I am perswaded I shall easily resolve this doubt. Cesar hereupon assured him with an oath, that whatsoever he spake he would not take it amisse, and that withall, he would not leave him unrewarded. Now then Virgil fixing his eyes seriously on the emperours face, said; It is easie in other creatures (by rules of philosophie and the mathematicks) to discern the qualities and conditions of their progenitors and parents, but in man it is not so easie a matter; yet as touching your sacred majestie, I am able to make some probable conjecture what profession your father was of. Hereat Cesar began to listen the more attentively what he would say. Then sayes Virgil; So farre forth as I can collect and understand, thou wast a bakers sonne. The emperor hereat amazed, presently began to wonder within himself how

The life of VIRGIL.

that could be. But Virgil instantly interrupting his thoughts, said: *Hearken sir, I beseech you, on what ground I build this my opinion: Your majestie knows, that when I formerly foretold diverse things which could not be seen into nor foreshewn, but by men of great learning and understanding, that your majestie the great monarch of the world again and again rewarded me with a lot and allowance of bread, which surely is the propertie either of a baker or a bakers sonne. This facetious conceit pleased the emperour wondrous well: who thereupon said unto him, Thou shalt now be no more rewarded by a baker, but by a munificent and magnificent king: and ever after the emperour highly esteemed him and commended him to Pollio. He was big of body, and tall of stature, of a shallow complexion, hard favoured and of a sickly constitution, a moderate drinker, and of a spare diet. It is reported that he was given to the filthy and lustfull love of boyes, but the honestest sort of men of his dayes were perswaded he loved them no otherwise then as Socrates loved Alcibiades, and Plato his schollars: and that above all other he loved Cebetes and Alexander best, whom in the second Eclog of his *Bucolicks* he termed Alexis, whom Asinius Pollio gave unto him. And it is reported also that he kept Plotia Hieria, but Asconius Pedianus affirms the contrarie from Virgils own serious deniall thereof. In all other demeanours of his life he was both in speech and conversation so honest and upright, that throughout all Naples he was called *Virginity*; and if at any time (as that was but seldome) he walked the streets of Rome, and observed himself to be noted and followed by any in the streets, he would retire himself immediately into the next house he came unto. He in his moderation of riches refused the goods and estate of a banished man, which Augustus Cesar profered to him; having a good competent estate of his own, and a house in Rome in the *Exsquiliae* neare *Mecenas* his gardens. He used much, and most frequently, to retire himself into Campania and Sicily. In any request to Cesar he never had deniall. He was annually helpfull to his parents in great measure, who died when he was himself grown to a ripe age; his father being blinde ere he died. His two brethren Silo and Flaccus being dead, he bewailed under the name of *Daphnis*. *Melissus* reports, that he was slow of tongue and sparing of speech, as if he had been a very ignorant and illiterate man. When he first addicted himself to poetry, he made this distich upon one *Balista* a master of fence, who for report of robberies was covered with a heap of stones:*

The life of VIRGIL,

Monte sub hoc lapidum tegitur Balista sepultus

Nocte, die tutum carpe, viator, iter.

This heap of stones, Balista's corps interre;

Then night or day passe safely, passenger.

After this he wrote Moretum, Priapus, Epigrams, Diræ, Culex, and other Poems, when he was but about sixteen yeares of age. He wrote Ætina also: and after that, writing of Romane affairs, yet misliking the sharpnes and rigidnes of the matter and names thereof, he fell upon his Bucolicks: especially to celebrate the names of Asinius Pollio, Alphenus Varius, and Cornelius Gallus his great friends. Afterward he wrote his Georgicks in honour of Mæcenas. Last of all, he took these Æneids in hand, a work of a various and multifarious argument, and in a manner, resembling both Homers works. When he wrote the Georgicks, it is reported, that every morning he was accustomed to write a certain number of verses, which he would all the day long overlook and so abridge, and refine them into a few, that it might not be unfitly said, that he brought forth verses urliuo more, as the female-beare doth her young, bringing them into due form by licking. This his work called the Æneids, he wrote first in twelve books in prose (as some think) and afterward digested it into verse; and some think, that had he lived he would have enlarged it unto twentie foure books, even unto the time of Augustus. Of his Æneids (scarcely yet begun) there was spread such a fame, that Sextus Propertius doubted not thus to write of them;

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii;

Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

Give place, give place Greeks, Romane writers wise;

Some worthier work then Ilias now doth rise.

When Augustus Cesar, who by chance was absent from the Cantabrick expedition, requested Virgil, partly by intreating, partly by merrily menacing letters, to send him, if it were but a very little, or (as his own words are) some one perfect sentence of his Æneids, he refused it: but afterward, when it was fully perfected, he recited to him three of the books, namely the second, the fourth, and the sixth, and this especially for Octavia's sake, who being there present at the recitall of those verses of her sonne, Tu Marcellus eris &c. Thou shalt Marcellus be, it is reported she fell into a swoond with sorrow: and being with much adoe recovered, she commanded that Virgil should

The life of VIRGIL.

Should have to the value of five pound for every verse. He read his book also to diverse, but not often, and those places onely, whereof he made any scruple or doubt; thereby to heare mens judgements of them. He fully perused his Bucolicks and Georgicks: and when he was about 52 yeares old, with a desire to finish his *Æneids*, he resolved to have withdrawn himself into Greece and Asia, and there to have spent three whole yeares in correcting and perusing it, that he might bestow the remainder of his dayes onely in the studie of Philosophie. But being in his journey, at Athens he met Augustus returning out of the East-countries towards Rome; whereupon he purposed to have returned home again with the emperour: but travelling to Megara, a town neare Athens, onely to see it, he took a sickness there, which with continuall travell by sea so increased till he came to Brundisium, that within few dayes after he there died, on the 22 of Septemb. Cneius Plautius and Quintus Lucretius being Consuls. When he felt himself sick unto the death, he called often and very earnestly for his desk; that he might burn his *Æneids*: which being denyed him, he notwithstanding ordered by his last will and testament, that it should be burned, as a work both faultie and imperfect. But Tucca and Varrus told him that Augustus would by no means suffer it. Whereupon he bequeathed that work and his other writings to Varius and Tucca, upon this condition, that they should set forth nothing but that which he would have set forth; and such verses as were imperfect, to leave so still. He desired that his bones should be translated to Naples, where he had lived long and merrily; which at Cæsars command was accordingly performed, and he buried in the way to Puteoli. Upon his tombe, at the second stone was engraven this distick, made by himself,

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere; tenet nunc

Parthenope; Cecini pascua, rura, duces.

Mantua gave life, Calabria death, a grave

Parthenop: I sang fields, lands, captains brave.

Plotius Tucca after Virgils decease (as he had requested) at Cæsars command, corrected the *Æneids*; for no man judged them to be burnt; whereof these verses of Sulpitius the Carthaginian, are extant.

Iusserat hæc rapidis aboleri carmina flammis

Virgilius, Pbrygium quæ cecinere ducem.

Tucca vetat, Variusque simul: tu maxime Cæsar,

Non finis; & Latiae consilis historiae.

Infelix gemino cecidit propè Pergamos igni,

Et

The life of VIRGIL.

Et penè est alio Troia cremata rogo.

*Virgil these verses vow'd to fires fierce flame,
Which sweetly sang the Trojan princes fame.*

*But Tucca, Varnus, Cesar, to his glorie,
The fast forbad, preserv'd th' Italian floris.*

*Unhappie Troy, twice (neare) with fire consum'd;
Neare Pergame perisht bad, to fire twice doom'd.*

*There are extant also many other and most excellent verses written
by Augustus Cesar himself, to the same effect: which begin thus;*

Ergone supremis potuit vox improba verbis
Tam dirum mandare nefas: Ergò ibit in ignes,
Magnaque doctiloqui morietur Musa Mironis:

*And must so vile a voice of last-will stand,
And such a foule nefarious fact command?*

*Must Maro's marrow of pure poëtrie,
Most learned lines in furious fire so frize?*

And a little after;

Sed legum servanda fides;suprema voluntas
Quod mandat fierique jubet, parere necesse est.
Frangatur potius legum veneranda potestas,
Quàm tot congestos noctesque diésque labores
Hauferit una dies, &c.

*But law, and what last-will doth will, must stand,
And that must be obey'd which laws command:
Nay rather we'll infringe laws awfull power,
Then such rare nights and dayes toiles in one houre
Suffer to suffer shipwrack, &c.*

Pedianus reporteth, that Virgil was very courteous, and a lover of all good and learmed men, and so unspotted with the foot of envie, that if he heard or saw any thing wittily or worthily said or done by any others, he as much rejoyced therein, as if it had been his own: That he used not to dispraise any man, but ever praised good men; and that he was so courteous and affable, that there was none (except he were most rudely and barbarously inclined) but both much favoured, and most ardently affected him. He seemed utterly unglued from strict meum and tuum; for his librarie stood still as open to the schollars, as to himself, and oftentimes used that old adage of Euripides, τὰ τῶν φίλων κοινὰ, Communia amicorum esse omnia, All things are common among friends. And therefore he so lovingly respected all the poets of his time, that when they were emulously and enviously jarring

The life of VIRGIL.

jarring and snarling at one another, yet they all with an unanimous consent ever loved and revered him, as Tucca, Varius, Horace, Gallus, and Propertius.

He so much despised glorie, that when some had ascribed and arrogated to themselves certain of his verses, and were therefore had in the greater reputation for their learning, he not onely shewed himself no way discontented therewith, but much rejoyced at it. For when once he made a couple of verses containing the praise and prosperitie of Cæsars emperie, which were set upon the gates without name, (these were the verses;

Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula mane,
Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.

*All night it rains, next morn sights glut the eye:
Cæsar with Jove hath equall emperie.)*

Cæsar having made enquire for the authour of them, yet could not know him, at length Bathyllus a certain plain poet (when none would father them) took upon him to be the authour of them; and was therefore both well rewarded and much respected by Cæsar. But Virgil not taking this very well, set upon the same gates, this beginning of his conceit foure times, Sic vos, non vobis, which Augustus Cæsar would have had made up: but when many had fruitlessly endeavoured it, Virgil himself repiied thus to the foresaid distich:

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.

Sic vos non vobis nidificatis, aves:

Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves:

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes:

Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra, boves.

These verses I did make,

Others my palm did take.

So you not for you, birds, build nests in trees:

So you not for you, sheep, wooll-fleeces beare:

So you not for you gather honey, bees:

So you not for you, beeves, plow-yokes do weare.

This thus known, Bathyllus was for a long time an occasion of jest and laughter to the whole citie of Rome. Once Virgil having in his hand the works of Ennius, and being demanded by one, what he did with them, he answered, that he gathered gold out of Ennius his dung: for that author expressed worthy sentences and matter under homely words and phrases. Augustus Cæsar asking him how a citie might be best governed, he answered, If the wisest men were placed

The life of VIRGIL.

at the helm of government, and good men authorized to over-rule the bad; and that thus men of desert might have their due honour, and men of mean condition not oppressed with injurie. Mæcenas also asking him what it is that procures least loathsomenesse and tediousnesse to a man, he answered, The multitude and similitude of all things offends every mans appetite and affection, except of understanding. Mæcenas asked him again, how a man might conserve from ruine a faire and flourishing estate? To whom Virgil answered, If he excell others as much in liberalitie and goodnesse, as in riches and in honour. He was accustomed to say, that none of all the vertues was more laudable or more profitable for a man then patience; and that no estate or fortune could be so terrible or untoothsome, but that a wise man by discreet sufferance might overcome it. Which he excellently urgeth in the fifth of his *Æneids*, thus;

Nate Dea, quæ fata trahunt, retrahuntque, sequamur;

Quicquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est.


Fairst Goddess soune, let's follow fates where's ere;

Worst state or fate by bearing let's o'rebeare.

There are many other worthy and memorable things written by this authour, of this our poet, and his other excellent works; which, partly to avoid prolixitie, partly also as not being peculiarly pertinent to this work, I have of purpose pretermitted, and referre the reader, for farther satisfaction (if he require it) to Donatus himself in *Servius his Commentarie upon that our Prince of Poets, Virgil*.



TO MY GOOD COUSEN MR JOHN VICARS.

ood cousen, as farre forth as my other serious studies would give leave, I have read your *Virgils Aeneids* translated into english decasyllables. Wherein (that I may be just, and give you your due) I know not whether you have performed better the part of a good poët or of a good interpreter. In my judgement, I will speak it without feare or flatterie (*quorum causas procul habeo*) your great pains in transplanting this worthiest of latine poets, into a mellow & neat english soile (a thing not done before) deserveth great applause and good acceptance of all scholars, both such as are under the *ferula* in Grammar schools, and such as have their brows bedect with laurell in the Universities. If I were of a perfect wit, or a poët but of an inferiour alloy, I would have sent you some verses as an encomiastick : but I must not mount above my sphere, nor step beyond my last.

*Invida me spatii natura coercuit artis,
Ingenii vires exiguasque dedit.*

Nature, a shallow wit in narrow brains
That pent, forbids me all poëtick strains.
And therefore in plain prose I bid you heartily well to
fare, and shall ever rest

Your assured loving cousen

Thomas Vicars.

B.D.Ox.

TO
HIS WORTHY FRIEND
Mr JOHN VICARS.



Hy dost thou (*Maro*) doom unto the fire
Those loftie raptures, which all times admire,
Hugging thy *genius*? Ah, unhappie verse!
Must thou needs burn? No; *Cesar* doth re-
That fatall verdict; fitter farre to be (verse
In this, thy fire, than who gave life to thee.
Let reverend sway and awfull majestie
Of laws, before those high-flown poems die,
Cries great *Augustus*: So, who ever reads
Thy lines (thou best interpreter) must needs
Cry, Live for ever such smooth strains as make
The world to doubt, whether fam'd *Maro* spake
The *Brittish* or the *Romane* language, best:
How-ere, in one, then; now in both he's blest.
Who scans, shall freely tell, *Rome* owes not more
To his, then fairest *Albion* to thy store.

Idem ad eundem.

The soule (*Pythagoras* did teach) doth go
From body unto body; and if so,
The paradox may passe. Who reads will sweare
The *Romane Maro's* soule inspired were
Into thy breast; so smooth and sweet thy strains,
So high thy language, full of sweat thy pains.

Thomas Drant,

M. A. Cam.

T O
THE LEARNED TRANS-
latour of *VIRGILS ÆNEIDS*.

I Oftie was *Maroes* muse, feather'd his pen,
Which rais'd so high the acts of Gods & men.
Yet that but hover'd on the *Romane* sphere:
Thine soares, as chanting, in the Brittish aire.
The storie great, in both the lustre cleare.
There shines the sunne, but the reflection here.
What dayes were those, when *Attick* streams did swell
Higher at *Rome*, then at the *Thespian* well?
What dayes, said I? why 'twas *Augustus* reigne,
When arts and arms advanc'd in equall train:
When fate was acting fame: and then 'twas meet
That such a poet such a prince should greet.
But change the times: Is not the state as free?
Doth art or nature faint in pedigree?
No, perarch *Romes* eagles now, the quills are gone
From them to us, and so the conquest won.
Tongues have their severall orbs; that spangles bright,
Whose flame is native, not a borrowed light.
So spangled *Homers*, *Maroes* so: so thine
With rayes embellisht splendid and divine.
The author's crown'd before with *Romane* bayes,
Then rob not the translatour of his praise.
A matchlesse piece of such exact a frame
Will envy hush, and criticisme shame.
On then, if poëtrie pythagorize,
Virgil in *Vicars* sacred breast survives.

W. Sq.

The

THE ARGUMENT of the first Book.

*A man for valour, vertue, rare,
Æneas, prest with woe and care,
By angry Juno's unjust spight,
To Italie taking his flight
Through rocky rough Sicilian seas,
At last in Libya found great ease.
Where wandring with Achates kinde,
By mothers guide themselves they finde
I'tb' kingdome of Elisa queen.
Then closed in a cloud unseen,
Æneas to the citie bound,
There his lost ships and fellows found.
Whom Dido kindly entertains,
And of Troyes wrack to tell constrains.*

L Who on slender oat-pipes once did sing
My songs, and leaving leavy woods did bring
Each neighbouring field to yeeld obedient gains
(A countrey welcome-work) to greedy swains;
But now I sing fierce warres, and that brave knight
Who forc'd from Troy, came first by fatall might
To *Latinus* and *Lavine*, tost to and fro
By angry Gods, with lands and seas much woe,
And jangling *Juno's* old remembered frown,
Much warre-woe felt he ere he built his town,
Or into *Italie* his Gods could bring,
Whence *Albane* peeres, and royall *Rome* did spring.

Shew me, my Muse, why angry destinie,
Or why the queen of Gods implacably
Should force this pious prince such straits to see,
Such woes to feel: Can Gods thus angry be?

There is an ancient town, *Carthage* by name,
By *Tyrians* built, and o're against the same
Stands *Italie*, and *Tybers* mouth most wide,
For wealth and seats of arms of pæcerelesse pride:
Which onely *Juno* held then all more deare,
Even before *Samo's* self. Her armour here,
Here was her chariot: This the imperiall throne
(If fates were pleas'd) she mindes, maintains alone.
O but she heard a *Trojan* plant would spring,
Which once t'her *Tyrian* towres would ruine bring:
That hence a potent people would arise,
By *Libya's* losse: so pleas'd the destinies.
She fearing this, and mindefull of th' old broile,
Whereby for her deare *Greeks* she *Troy* did spoile:
Nor had she yet quite quencht old angers flame,
Forgot fierce griefs: to fresh remembrance came,
Her beautie scorn'd, by *Paris* judgement base;
That hatefull stock stole *Ganymeds* great grace:
For these, all these, great *Juno* all-displeas'd,
The *Trojans* poore by tossing waves diseas'd,
(Of *Greeks* and fierce *Achilles* the remains)
Enforced farre from her *Italian* planes,
Long times through seas by fates they driven were:
So hard it was *Romes* empire up to reare.

Scarce had they cheerly from faire *Sicils* fight
Hoist sails, and plowd the foamy waves outright,
When *Juno*, stufte with ancient imbred ire,
Sayes thus; Must I vanquisht vail my desire?

Can I not keep *Troyes* king from *Italy*?
 Cause fates forbid: Could *Pallas* potently
 Fire all the *Grecian* fleet, the *Greeks* all drown
 For one mans fault, even *Ajax* mad love known?
Joves nimble lightning she from heaven soon darted,
 The waves wound up, the ships disperst and parted:
 And him himself, heart wounded, spuing fire,
 With whirlwindes dast on rocks she made expire:
 But I the queen of Gods, sister and wife
 To mighty *Jove*, have many yeares had strife
 With one poore nation: who'le henceforth adore
 Great *Juno's* Godhead, or her aid implore?
 This Goddessie thus pumps forth her fierie spite,
 And to *Eolia* swiftly takes her flight
 To Winde-land, full of furions Southern blasts:
 Where *Eolus* their king most fiercely casts
 The blustering winds and tempests turbulent,
 Into vast caves, as slaves in prison pent.
 They rumbling make huge noise i'th' hollow pits,
 Where *Eolus* enthron'd with scepter sits,
 And tames their tumults, over-rules their rage,
 Which if he should not powerfully assuage,
 Swiftly they'd sweep both heaven, earth, seas, and all,
 And whisk them through the aire without recall.
 But mighty *Jove* kept them in dungeons black,
 (This fearing) and main mounds laid on their back:
 Gave them a king, who being charg'd, should see
 To curb or loose the reins, by firm decree.
 To whom now gentle *Juno* humbly said,
 Great *Eolus*, (for so great *Jove* thee made,
 Potent to still the waves, to stirre the winde)
 On *Tyrbean* seas do sail my foes unkinde,

Troy into *Italie* (in hopes) transporting,
 Their petty conquered Gods with them consorting.
 Strike strength into thy windes, their ships all scatter,
 Or drown, or on rocks, sands, their bodies batter.
 Foureteen faire lovely lively Nymphs I have,
 Of whom the rarest for her beautie brave,
 My *Deiopeia*, thy faire bride shall be,
 And in firm wedlock wedded unto thee,
 In lew of all thy love, eternally:
 Making thee fire of sweet posteritie.
 To whom thus *Aeolus*; Great queen, but say:
 For what you bid I'm bound straight to obey.
 By you I have this kingdome, whatsoe're,
 By you my scepter and *Joves* favour deare
 I do enjoy, and with the Gods do feast,
 O're windes and storms by you's my power increast.
 This was no sooner said, but straight he stroke
 His speare into th' hills side; forth, forth with broke
 Huge blustering windes, as all in uproare rais'd,
 Through that small postern, making earth amaz'd.
 Then nestling on the sea, they rouse the waves
 Quite topsie turvie, East, South-east, outbraves:
 Yea, stormie *Africk* puffs upon the ocean,
 Making fouds flow to shore with strange commotion.
 Hence follow, straight, mens shrieks, and creaks of cable,
 Storm clouds from *Trojans* fight; day-light disable
 Claps up the sunne: black night the sea hugs o're,
 And all the heavens sound with *Joves* thunder-roare:
 With thick quick lightning flashes th' aire's repleat,
 And all things present death to th' *Trojans* threat.
 Forthwith *Aeneas* joynts with chilling feare
 Benum'd, he sighs, and's hands to heaven doth reare,
Venting

Venting these sad events; Blest, oh thrice blest
 Were they, whom 'fore friends face, home-death gave
 O *Greeks* great *Diomedes*, tell me why, (rest.
 Why by thy hands in *Troyes* camps died not I?
 Where by *Achilles* blade *Sarpedon* stout,
 And our warre-wondrous *Hector* with death fought.
 Where swift *Simois* did ingurgitate
 Helms, shields, and valiant corps inanimate.

Whiles thus he spake, a whistling Norhern puff
 Whiffs up the waves, gives his sails such a cuff,
 As brake their wingy oares, turn'd the foredeck,
 And layes the ships broad side to th' billows check.
 Then follows, flows, a mountanous burst wave,
 These, turret like, on flouds tops station have;
 Those, 'twixt two gaping seas seem sunk to th' ground,
 Whom boyling, fomie, frothy flouds surround.
 A Southern blast three 'gainst hard high rocks mall'd,
 (Rocks which i'th' deep *Italians* Altars call'd;
 Huge swell'd up heaps amidst the sea:) and three
 East winde on shallows cast. (wofull to see)
 And dasht on foards, engulft in thick quicksands:
 One which *Orentes* held, and *Lycian* bands,
 Was sorely shaken by a furious wave,
 Even in his sight, which the ship-master drave
 Headlong o're board: The ship it self at last,
 Thrice whirling round, was on a whirlpool cast,
 And so devour'd: Men, riches, writings, arms,
 Were here and there seen floating (helples harms)
 Above the waves, *Ilion's* and stout *Achates*,
 Brave barks, and that of *Abas*, old *Alethes*:
 All these the storm had torn; all leakt full sore,
 And at the leak suckt dangerous draughts in store.

Neptune meanwhile sees the seas huge commotion,
 Foule winter weather overspread his ocean,
 Waves upside down o'return'd: highly offended,
 With a calm countenance the main ascended:
 Looking about, sees all *Aeneas* fleet
 Disperst, his *Trojans* nought but wave-woes meet,
 Heavens hot combustion: *Juno's* rage and guile
 Not being to her brother hid the while:
 East and West windes to him he call'd, and said;
 Proud windes, hath your high stock so stout you made?
 Thus heaven and earth without me to molest?
 To dare, my streams with such fierce floods t'infest?
 Whom I; but first 'tis best the storm to stay:
 Then with unpattern'd plagues your pride I'll pay.
 Be packing quick, and tell your king from me,
 The three-tooth'd scepter, and seas soveraigntie,
 Are mine, not his: let him his hard rocks hold,
 Your dens, puffed windes: let *Aeolus* be bold
 In that his craggy court to rule and reigne,
 His windes in that close prison to contain.
 This said, he swiftly swag'd the swelling streams,
 Dispell'd the cloddy clouds, clear'd *Sol's* bright beams.
Cymoth and *Triton* strenuously do strive
 The ships secure'y from hard rocks to drive.
Neptune's self nimbly with his trident mace,
 Helps from the sands and seas all feares to chase,
 And o're the seas surface his chariot glides.
 And like as when sedition rudely rides
 Amongst th' ignoble madhead vulgar hinds,
 Then sticks and stones flie thick; wrath weapons findes:
 But if some grave great man they haply spie,
 Straight they stand hush't, listning attentively:

Whole

Whose words their wills reform, their rage appease:
 So at great *Neptunes* sight all sea-storms cease:
 And being ceast, in's chariot cheerefully
 He turns his steeds, gives reins, to heaven doth hie.

The tired *Trojans* now seek the next strand,
 And soon arrived on faire *Libya's* land.
 There is a place in a long creek, where th' ile,
 By cast-up banks doth a safe haven compile,
 Broke from the main, whence doth the stream divide
 Into safe creeks: here, there huge rocks reside:
 Two chiefly, whose high tops seem heaven to threat,
 Under whose hieght the sea makes still retreat.
 A shade there is with beauteous boughs o're head,
 Made by a well-grown wood, with leaves outspread:
 Under the hanging boughs a rocky cave,
 Wherein fresh waters were, and seats most brave,
 Of art-like stone, the wood-nymphs habitation;
 Where yet no fangy anchor made ship-station.
 Hither *Aeneas* seven of's barks had brought
 Of all his fleet; and now to shore (long fought,
 And by his *Trojans* ardently desired)
 They came, and rest their faint limbes quite sea-tired.
 And first *Achates* from a flint strikes fire,
 Leaves were for tinder; and, more strength t'acquire,
 Drie fuell added, kindles to a blaze.
 Then, hungrie, baking instruments they raise,
 And fit their sea-harm'd corn and balace grain
 To grinde and bake, their lost strength to regain.
 Meanewhile *Aeneas* an high clift ascended,
 And the vast sea in's sight farre comprehended,
 To see if he could spie *Anthens* stout,
 Or *Trojan* galleys weather-driven about,

Capys or *Caicus* flags. No ship he ey'd,
 But three tall stragling stags on shore he spide:
 The whole herd following fed upon the strand.
 Here he stood still, with bow and shafts in's hand,
 Which his most kinde *Achates* for him held:
 And first their high-horn'd leaders soon he fell'd:
 Then all the rest o' th' horned troop he forced
 With his sharp shafts into thick woods; where coursed,
 He left not off till (shooting) he had got
 Seven stately stags, to his seven ships t'allor.
 To th' haven he hastes, them 'mongst his mates imparted,
 And wine, which kinde *Acestes*, when they parted
 From *Sicils* shore, most generous, frank and free
 In hog's-heads laded gave, divided he;
 And with these words their drooping hearts doth cheare;
 O mates, (for yet past-perills fresh appeare)
 O partners, in farre worse perplexities,
 God will at last end these our miseries.
 You *Scylla's* rage, rock-roaring dreads have past,
 You have *Charybdis* gulf escapt; at last
 Recall your courage, and let go faint feare,
 A time may come these things your thoughts may cheare.
 By divers dangers, various hard events,
 To *Italie* we sail; where sweet contents
 Fates will afford us: there *Troyes* throne we'le build.
 Hold out, with these hopes let your hearts be fill'd.
 Thus he with words: with cares his soule's deprest,
 Hope sat on's face, but grief his heart possist.
 They then to their good cheere themselves addresse;
 Some flay the skins, some do the umbles dresse;
 Some cut it into joynts, some the meat spit,
 Some set on pots, some make great fires for it:

Then

Then on the grasse set down, they cheerly eat,
 And with old wine, fat ven'son are repleat.
 All hunger stancht, the tables ta'ne away,
 Long talk began of their lost friends decay:
 All anxious stood, betwixt much hope and feare,
 Whether fallen by fate, or yet alive they were,
 Or that the invocated Gods would heare.
 But good *Aeneas* chiefly did lament
 His brave *Orontes* fatall hard event,
 Valiant *Amycus*, and *Cloanthus* high,
Lycus and *Gyan*, slain by destinie.
 And now it was that *Jove* from starrie skie
 Sail-bearing seas, neare neighbouring lands did eye,
 The ports and people all abroad commixt,
 On *Libya's* realm from heaven his sight had fixt.
 And as he thus did muse on mens affaires,
Venus, with eyes of teares, heart full of cares,
 Sayes to him, O great king of Gods and men,
 Whose datelesse laws, and lightnings hamper them,
 What so foule fact hath mine *Aeneas* wrought?
 What my poore *Trojans* to such ruine brought?
 From all the world for *Italie* thus driven.
 Surely from hence a promise great was given,
 That once times revolution forth should bring
 A *Romane* branch from *Teucers* stemme to spring,
 Which should be conquering Lords of sea and land:
 And why, great sire, does not this sentence stand?
 With these faire hopes *Troyes* hardest haps I staid,
 And with these fates I crossing fates repaid:
 But still their former turmoils them distresse:
 Great king, when wilt thou their great toiles redresse?
Antenor could escape *Greeks* thickest strength,
 And piercing through *Illyria*, safe at length

Passé

Passe through *Liburnia*, and *Timavus* swift:
 Whence nine great streams issuing with headlong drift,
 And from the mount with mightie din descending,
 Make a burst sea, the banks and fields transcending.
 Yet he strong *Padua* built, and planted all
 His *Trojans*, and did them by's owne name call.
 In's temples thus advancing *Troyes* brave arms,
 In peace his people settled free from harms.
 But we thine offspring, plac'd by thee in heaven,
 Our ships (most wofully) lost, from us driven
 For ones displeasure, are betray'd to wrack,
 And farre from *Italy* are forced back.
 Is this the palm, the prize of pietie?
 Are we thus rais'd to regall dignitie?
 On whom great *Jove* casting a courtcous smile,
 With lovely looks, which heaven, earth reconcile,
 Kissing his daughter kindely, thus he said;
 Sweet *Cytherea*, cease to be afraid:
 The fates are firmly thine, and thou shalt see
 Thy promis'd *Latine*-cities built to be,
 Thy great *Aeneas* lifted to the skies:
 Nothing shall revoke these destinies.
 He (for since this thee grieves, I'll tell thee all,
 And our old hid fate-records will recall.)
 Shall wage fierce warres, th' *Italians* shall subdue,
 Build them strong towns, and make them statutes new,
 Untill *Sol* thrice the globe hath circled round,
 And three yeares king of *Latines* he be crown'd.
 But his *Ascanius* young, *Iulus* nam'd,
 (For *Ilus* 'twas, whiles th' *Ilian* state stood fram'd)
 Full thirtie yeares shall reigne, and from *Lavine*
 Transferrè the throne, and *Alba's* strength combine.

Here

Here shall great *Hectors* race to rule be seen
 Three hundred yeares: till *Ilia* priestly queen,
 With childe by *Mars*, two at a birth shall bring.
 Whence wolf-nurst *Romulus* shall reigne as king,
 Build martiall towns, and *Romanes* call by's name:
 Whose state no date, whose strength no time shall tame:
 A boundlesse empire I them give: Beside,
 Fierce *Juno*, who molests the whole world wide,
 Shall reconciled be, and with me nourish
 The *Romane* gowned Lords o're all to flourish.
 Thus we decree, yea in times due proceſſe
Tro's sonnes *Achilles* race shall much distresse,
 To bondage brought, and conquer'd *Greece* suppress. }
 Then shall great *Cesar* spring from *Troyes* high race,
 Whose throne the seas, whose fame shall heaven embrace,
Julius so called from *Iulus* grave,
 Whom crown'd with Eastern spoils, thou glad shalt have
 In heaven, who shall with votes be invocated.
 Fierce warre shall then on earth be moderated.
 Pure Faith and Pietie, *Remus* and's brother
 Shall reigne, give laws, & warres rage smoothly smother,
 With bolts and barres lockt fast in *Janns* gates,
 Base civil broiles chain'd in resistlesse straits:
 And shackled there with hundred fettering gyves
 Sits bound, with bloody mouth frets, fumes, and strives.
 This said, he sends from heaven swift *Mercurie*,
 To ope the earth and *Carthage* courteously
 To *Trojan* guests, lest *Dido* of their case
 Ignorant, should them from her confines chase:
 Through th'aire he winged glides, o're *Carthage* hovers,
 Gives *Libyans* tender hearts, and there discovers
 Great *Joves* command: Chiefly the queen exprest

To

Toth' *Trojans* her benigne and bounteous breast.
 But good *Aeneas*, full of thoughts by night,
 Goes forth next morn as soon as day grew light,
 To search new corners, see what shores he found,
 Who dwelt there (for 'twas all rude untill'd ground)
 Or men, or beasts; and to his mates made known
 What he found out. His ships tied safe; each one
 Under a concave rock, tall trees, did hide,
 With mighty boughs: *Achates* by his side,
 A brandisht lance in's hands with strong steel lin'de.
 Whom's mother *Venus* met i'th' wood most kinde,
 With *Spartane* virgins arms, coat, count'nance-grace:
 Or like horse-tiring *Harpalace* of *Thrace*,
 Or like swift *Hebrus* in its nimblest flight:
 For on her shoulders hung she (huntresse right)
 A comely bow, her haire dangling i'th' winde,
 Knees bare, breasts ope, her coat tuckt up behinde.
 And first she sayes, Sirs, saw ye, shew me, pray,
 Any of my sisters wandring by this way?
 Arm'd with their quivers, clad with leopards hide,
 The foaming boare with loud noise to outstride.
 Thus *Venus*: and thus *Venus* sonne, Faire dame,
 None of thy sisters by us this way came,
 Or hard, or seen. O whom may I thee deem?
 For by thy voice and face I thee esteem
 No mortall: but a Goddesse sure thou art:
Joves sister, or some nymph? O let thy heart
 Pitie our piteous toils; shew us, we pray,
 Under what clime, and in what parts we stray:
 (Of place and persons ignorant we be,
 By windes and waves forc'd hither as you see)
 Thine altars shall with offerings loaded be.

Then

Then *Venus*; Sure such grace for me's too great,
 Our *Tyrian* damsels weare their quivers neat,
 High on their legs, they purple buskins lace.
 The *Punick* realm, *Tyrans*, *Agenors* place,
 Are these: but *Libyan* bounds, a warlike nation,
 Whereof *Tyres Dido* hath due domination,
 Fleeing her brother: long's the injurie,
 Long the discourse: but of the heads briefly.
 Her sponse *Sichæus* was most rich in ground,
 To whom, poore soule, her love did much abound;
 To whom she soon a virgin pure was married:
 But (as his right) *Tyres* crown her brother carried,
Pygmalion base, in ill surpassing all,
 Twixt whom great wrath and discontent did fall:
 Whence blinde with love of gold, he impiously
 Supine *Sichæus* made 'fore th' altar die,
 Carelesse of 's sisters love, this fact long hid:
 With base faire shews, and much false hope he fed
 Her love-sick heart: Till in her sleep by night
 Her deare unburied spones gastly sprite
 To her appear'd, shew'd his thin death-pale face,
 Sword-pierced corps, the altars foule disgrace,
 And all his houses hid-ills known did make:
 Wisht her to take swift flight, her land forsake:
 Of unknown earth, hid treasures he her told,
 Way-helping wealth, much silver and old gold.
Dido herewith provokt, for flight and friends
 Makes way: And all whom hate o'th' tyrants ends,
 Or slavish feare kept down, combin'd, and preyd
 On ships found readie, where their wealth they laid,
 And fled with what *Pygmalion* hop'd to have:
 A lady foremost in this fact so brave.

Hither

Hither they came, where now strong towns thou seest,
 And *Carthage* kingdome new, now faire increast,
 And, whence 'twas first nam'd, *Byrsa's* well bought
 So much as one bulls hide could circle round. (ground,
 But who are ye? whence came ye? whither bent?
 To whom he first a deep fetcht sigh did vent
 From's heart, then forc'd these words; O Goddesse faire,
 If I should all from first to last declare,
 And thou hadst time to heare our toils related,
 Ere I could end, day would be terminated.
 We from old *Troy* (if ere of *Troy* th' hast heard)
 Upon these *Libyan* shores by tempests rear'd,
 Through rigid seas are here arriv'd: And I,
 Whose fame transcends the skies for pietie,
 Am good *Aeneas*: in my ships I have
 My countrey Gods, whom I from foes did save.
 I of *Joves* race, *Lative* my land would finde,
 With twentie ships *Troyes* shores I left behind,
 A Goddesse mother guide, following my fate,
 Scarce seven ships left from weather-torn estate.
 I a poore pilgrim range through *Libyan* woods,
 From *Europe*, *Asia* forc'd. These plaintive fouds
Venus here stops, and midst his moan sayes thus;
 Who ere thou art (for sure most gracious
 Thou art to th' Gods, who thus art come to *Tyre*)
 Go on, and for the queens faire court enquire:
 For all thy fleet and followers most kinde,
 I thee assure, sail safe with prosperous winde,
 Unlesse my heaven-raught augurie me blinde.
 Behold twelve swans flutt'ring their wings with joy,
 Escapt from th' eagles swooping claws annoy,
 I th' open aire pursu'd, now downward bent,

Landed

Landed, or landing with a joynt consent.
And as they (safe) sport with spread silver wing,
And circular assembled swan-songs sing:
Even so thy ships, and thy associates brave,
With full sail neare, or now the haven have;
Go on then, as the path leads, take thy way.
This said, she turn'd, her roseall necks bright ray
Glistred, sweet sentes from her *Ambrosian* haire
Distill'd, her robe hung down her feet most faire,
And by her gate she shew'd a Goddesse right.
He with these words follows his mothers flight.
(Now known) Oh why dost thou thy sonne delude
With oft false shapes? why might we not include
Kinde hand in hand? and words for words have chang'd?
Thus he her blam'd, thus to the town he rang'd.
But *Venus* with a mist these travellers clad,
And in a coat-like cloud o'respread them, glad
That none might see them, hurt them, force them stay,
Or ask the reason why they went that way.
Herself to *Paphos* flies, glad to revise
Her mansions, temples, where, at sacrifice
An hundred altars smoak with frankincense,
And fragrant smell with garlands excellence.
They the meanwhile presented paths pursu'd,
And now they clim'd a hill, which over-view'd
Most of the town, towres, turrets multitude.
Æneas wonders at the fabrick faire,
Once cottages; the gates, states, streetwayes rare.
The *Tyrians* busie some thick walls to make,
To raise strong forts, stones up in heaps to rake,
To dig enclosures, house foundations fit,
Magistrates making laws in counsel fit.

Some

Some shippy havens contrive, some raise faire frames,
 And rock hewen pillars, for theatrick games,
 Like busie-buzing bees in flowery May,
 Working most nimbly in a sun-shine day;
 When they thick swarms put out, with honey sweet,
 Their waxen combes to fill and furnish meet:
 Unburthning loaded bees, combining strong,
 To drive out drowfie droans, their hives which wrong.
 Hot grows their waxie work, sweet grow the smells
 Of their mellifluous odoriferous cells.
 Oh, sayes *Aneas*, men most fortunate,
 Whose walls thus rise, whose town so full of state!
 Thus (strange to tell) cloath'd with the cloud he enters,
 And all unseen, midst the thick rout adventures.
 I'th' heart o'th' town was a faire shady grove,
 To which place, first, windes, waves the *Tyrians* drove;
 And driven, set a signe by *Juno* shown
 A horse-head found i'th' ground; they should be known
 A potent people, a most warlike nation,
 There therefore unto *Juno's* adoration,
Sidonian Dido rais'd a temple faire,
 Garnisht with gifts, and riches wondrous rare,
 Sacred to *Juno*, with brasse steps ascending,
 Brasse-joynted beams, brasse doores on hinge depending.
 Here first i'th' wood new matter tempered grief,
 Here first *Aneas* hop'd for hearts relief,
 And better learn'd to trust afflictions frown;
 For as he view'd the temple up and down,
 Finding the queen minding this cities state,
 Which curious Artists did delineate,
 He wonders; most, to see his *Trojan* storie, (glorie,
 Their warres and woes, spread with world-wondrous
Atrides,

Atrides, Priam, and unkinde Achilles.
 He weeping staid, and said, See, kinde *Achates*,
 What place, what parts abound not with our woes?
 Behold king *Priams* pay; his praise here grows,
 These are materiall teares, crosses come neare.
 Cease feares: for from these palms doth hope appeare:
 Thus sayes he, and him gluts with pictures vain,
 Sighs deep; and floods of teares his cheeks do stain.
 For here he saw how 'bout the walls of *Troy*,
 Brave *Hector* did fierce *Greeks* affright, annoy: }
 There, how *Achilles* *Trojans* did destroy. }
 Hard by he weeping, knew white *Rhesus* tent,
 Which soon i'th' night betraid by hard event,
 Cruell *Tydidēs* with much bloud did spoile,
 And his fierce horses forc'd to's camp recoile,
 Before they graz'd on *Troyes* unhappy grasse,
 Or *Xanthus* streams to taste cold safely passe.
 Young *Troilus* flying there, whose sword him fail'd,
 Unluckie lad, unequally assail'd
 By *Achilles*, soon shov'd out of's chariots chaire,
 Yet held the rulelesse reins: his comely haire
 And deadly wounded corps drag'd on the ground,
 And after him his speare he drailing found.
 Then how *Troyes* dames, with haire about their eares,
 With vailed heads, eyes full of brinish teares,
 Beating their breasts, to *Pallas* temple went:
 Who frowningly to th' ground her fixt eyes bent.
 How *Hectors* corps thrice 'bout *Troyes* walls were drag'd,
 And by *Achilles* sold for gold, upbag'd.
 Heart-breaking sighs he fetcht, to see the spoiles,
 The current chariots, and friends deadly foiles,
 And how king *Priam* pray'd with weak-rai'd hands:

Yea he himself saw, 'midst the *Grecian* bands,
 The *Indians* troops, and *Memnons* black aray,
 How that *Virago*, brave *Penthesil'a*
 Led her *Amazones* arm'd with moon-like shields,
 And bravely fighting in *Troyes* Martiall fields,
 Her breast laid ope, bound with a golden belt;
 Proud foes the blows of this fierce female felt.
 Whiles these rare objects *Troyes Aeneas* ey'd,
 VVith serious sight of them even stupifi'd,
 Unto this temple faire queen *Dido* came,
 Tended with many a stately youthfull dame,
 Most like divine *Diana* and her train,
 On *Cynthus* hills, or on *Eurota's* plain.
 About whom thousand *Faries* faire do cluster,
 About her neck a quiver; whose bright luster
 And stately pace all her *Nymphs* farre exceeds,
 And in *Latona's* heart prompt pleasure breeds.
 Thus lovely lively *Dido* seem'd to be
 'Midst all intent her throne stablisht to see.
 Then (guarded) she, just at the Goddesse gate
 Sate down, high seated in a chaire of state.
 VVhere she made laws, and labours did requite,
 Allotting all, by lots or laws, their right:
 VVhen suddenly *Aeneas* saw a throng
 Approach to him, which was *Clonthus* strong,
Sergest, *Anthea*, and the *Trojans* all,
 VVhom raging seas forc'd on strange shores to fall.
 Amaz'd he stood, astonisht with him were
Achates and the rest, with joy and feare,
 Longing for sweet reciprocall embraces,
 But, a hid hap, this from their heart first chases.
 They coucht it, and cloth'd in a concave cloud,

VVha

What fate their friends, what haven their ships did
 How they came thither then expostulating, (shroud,
 They some selected, who themselves prostrating,
 Came to the temple pardon there to crave;
 Where entred, they to speak full freedom have.
 Then fluent faire *Ilioneus* sweetly said,
 Great queen, whom *Jove* this cities foundresse made,
 Whose justice proudest people makes afraid;
 We, weather-tyr'd, poore *Trojans* thee desire
 To spare our ships from fierce nought-sparing fire:
 Pity a pious race, propitious be
 To our affaires. For we are all most free
 From least intent to rob or spoile thy land,
 Or on faire *Libya's* Gods to lay foule hand.
 Poore captives cannot harbour hopes so high.
 But there's a place, which *Greece* call'd anciently
Hesperia, ancient, powerfull, plenteous, known:
 Where the *Oenotrians* dwelt: by fame now shown,
Italia nam'd, from *Italys* renown'd.
 Thither we all have our intentions bound.
 VVhen straight stormie *Orion* tympanizing,
 And surly Southern fierce blasts tyrannizing,
 Brought us upon black seas, seas overflown,
 Drave us on rocks unpassable, unknown:
 Hither we few have swumme. But what be ye?
 What rude conditions on this soile see we?
 To be debarred harbour on your land;
 From setting foot on shore warres countermand.
 If mortall men and earthly arms ye sleight,
 Yet feare the Gods, mindefull of wrong and right.
Æneas was our king, more just then he,
 More pious, potent prince there could not be:

Whom if the fates preserve, if yet alive,
 If gaping grave him not of life deprive,
 We feare not, nor need'st thou thy love repent,
 Primely exprest: In *Sicils* continent
 Are *Trojans* and *Troyes* arms, *Acestes* great,
 A *Trojan* born. Let us (we thee intreat)
 Our weather-beaten barks to harbour bring,
 Repaire our oares, fit masts i'th' woody spring;
 That so we lively may to *Latium* sail,
 Our king, companions, safe, if fates don't fail.
 But if they do, and thee, great prince of *Troy*,
Libyan seas hold, withhold our hoped joy
 Of young *Iulus*: let's at least regain
 Faire *Sicils* shores, where king *Acest* doth reigne,
 From whom we hither came. Thus *Ilion* said,
 And all the *Trojans* humming, reverence made.
 Then *Dido* with grave count'nance briefly spake,
 And said; Brave sirs, false feares, vain cares forsake:
 Novell necessitie of our late reigne
 Doth us to this strict watch and ward constrain.
 Who knows not *Troy*, and brave *Aeneas* race?
 The men, their might, and dire warre-wracked case?
 Our *Punick* hearts are not so dead, so dull,
 Nor from our parts doth *Sol* his steeds so pull;
 But that ye may *Hesperia* faire enjoy,
Timanus, or *Sicilian* plains employ,
 And go to king *Acestes* at your pleasure:
 I'll safely free you, furnish you with treasure.
 Or if you will in our dominions bide,
 Our citie's yours, our havens your ships may hide:
Trojans and *Tyrians* I'll alike embrace.
 And oh that king *Aeneas*, whom storms chase,

Were

Were present! Sure I'll send to search each shore,
 And *Libya's* utmost confines to explore,
 To see if haply in strange town he stray,
 Or in some uncouth woods have lost his way.

Aeneas and *Achates* hearts reviv'd
 With these sweet words, to break the cloud long striv'd:
 And first *Achates* to *Aeneas* said; (vade?
 Great heaven-born prince, what thoughts thy minde in-
 All things are safe, our ships and mates all found.
 One onely's lost, whom we our selves saw drown'd:
 All things thy mothers words firm ratifie.
 Scarce spake he thus, when into th' open skie
 The cloathing cloud brake, and dissolved straight.
 When faire *Aeneas* in illustrious state
 Did shine, and shew like *Phæbe* in face and feature,
 His mother making him a matchlesse creature,
 For gracefull haire, and youthfull azure eyes,
 For count'nance sweet, which beautie happifies:
 Like damfels hands with ivorie bracelets graced,
 Or sparkling stones with gold plates round embraced.
 Thus then, unthought on, quick to th' queen he spake;
 See here I stand, for whom such care you take,
Trojan Aeneas, freed from *Libyan* floud.
 O thou, who onely *Troyes* true friend hast stood,
 Tendring our toiles, us, lands, seas, *Greeks*-remain,
 Drawn drie with woes, most poore, dost entertain
 In towns and tenements: O how shall we
 Repay condigne deserved thanks to thee?
 Faire queen, we cannot; nor hath *Troyes* spoil'd nation
 Ought left wherewith to make gratification.
 The Gods (if good men they a jot regard,
 If justice, or good conscience they reward)

Reward you worthily. What Halcyon dayes?
 What honoured stemmes so rare a branch could raise?
 Whiles fouds shall flow, while *Sol* gives mount-beams
 While spangling stars in skie give twinkling light; (bright,
 Thy noble name and fame I'll glorious make
 In all parts, as I passe. As thus he spake,
Aeneas in's right hand *Achates* took,
 With's left *Sereest*, *Gyan*, the rest he shook.
Dido at first astonisht with the states
 Of such brave men, thus them exhilarates:
 What churlish chance (faire Goddesse sonne) what might
 Hath thee on barbarous banks forc'd in such plight?
 Art thou *Aeneas*, whom *Anchises* old
 On *Venus* got, by *Phrygian Simois* cold?
 How *Tencer* came to *Sidon* now I minde,
 Forc'd from his state, hoping good help to finde,
 To be by *Belus* repossess'd of's crown,
 My father *Belus* then with high renown
 Warring on wealthie *Cyprus*, wonne the fame,
 And from that time I knew *Troyes* fate and fame,
 Thy great renown, thy Grecian princes high,
 And how *Troyes* foe *Troyes* fame did magnifie,
 Wishing himself sprung from *Troyes* progenie. }
 Go on therefore, faire Sirs, inhabit here;
 For I have not of such like woes been cleare:
 But forc'd by fate am settled in this place.
 Thus knowing wo, I pity a wofull case.
 This she recounts: and to her princely court
Aeneas brings, and then she doth resort
 To th' temples sacrifice, sending by scores
 Twentie fat ox, an hundred rough hair'd boares,
 An hundred ewes and lambes, to th' ships to's mates,

God-pleasing gifts, heaven-cheering delicates,
 But th' inner rooms with princely pomp were drest,
 And with a bounteous banquet love exprest,
 Rich hangings of most rare wrought tapestry,
 Cupboards of massy plate, where curiously
 Were graven the famous facts, continued storie
 Of potent peeres, and of her nations glorie.
Aeneas (for paternall love now may
 No longer linger) swiftly sent away
Achates to *Ascanius*, to the shore,
 To shew these things, and bring him them before.
 All fathers joy in's gemme *Ascanius* lay,
 And bad him bring *Troyes* rich sav'd garments gay:
 A costly coat embroidered thick with gold,
 A mantle wrought with flowres rich to behold,
 Faire *Helens* vestments which from *Greece* she brought,
 When *Troy*, and unchaste nuptialls there she sought:
 Her mother *Leda's* gorgeous gifts they were.
 Beside, the scepter which *Ilion* faire,
 King *Priams* eldest daughter us'd to hold,
 A neck-pearle bracelet, massie crown of gold.
Achates, this rich present to present,
 Skips to the ships with joy and high content.
 But *Venus* new inventions, new plots findes:
 Her *Cupids* count'nance first to change she mindes,
 And him for young *Ascanius* to bring in,
 The love-sick queen with gifts to love to winne.
 For why? the *Tyrians* double tongues she fear'd,
 Their hollow hearts, and *Juno's* wrath uprear'd.
 These nightly thoughts she thinks. Her winged childe
Cupid she therefore calls, with terms most milde,
 And sayes, Sweet sonne, my sole, my soveraigne might,

Joves darling deare, who thunder-claps dost sleight,
 To thee I flie, seeking thy sacred aid.
 Thou seest, my sonne, thy *Trojan* brother made
 The scorn of seas and shores, by them still chaste
 Through *Juno*s wrath, which thou condoled hast.
 Him *Dido* has, and holds with speeches faire,
 Yet I, lest *Carthage* courtesies ensnare,
 Much feare: In active times delayes are vain,
 I therefore plot how first by some she train
 To catch the queen, with love-flames her to heat,
 Lest *Juno* change her love, which now seems great:
 Thus with me mine *Aeneas* still t'affect.
 Which how to do observe, I'll thee direct.
 The Princely boy, my joy, mine onely care,
 By's fathers will for *Carthage* doth prepare;
 Carrying rich gifts preserv'd from flames and fouds
 Of *Troy*. Him fast asleep in *Cythers* woods
 I'll hide, or on fierce *Ida*'s holy hill;
 That none previevw, and so prevent our skill.
 Assume his shape but for one onely night,
 And the child's childish face in's fathers sight;
 That when the joyfull queen shall thee embrace,
 And at her princely bounteous banquet place,
 Hugging thee in her arms, give kisses sweet;
 Loves poyf'nous potion, hid-fire, her may greet.
 This love-lad straight his mothers minde obeyes,
 Goes like *Iulus*, wings away he layes.
 But *Venus* laid *Ascanius* fast asleep,
 And in her bosome tend' red did him keep,
 Laid him in *Ida*'s grove, on shadie bed,
 With fragrant thyme and Marjoram o'respread.
 And now goes *Cupid* to discharge his charge,

Led by *Achates*, with his gifts most large,
 And princely presents. And now come to court,
 The queen on carpets rich in regall port
 Sate in the midst of her magnifiquè state.
 Next grave *Aeneas*, then conglomerate
 The *Trojan* troops, on purple carpets spread:
 Water for hands, faire towells, salt and bread,
 The servants brought. Fiftie faire maids beside
 Tended within, whose care was to provide
 And dresse the meat, and fires on altars make:
 An hundred damselfs more, and men care take
 To set the banquet, and to see cups fill'd,
 And troops of *Tyrians*, as the queen had will'd,
 Sate on th'embroidred beds, wondring to see
Aeneas gifts, *Iulius* raritie,
 His God-like shining face, words quaintly coyn'd,
 His coat and cov'ring richly wrought and lin'd.
 Chiefly *Sidonian Didoes* minde and sight
 On nothing else could muse, or take delight,
 Unsatiate to behold her after-bane,
 The lovely lad, and gifts which prov'd her pain.
 He having hung on fathers neck and arms,
 And fed, yea fill'd him with feign'd loving charms,
 Runnes to the queen. On whom she clasps her eyes,
 Clings to him in her heart, sometimes likewise
 She hugges him in her bosome, ignorant
 How great a God her Love came to supplant.
 But he now minding what his mother will'd,
 Makes her forget her good *Sichaus* kill'd
 Slily and slowly: blows dead coals, fresh burning,
 Her love-dull'd heart to loves delights returning.
 Their first feast finisht, tables ta'ne away,

They

They bring huge bowls and wine-pots garnisht gay.
 VVith mirth their rooms all ring, and loudly sound,
 In golden lamps great lights are placed round:
 VVhich burn so cleare, that light doth night confound.
 Here the queen caus'd a wine-bowl rich and great
 Forthwith to be fill'd up with wine compleat.
 (The same which *Belus* us'd, and all his race)
 Then silence made, she said with comely grace;
 Great *Jove*, (for thou guest-laws, men say, dost frame)
 Do thou the day, on which the strangers came,
 To *Tyrians* and to *Trojans* happifie,
 And blissefull make to our prosperitie.
 Mirth-making *Bacchus* help us, *Juno* deare,
 And you my *Tyrians* strive these guests to cheare.
 This said, the wine-bowl in her hand she took,
 Temprately toucht it (first) with princely look.
 VVith checking charge to *Bitias* she it gave,
 VVho quickly quast off the whole cupfull brave
 Of foamy vvine: after him all the rest.
 Hairy *Iopas* also did his best
 VVith's golden harp to make them musick syveer,
 As ancient *Atlas* taught him songs most meet.
 He sang and plaid Moons monethly vagrant change,
 The Suns diurnall toiles, mans stock most strange,
 VVhence birds and beasts, vvhen fire and vvater vvere,
 How starres do rise and fall, and bright appeare,
 The stormie seven-stars, double plough-stars bright,
 VVhy *Sol* runs Southward in his VVinter flight,
 And vvhy the Summer makes so short a night.
 The *Tyrians* do their joy ingeminate,
 The *Trojans* echoing. And the night in prate
 Poore *Dido* spends: vvhole love-draughts deep her touch,
 Much

Much talk of *Priam*, and of *Hector* much
 She makes: and of *Auroras* sonnes brave arms,
 Of *Diomedes* horse, *Achilles* harms.
 Tell me good guest (sayes she) the totall storie,
Greeks treason great, which quenched *Troyes* great glorie:
 Yea tell us all thy toiles, which (as appeares)
 Thou hast endur'd by land and sea seven yeares.

*An end of the first book of
 Virgils Æneïds.*



THE ARGUMENT

of the second book.

*When all were silent, Troyes brave knight
Troyes fates, friends, states, doth here recite:
The guilefull Greeks, Minerva's gift,
La'coons smart, fly Sinons shift,
To ope the hollow horses side:
I dream of Hectors death discry'd,
Troyes fall, king Priams destinie:
Æneas forced thence to flie,
With's father on his back he fled,
And in his hand Ascanius led,
His wife Creüsa following fast,
But all in vain, was lost at last.
He thus escapt, his fellows findes,
Who flock to him with chearefull mindes.*



ALl silent sate, attentive heed to take. (spake;
Then grave *Æneas* from's high bed thus
Great queen, thou bidst me wondrous woes
renew,
How *Greeks* *Troyes* realm and riches overthrew:
Which I most wofully distressed did see,
And whereof I had share in high degree.
O what hard-hearted *Greek*, *Ulysses*, could
From teares, large floods of teares his eyes withhold?
And now being night, starres summon us to rest.
Yet since you so desire to heare exprest

Troyes

Troyes finall fall, our woes: though extream grief
 Makes me abhorre those thoughts, yet I'le be brief.
 The *Grecians* captains tir'd, retir'd from fight,
 With many a yeares fierce warre wearied outright,
 By *Pallas* art a mount-like horse they built,
 And with strong wooden ribs his sides they quilt.
 This fictitious vow they leave: so flies the fame,
 In the huge concave belly of the same,
 Closely contriv'd, select brave youths they hide,
 And armed souldiers in its belly bide.
 In sight of *Troy* lies *Tenedos* faire isle,
 A wealthie place, whiles fates on *Troy* did smile:
 Now but a bay, sheep-shelter, unsecure,
 Here in a wood, retir'd, they hid them sure.
 We, thinking they were fled, for *Greece* all bound,
 And *Troy* from her late toiles refreshment found,
 Set ope our gates, let all go in and out,
 The *Greeks* forsaken camps to view about.
 Here *Grecian* troops, there fierce *Achilles* might:
 Here lay their ships, there armies us'd to fight.
 Some wondred at *Minerva's* gift accurst,
 The horses hugeness: and *Thymætes* first
 Would have it set i'th' citie, plac'd i'th' tower,
 Whether by fraud or force of fatall power.
 But *Capys*, and the part more provident,
 Wisht that those *Grecians* grins, gifts fraudulent,
 Were either sunk i'th' sea, or burnt i'th' fire,
 Or's hollow belly boar'd, truth to enquire.
 The commons carried were with crosse desire.
La'coon first with troops attended then,
 Runnes from the tower, fiercely cries out, Poore men,
 What follie's this? think ye your foes are fled?

Or

Or *Grecian* gifts want fly *Ulysses* head?
 Either this wooden pile doth *Grecians* hide,
 Or 'gainst our town some stratagem provide,
 Or some hid harm: *Trojans*, trust not these drifts:
 What e're it is, I feare *Greeks* bringing gifts.
 Thus having said, a strong speare with great force
 He strook into the ribs and side o'th' horse:
 Which trembling stood, and deeply pierc'd did sound,
 The hollow vault even groan'd with that great wound.
 And had the fates been friends, our hearts been wise,
 The speare had spide out *Greeces* treacheries:
 And *Troy* had stood, and *Priams* turrets high.
 But now, behold, *Troyes* shepherds hastily
 Brought to the king a young man with great shouts,
 His hands pinyond behinde, found thereabouts:
 VVho of set-purpose gave himself to them,
Troy to destroy by this fly stratagem;
 A fellow bold of heart, for all feats fit
 To work his wiles, or to death to submit.
 Our *Trojan* lads do flock about him fast,
 To see his face, and scoffs at him to cast.
 Now heare and see *Greeks* grins, and by this one
 All other their flie juglings may be known.
 For as unarm'd 'mongst them he trembling stands,
 Glancing his eyes upon our *Phrygian* bands.
 Alas (sayes he) what seas, what shores me hold?
 VVhat tends me wretch, but mischiefs manifold?
 To whom nor *Greeks* permit poore habitation,
 And angry *Troy* in's bloud seeks expiation.
 VVith which sad sigh our hearts relented straight,
 Passion supprest, vve vwill'd him to relate
 Both whence he was, and vyhat strange news he brought:
 VVhat

VWhat hopes he had, being now thus captive caught.
He, feare at last forsaken, thus repli'd,
Great king, I'll tell thee all, vwhat e're betide:
'Tis true (sayes he) I am a *Grecian* born:
This first: though fortune *Sinon* made forlorn,
Yet fond and faithlesse shall she make me never.
If by relation to thine cares came ever
The name of *Palamedes*, of much fame,
Against whom guiltlesse, *Greeks* a snare did frame
Of treacherie ('cause he these vvarres forbad)
To put to death, for vvhom now dead they're sad:
His man and kinsman neare ally'd, am I;
And of a childe, through parents povertie,
VVaired on him ith' vvarres; vvholes in good state
The kingdome stood, and he was fortunate.
For then vve liv'd in fame and reputation,
Till by *Ulysses* envious emulation,
(I speak: but what I know) he dead, poore I
VVas forc'd to live in obscure miserie,
The losse lamenting of my guiltlesse friend.
Nor could I, frantick fool, to silence bend,
But vow'd, if fates did me to *Greece* reduce,
I'd be reveng'd on him for this abuse:
Hence rose *Ulysses* envie, hence did spring
First harms to me: hence he new crimes did bring
Against me, and hence rash reports vv ere spread,
His guiltie heart rais'd broiles, not quieted,
Till I by *Calchas*. But vvby stay I you?
VVhy things unfavourie do I thus revievv?
You have the *Greeks* all in one condemnation,
'Tis enough you heare, take on me vindication.
In this th' *Atrides*, *Ithacus* vvould joy

Hereat

Hereat we ardently our thoughts employ
 To search the end, ignorant utterly
 Of so foule facts, *Pelasgan* policy.
 Faintly and falsely on he tells his tale.
 The *Greeks* (sayes he) from *Troy* oft sought to sail,
 Would have reti'd, t'rd with that wearie warre.
 O that they had! But bitter winters barre
 Debarr'd them, and fierce windes their flight deni'd,
 But chiefly when that high built horse they spi'd,
 And thundring skie-noise all the seas o're sounded,
 T' *Apollo's* oracle (our thoughts confounded)
Eurypylus we sent, quick, to enquire:
 Who with these words of woe did soon retire;
 With *Iphigenia's* bloud, a virgin slain,
 You *Greeks* got windes, the *Trojan* shores t' obtaine
 With bloud you must obtain safe to depart,
 A *Greek* foule sacrific'd. This to the heart
 Strook the astonisht *Greeks*: as soon as heard,
 Through all their joynts was trembling terrour rear'd,
 To think, whom thus *Apollo* meant should die.
Ulysses then pull'd *Calchas* forcibly,
 The southsayer, 'fore the *Greeks*, bad him disclose
 Whom 'twas the Gods requir'd: then forthwith rose
 Much mutt'ring, me to be this mischiefs aime,
 Some this fear'd-ill to tell me closely came.
Calchas beside was silent ten dayes space,
 And would not shew the man must death embrace.
 At last *Ulysses* urging instantly,
 He purposely burst out, said I must die.
 All were unanimous, what all did feare,
 The weight of deadly woe ones back must beare.
 My dying day drew neare, deaths vestments sable,

My heads death-coif, fatall fruits deplorable,
 VVere all prepar'd. But I ('tis true) evaded,
 And death to scape, by night a mud-lake vvaded,
 And hidden, lay i'th' flags, till they did flee,
 If haply so. No hope yet left for me
 My soile to see, children, or parents deare,
 VVhom thus expos'd to punishment, I feare,
 For mine escape, guiltlesse to beare my smart.
 VVherefore by th' Gods, friends t' a truth-venting heart,
 By faith unfeign'd (if firm faith yet do stay
 'Mongst mortall men) I thee submissely pray:
 Pity my grief so great, so unjust wrong.

At these his teares our mercy staid not long,
 But *Priam* presently life freely gave him,
 Unbound his hands, and all offence forgave him:
 And said, Who ere thou art, (lost *Greeks* forgo)
 Thou now art ours: the truth then fairely show.
 VVhat means this huge horse? who did it invent?
 VVhat plot? vvhat pious end? vvarre-instrument
 Is coucht in it? He straight, instructed well
 VVith *Grecian* craft and guile his tale to tell,
 His loos'ned hands to heaven lifts up, and said;
 I you adjure, you quenchlesse shrine-fires made,
 Your Godhead great, altars, death-swords, (now fled)
 You fatall head-bands, vvorn when I seem'd dead:
 VVitnesse how justly sacred vows I break,
 How justly hatefull 'gainst my *Greeks* I speak,
 Opening their secrets, of all oaths now free.
 Thou then, faire *Troy*, keep promis'd faith vvith me;
 If truths I shew, if love I largely pay.
 All *Greeces* hope of warres, good hap still lay
 On *Pallas* power: since vvich *Tydides* still,

D

And

And vile *Ulysses*, authour of all ill,
 Assay'd t' assail her temple, thence to take
Minerva's image, and did slaughter make
 Of the towres guard, and desperately stole thence
 Faire *Pallas* statue, with strange impudence
 Daring to touch, to take with bloody hands
 The Virgin-Goddesses unstain'd headbands:
 From that time *Greeks* great hopes 'gan ebbe and end,
 Their force waxt feeble, *Pallas* not their friend,
 No shewing anxious issues by strange fights.
 Scarce had her statue station, but flash-lights
 Of glist'ring flames came from her angrie eyes;
 She swet all o're, and thrice with jumps did rise:
 (Fearefull to see) and shoke her shield and lance.
Calchas quick flight advis'd them to advance:
 And told them *Greece* could ne're see *Troyes* shipwrack,
 Unlesse their Gods, and all else they brought back:
 Which they with them to sea in barks do beare.
 And now that they to *Greece* to sail prepare,
 To make the Gods their friends, arms, all things fit,
 Unseen sail back: thus *Calchas* orders it.
 Vision-advis'd, they fram'd this fabrication,
Pallas t' appease, and make due expiation.
 And of so high, so huge skie-magnitude,
Calchas contriv'd it with oak-fortitude:
 That through *Troyes* walls and gates it might not go,
 Left men their ancient superstition show.
 For if your hands should *Pallas* presents spoile,
 Much mischief (which heaven bring on him the while)
 Would light on *Priam* and his *Trojan* train:
 But if your helpfull hands do it sustain,
 And place i'th' town, *Troy* would all *Greece* subdue,

And make our children this fierce fate to rue.
 These *Sinons* snares, false fetches, perjuries, (cries;
Troy trusts, being catcht, o'rematcht with false forc'd
 Whom nor *Tydides* nor *Achilles* great,
 Nor ten yeares warres could tame, nor thousands cheat.
 And, which made more, to make them yet more blinde,
 A fearefull object troubled their dull minde.
La'coon, *Neptunes* priest, as 'twas the guise,
 Offring a bull in solemne sacrifice,
 Behold, two snakes (I tremble to declare)
 With wondrous wraths from *Tenedos* repaire,
 Gliding from silent seas to shore, extending
 Their speckled breasts, and flamy mains all bending.
 Above the main, their ugie odious tail,
 And backs with fearefull folds, do wrigling trail.
 The waves they shove to shore, with foamie dinne,
 And up the land to crawl and creep begin,
 Their gogling eyes flashing forth bloud and fire,
 Their hissing mouthes, sharp tongues do stench expire.
 This sight put us to flight: they joyntly crawl
 To *La'coon*, and two of's children small
 They first affront, and 'bout their bodies wound
 With clinging clasps and bites, their corps confound.
 Then him their fierce assailant they assail,
 With sword in's hand, and o're him they prevail:
 And twice about his body, twice his neck,
 They twine and twist and hift, with hideous check,
 Their scalie corps, long necks, his height excelling.
 And he with strugling hands stiffly repelling,
 Pulling their knots, with poy's'nous filth besmear'd,
 Most horrid screeks and cries to th' skies he rear'd.
 Much like an altar bull, beat down, broke out,

To save his neck from th' ax, roares, roaves about.
 But the serpentine dragons thence did glide
 To th' temple, and to *Pallas* palace hide,
 Under whose feet and shield they lurking bide.
 New shivering feare our quivering hearts hence caught,
 For, all *La'coon* justly punisht thought,
 Because his speare had pierc'd the sacred oak,
 And's lance had lanc'd the horse with impious stroke.
 To fetch the fabrick (therefore) all consent,
 Into our town, *Minerva* to content.
 Then straight we brake the wall, a wide gap made.
 All with their helping hands bring nimble aid,
 By's wheely feet and stiffe stut neck to draw it,
 And ceast not till o're walls ascent they saw it.
 The fatall foe-fill'd fabrick thus brought in,
 About the horse young boyes and girles begin
 To sing their holy hymnes, to touch the cable
 Delighted much. *Troy* (now) the horses stable,
 I'th' heart o'th' town, to th' town most formidable.
 (O countrey deare, Gods seat, victorious *Troy*!)
 Yet oft it stumbled, hazarded annoy,
 Entering the porch, arms oft in's paunch were heard;
 And yet blinde, blockish we were not afear'd,
 But in the sacred towre the horse thus hous'd.
 Yet we were by *Cassandra's* cautions rous'd.
 Whom we would never trust, by fates decree.
 Poore we, to whom this must the last day be,
 With festive flowres and boughs our temple strew.
 Meanwhile the skie 'gan change, the day withdrew,
 All darkning night her curtains black did spread,
 And heaven and earth and *Greeks* grins covered:
 Dreadlesse *Dardanians* silent, soundly slept.

And now the *Grecian* troops had slyly crept
 Out of their ships from *Tenedos*, and soon
 Assisted by the still kind-shining moon,
 Closely they landed: then their Admirall
 Hung out a lanthorn-light, and therewithall
Sinon, base *Sinon* sheltred by bad fates,
 Closely unclasps the wooden-belly gates,
 Wherein the *Greeks* lay lockt: this opened Jade
 Lets out his armed intralls, all's displaid:
Tisander, *Sthenelus*, *Ulysses* sly,
Athamas, *Thoas*, down by ropes 'gan hie,
Neptolemus, *Achilles*, *Mach'on* first,
Menelaus, and *Epeus* the accurst
 Horse-enginer: The citie they surround,
 And set upon't with sleep and drink all drown'd.
 The watch they did destroy, set ope the gates,
 And thus rush in their arm'd confederates.
 Just now were men in their first dead sleep cast,
 Gods gratefull gift for mans most sweet repast.
 And now, behold, me thought in dream I saw
 Before me *Hector* weeping; whom foes draw
 Along in piteous plight, at's chariots tail
 Besmear'd (as once) with bloud and dust most pale,
 Under's wound-swelling feet his horse reins trail.
 Ah how he lookt! how chang'd from that brave *Hector*,
 Which wore *Achilles* spoiles, our States protectour,
 Or, darting *Trojan*-flames in *Grecian* barks! (marks,
 His beard now smear'd', haire glew'd with bloud-wound
 And skarres seen plain, ta'ne at the siege of *Troy*.
 And I, me thought, condoling his annoy,
 Seem'd him to call, and sadly thus to say;
 O *Dardanes* light, O *Troyes* true staffe and stay,

Why hast thou lingred long? whence, *Hector* brave,
Long lookt for, can'st thou? that we, wearie, have
Thy companie so late, so many slain,
The citie spoil'd, the people put to pain?
O what dire deed hath soil'd thy lovely cheeks?
Why art so wounded? Not a word he speaks,
Or stayes a jot, or answers what's desir'd.
But when he had a deep-fetcht sigh expir'd,
Flie, heaven-born prince, he sayes, O flie this flame,
Foes have our forts, fall'n flat is *Troyes* high frame.
Our king and state were well, if *Troy* could stand:
And stand it should, had strength been in our hand.
But now her Gods and pious rites to thee
Troy recommends, let these thy fates mates be,
With these seek out those walls and turrets high,
Which thou (seas voyage ceas'd) shalt edifie.
This said, our countrey Gods, holy headbands,
And altar-fire he put into my hands.
Meanwhile much woe our town inhabited,
And more and more (though trees surrounding hid
My fathers house, which stood farre in) yet still
Warres rumbling roaring noise did sound most shrill.
I startled out of sleep, did soon ascend
Our highest turret, listning eares to lend:
Even as fierce blasts sling flames, and cornfields burning,
Or mountain flouds with swift careere o'returning,
O'reflow faire meads, o'respread crank corn, plow'd lands,
Tumble down headlong trees, nought upright stands:
Which the poore silly shepherd stupifies,
When from's high hill this rumbling stirre he spies.
Thus, O even thus truth shown, *Greeks* craft we knew
First *Deiphobus* faire house they o'rethrew

By flames repressleſſe; then they ſet upon
 His neighbours houſe, our kinde *Ucalegon*:
Sigea's ſhores glistred with fierie blaze.
 Mens ſcreeks and cries trumpets ſhrill ſound did raiſe.
 I raging run to arms; arm'd, raſhly fought,
 Rudely ruſht headlong into thickeſt rout,
 Ranne to the towre; hurried with wrath and rage,
 Held it true honour, life in death t'engage.
 But now, behold, *Panthus*, fled from *Greeks* power,
Panthus *Apollo's* prieſt, keeper o'th' tower,
 Frantickly ranne to ſea, to flie the land,
 Our Gods, their ſacred rites, his ſonne in's hand:
 To whom I cry'd, O *Panthus*, where's warres worſt?
 What towre may taken be? This ſaid, he burſt
 Into deep ſighs, and ſpake thus as he paſt;
Troyes feartull fate is come, this day's our laſt:
 We once were *Trojans*, once this was faire *Troy*,
 And *Trojans* grace: now angrie *Jove* our joy
 Gives to the *Greeks*: *Greeks* lord it over us,
 Our citie fir'd, we moſt calamitous.
 The hiddie horſe ſtanding within our town,
 Hath armed men diſgorg'd: fire up and down
Sidon triumphant throws: ſome ſtrongly ſtand
 To keep our gates wide ope: ne're did our land
 So many *Grecian* ſwarms behold: ſome guard
 Our narrow lanes; ſtrong troupes keep watch and ward
 With ſharp drawn ſwords, to th' death to fight moſt
 Our guards confus'dly fight, hardly hold out. ſtout;
 Thus *Panthus*: ſtraight my heaven-ſpurr'd ſpirit me
 Into the hotteſt flame, and fight; I view (threw
 Angry *Erinnys*, noiſe, annoiſe: me guide
Rhipheus and valiant *Iphitus*, beſide,

My Martiall mates agglomerate to me,
Hypanis, Dymas, vva^y by moon-light see:
 Great *Mygdons* sonne, young *Choræbus* most stout,
 VVho in those dayes by chance to *Troy* came out,
 Caught with *Cassandras* captive love: both he
 And his great Sire brought aid t' us *Phrygians* free.
 Unhappy, vvho the counsel vvould not heare
 Of his *Cassandra* prophetizing deare.
 VVhom when I saw boldly to battell bent,
 I thus bespake; Brave youths of high intent,
 O, but in vain, if flames of Martiall fire
 Kindle your courage, honour true t' acquire,
 Alas our cities fortune here you see:
 Our Gods, best goods, all quite extinguisht be,
 VVhich propt our state, a citie burnt you'd save:
 Let's die, and rush through thickest rank most brave.
 'Tis captiues comfort no helps hope to have.
 These vvords the Gallants hearts vvith rage did fire,
 And straight (as ravening vvolves at night desire,
 Their whelps being left, their paunch being hungerbit,
 To range abroad to finde a prey most fit)
 Through speares and spight of foes, fearelesse to die,
 VVe passe, and to the midst o'th' citie hie:
 Black night with sable shades doth us surround.
 O, vvho that nights great slaughter, vvoes great wound
 Can explicate? what teares equall those toiles?
 A town of fame is fal'n, long, rich vvith spoiles,
 Her streets are strew'd most thick vvith bodies slain,
Troyes unreveng'd bloud, temples, all doth stain.
 Courage in conquered hearts vvvas once made known,
 Now-conquering *Greeks* vve once had overthrown:
 But now vvhere e're vve look, vve nought can spie,

But feares and teares, and much mortalitie.
Androgeos then, a *Grecian* captain stout,
 VVe first affronted, with his *Grecian* rout;
 VVho taking us for friends, thus friendly said;
 Make haste, brave Sirs, vvhat loytring hath you staid?
 VVhiles others sack and take all-fired *Troy*,
 You scarce your ships have left, help to employ.
 This said, he soon perceiv'd: (for no reply
 Fitting his minde vvas made) that th' enimie
 Had close enclos'd him unawares: afraid,
 VVith heart and heels he made swift retrograde.
 Like one that unawares treads suddenly
 On an earth-creeping snake vvich close did lie
 'Mongst pricklie thorns, he quick starts from (in feare)
 The rage-swoln snake, vvich his blew neck doth reare.
 Feare-dampt *Androgeos* thus flevv from our sight,
 VVe follow'd close, closely maintain'd the fight:
 On all sides fel'd our foes, strangers to th' place,
 And fill'd vvith feare: fates did our first facts grace.
Choræbus courag'd vvith this good successe,
 Cries out, Brave mates, let's this faire path-vvay presse,
 Let's hold fast fortune by her friendly hand.
 Let's change our shields vvonne from this *Grecian* band,
 And vveare their arms: What courage can't, craft may.
 Slain foes vvill furnish us. This said, straightvvay
Androgeos helmet faire, and shield he bare,
 And a brave *Grecian* blade by's side he vvare.
 The like did *Dymas*, *Rhipheus*, and the rest.
 And vvith *Greeks* spoiles themselves they joyfull drest.
 Then flew vve 'mongst the *Greeks*, not by self-guide,
 And in dark night vve many a skirmish tride,
 And many a *Grecian* soule vve sent to hell,

And

And some to ships and shores we did repell:
 Some with base feare to th' horrid horse retire,
 Reclimbe his back, known belly holes t' acquire.
 But fates displeas'd, alas, there's nothing stable,
 For now behold *Cassandra* amiable,
 A virgin pure, king *Priams* daughter faire,
 Drag'd out o'th' temple by her tender haire,
 Lifting her starrie eyes to heaven in vain,
 Yea eyes: for her soft hands bands did restrain.
 This spightfull spectacle *Choræbus* fierce,
 Hating to see, with love-rage straight did pierce
 Into the rout, resolved there to die:
 After whom we do all most fiercely flie.
 Here from the temples top by our friends darts
 We were confounded, suffered forest smarts,
 By our chang'd arms, chang'd *Grecian* shields and shouts,
 And then the *Greeks* enrag'd, since from their routs
 The maid was freed, from all parts hither throng,
 And fiercely us assail: there *Ajax* strong,
 Th' *Atridas* twain, and *Grecian* bands among. }
 Like adverse windes burst out with fierce crosse puffs,
 Eastern with West, West windes with Southern shuffs.
 Trees therewith tremble, *Nereus* foamie voice
 Makes tumbling waves rowl up with roaring noise.
 So they, and those whom we (by dark night vail'd
 With shieldie shades) ensnar'd, to death assail'd,
 And chac'd about the streets, appeare: first finde,
 Our changed shields and arms, yea then they minde
 Our different dialects. Straight numbers die:
 And first *Choræbus*, by *Peucelens* high,
 At th' altar of *Pallas* omnipotent,
 Did loose his life: next *Rhipheus* eminent,

One of the justest and the most upright
 Of all our *Trojan* peeres, fell in this fight.
 So destinie dispos'd: then *Dymas* di'd,
 And *Hypanis*, by friends (as foes) defi'd:
 Nor thee, good *Panthus*, could thy pietie,
 Nor *Phœbean* function save, but thou must die.
 I call to witnesse (here) the spirits of mine,
 And *Trojan* flames, that I did ne're decline
 (In their distresse) a *Greek*, a sword, a shield:
 But, had fates pleas'd, to death was prest to yeeld,
 As my *Greek*-slaying hand and heart did merit:
 Thence brake out I, and *Pelias* of stout spirit,
 And *Iphitus* with us; *Iphitus* old,
 And *Pelias*, perisht by *Ulysses* bold.
 Straight friends loud cries did us to court incite,
 Where we did finde so fierce and furious fight
 As none had been before, as none had di'd
 In all the town, but what did there reside.
 There did we see unmastered *Mars* rush on,
 Bloud-gluttred *Greeks* our houses leap upon,
 And block up fast, and scaling ladders set
 Against our walls, and scaffolds up to get,
 By posts and pillars striving to ascend,
 And with their shields in left hands them defend
 From darted shafts, their right hands grasp the tops
 Of highest holds, the *Trojans* seek strong stops,
 And from uncovered roofs pull tiles and slates,
 And, as last helps, hurl them down on their pates,
 A while to keep off death, which properates.
 Some guilded beams pluckt up do tumble down,
 Which were forefathers facts of high renown:
 Some with sharp brandisht blades their houses guard,
 And

And in thick troops keep them with watch and ward:
 Those regall rooms resolv'd with hand and heart
 To save, and to tir'd friends best aid impart.
 There was a wall with privie doores and wayes
 To passe unseen, which *Priam* (in the dayes
 Of *Troyes* triumphant state) did use to walk,
 Unhappy now, and for sweet private talk
Andromache did use alone to meet
 Her father in law: and where, with lovely greet,
Astyanax her childe his granfire saw.
 I by this passage did my self withdraw
 To th' top of an high house; whence, all in vain,
 The conquered *Trojans* showed darts amain.
 A tower we then assail'd, plac'd on a hill,
 With skie-topt turrets built, with curious skill:
 Whence totall *Troy*, *Greeks* ships and camps we might
 Prospectively behold: this with warre spight
 We set upon with swords, and hack in twain
 The joyn'd crosse beams, and rais'd the ground-pins main
 From firm foundation, shaking it so sore,
 As that we forc'd it fall, falling to roare:
 Whose sudden ruine fiercely ruinated,
 Huge troops of *Greeks* about it congregated.
 But others us assail, nor stones for harms
 Are spar'd, nor any kinde of deadly arms.
 Before the porch, even at the doore without,
 In glistering brazen armour, *Pyrrhus* stout
 Insulting stood, a brandisht sword in his hand:
 Much like a snake, basking on Sunnie land,
 With poy's'nous grasse full fed (late) lurking in
 The frozen-earth, cold-swoln, now his old skin
 Stript off, and he thereby made fresh and fine,

His

His slipperie rowling back breast high doth shine
 Against the Sunne, with's mouths three-forked tongue.
 Great *Periphas*, *Antomedon* among,
Achilles page, horse-rider, present were,
 And all the lusty *Scyrian* youths were there.
 All thick do throng to th' house, and wilde fire cast
 Up to the top. Himself first comes on fast,
 With a tough two-edg'd tool cuts doores in sunder,
 And pulls down brazen posts with Martiall thunder.
 Thus the beams broke, boards cleft, ruptures made bare
 The rooms within, great halls and parlours faire,
 Where *Priam*, and *Troyes* ancient princes rare
 Delighted were: all lay to open view,
 All were display'd. Thence feare and frights ensue,
 To see arm'd souldiers stand before the doores:
 Loud screeks and cries, tumultuous uproares
 Do fill the rooms within, which loudly ring
 With womens wailings: whose shrill clamours ding
 The golden starrie skies. The ladies faire,
 O'reloaded with laments, runne here and there,
 And clasped posts embrace and kisse in feare.
 But *Pyrrhus* vvith paternall power breaks in;
 Nor walls, nor warders can protection win:
 His battering ramme breaks open doores and gates,
 Pushing down pillars, all things devastates.
 The *Greeks* do finde, or force their way at will,
 Kill all they meet, all parts with souldiers fill.
 The foaming floud, when banks are open brast,
 O'rerunning obvious mounts, runnes not so fast,
 VVhen its resistlesse stream the field o'reflows,
 And swallows sheep and sheep-coats, as it goes.
 Thus did I *Neoptolemus* behold

Even

Even drunk with bloud, and both th' *Atridas* bold
Entring the entry, and faire *Hecuba*
Her divers daughters, and king *Priam* gray,
Defile the fires with bloud, once consecrated:
His fiftie concubines accommodated
With fiftie hopefull sonnes; columnes ore'laid
With barbarie gold, with spoiles most specious made,
All wofully laid waste; and *Greeks* do share
Amongst themselves what ravening fire did spare.
And now perhaps you'l ask how *Priam* fared,
VVhen he beheld his citie so ensnared,
His building burnt with fire, houses puld down,
And in the midst of's palace foes fierce frown.
The good old king his long left-arms resumes,
And with age-feeble joynts, sword, shield assumes,
Buckles all on, but all in vain, and so
His dying self in midst of foes doth throw.
I'th' heart of's court, just in the open aire,
A mightie altar stood, a bay-tree faire
Did by it grow, ancient, and ample spread,
VVhose shade the shrine and carv'd Gods covered.
Here *Hecuba*, and all her daughters milde
Like doves driven headlong by a tempest wilde
All in a heap; in vain the altar hold,
And in their arms their helpleffe Gods enfold.
But when she saw her aged *Priam* arm'd
In youthfull arms, wherewith once foes he charm'd,
O wofull, oh unhappie spouse, she said,
What mood, what motive dire hath thee aray'd?
Nay, forc'd to weare such weapons? why dost flie?
Alas, grave sir, there's no necessitie
Of such assistance, such a Guardian grave:

Chiefly

Chiefly if here we had my *Hector* brave.
Oh then come neare: this shrine will shield us all,
Or else we'le here together dying fall.
Thus *Hecuba*; and to her him she takes,
And in a sacred seat to sit she makes
Her aged spouse. And now behold we heare,
Polites, one of *Priams* sonnes most deare,
Scapt from the slaughter, which fierce *Pyrrhus* wrought
Through hostile fire and sword, some safegard sought,
Flying the galleries and emptie places,
Searching, sore wounded: whom so *Pyrrhus* chases,
And prosecutes and executes most fierce
His rage on him, and now o'reta'ne doth pierce
His body with his lance, who new now fled
Into his parents presence, fell down dead
Before their face; and much bloud spilt, expir'd.
Priam hereat, though hedg'd with death, yet fir'd
With aged rage, could not abstain, but straight
His wraths revenge doth thus evaporate:
Ah, but the Gods (if heaven loves holinesse,
And hates foule facts) for this thy wickednesse
And daring deed, with condigne guerdon quit,
And pay thee home with recompence most fit,
Who thus hast slain my sonne before my face,
And by such death wrought's parents great disgrace.
But he did not do thus, whom thou dost lie,
And sayest to be thy fire, *Achilles* high
Was no such foe to *Priam*: but desir'd,
Kept faith and promise in that I requir'd
Humbly of him, and did restore to me
Brave *Hectors* corps, interred for to be:
And me into my state did re-estate.

This

This said, old *Priam* did ejaculate
 A feebly flying dart, which gave a clang,
 Yet did no hurt, but on his helmet hang.
 Whereat thus *Pyrrhus*; I'll thee recompense,
 And as my messenger dispatch thee hence,
 To tell my Sire *Achilles* this sad news,
 That *Neoptolemus*, of his issues
 The bastard was: so let him understand.
 Die therefore now. And with those words, with's hand
 He trembling *Priam* to the altar drew,
 And did his corps in his sonnes blood embrew.
 His left hand wrapt up in his locks most gray,
 His right-hand with a naked sword made way
 Into his side, to give his life last passe,
 Which up to th' hilts in's body sheathed vvas.
 This was king *Priams* end, this his hard fate,
 To live to see *Troy* fir'd, quite ruinate:
 Even he, who once was *Asia's* Keisar great,
 Mightiest in men, and spacious regall seat:
 A despicable trunk (now) dead on ground,
 His head cut off, his carcasie no name found.
 But I with hideous horror thus begirt,
 Amaz'd, my thoughts began straight to revert
 Upon the visage of my father deare,
 As I beheld the king massacred here,
 Just of my fathers age: I thought upon
 My sweet *Cressida*, from whom I was gone;
 On my forsaken house, and the fear'd fate
 Of young *Iulus*. 'bout me I lookt straight,
 To see what hope of libertie I had.
 But all had me forsaken, tir'd and sad,
 Some leaping down, themselves precipitate,

And

And some themselves in flames do conflagrate.
 And now I left alone, at last did spie,
 (Bright fires gave light to me, who wandringly
 Peep into every nook) I saw, I say,
 Faire lady *Helen*, how she closely lay
 In *Vesta's* temple, on the sacred staires,
 Her head and heart full of just feares and cares,
 Both for the *Trojans* vvrath, their citie spoil'd,
 And grudgefull *Greeks*, their marriage bed defil'd.
 She being *Troyes* sole firebrand, fierce flame,
 At th' altar therefore lay she hid for shame.
 Revengefull coals hence kindled in my heart,
 To vindicate my countreys vvofull smart;
 To pay her for her cursed wickednes:
 Shall she, said I, to *Sparta* have regresse
 In safetie? and her countrey *Greece* regain?
 There, as a queen, her triumphs to maintain?
 Her parents, children, husband, home to see?
 With *Trojan* lords and ladies there to be
 Attended on? shall she old *Priam* slay?
 And *Troy* by furious flames bring to decay?
 And make our shores so oft sweat streams of bloud?
 Not so: for though there be no true manhood,
 Nor glorious conquest in a womans wrack:
 Yet t' have extinguish't such a deed so black,
 To take so just revenge, is worthie praise:
 'I will be some ease to quit my countreys blaze,
 And my friends ashes by revenge to raise.
 As with mad mood these things I cast in minde,
 Ready to runne at her, my mother kinde
 Offred her self to my most joyfull fight,
 And glistring farre more gloriously by night

E

Then

Then formerly she did, a Goddesse plain,
 Such, and so great, as with her heavenly train:
 And holding me by my right hand, she staid,
 And with her roseall lips she spake, and said;
 Deare sonne, what untam'd wrath boiles in thy breast?
 Why fretst thou? why's no care of us exprest?
 Wilt thou not first thy feeble father finde,
 Left in much woe? seek thy *Creüsa* kinde,
 And childe *Ascanius*? vvhom in *Grecian* rout
 I found (with wondring) wandring all about:
 And had not I peculiar care employ'd,
 Fierce flames and foe-mens swords had them destroy'd.
 Nor hated *Helen*, nor your *Paris* blam'd,
 Did *Troy* subvert: but fates with wrath inflam'd.
 Behold (for I'le all cloudy mists expell,
 Which dimme thy sight, and make men not see well)
 Feare not thy parents precepts to obey,
 Nor from their regulating rules once stray.
 Here where thou seest broad scattered heaps to lie,
 And stones by stones remov'd, and up on high
 A foggy fume to rise, mixed with dust,
 And *Neptune* with his trible fork to thrust,
 And shake the walls, and rouse up the foundation,
 And utterly subvert the cities station:
 Here chafing *Juno* chiefly guards th' old gates,
 And, wrathfull, her choice ship-troops animates,
 And steel-arm'd souldiers to her congregates.
 Yea see how *Pallas* on the high towres walks,
 And with storm-brightnes *Gorgons* furie stalks:
 How *Greeks* great patron strength and spirit infuseth
 Into their hearts, and all his projects useth,
 To make the Gods *Troyes* foes. Therefore depart,

Fly hence deare sonne, cease here thy toiles of heart:
 I never will be absent from thy side,
 But safely in thy countrey cause thee 'bide.
 This said, she quick in nights thick mists was clos'd,
 The great Gods frowning face being plain disclos'd,
 And all their furie to poore *Troy* oppos'd.
 And now, me thought, I saw all *Ilium* flame,
 And quite o'retumbled *Nerean Troyes* faire frame:
 Like an old oak upon a mountain high,
 Which rustick clowns do labour lustily
 To hack and hew with ax and chisels strong,
 By frequent blows at last to lay along.
 The oak makes threatning nods, and tremblingly
 Doth shake and quake its leafie tops on high,
 Till chopping vvounds do make it give last crack,
 Which in its fall doth all about it wrack.
 Then I retreat, led by my Goddesse guide,
 And through both foes and flames away I glide:
 Weapons give way, and flames do back recoile.
 And now being come into my native soile,
 Unto my fathers ancient mansion faire,
 My father (for whom was my speciall care,
 To carry thence over the mountains high)
 Loathing to live, *Troy* lost, doth flat denie
 To go with me, and exile to endure:
 And said; O you whose bloud is fresh and pure,
 Who young and strong can of your selves subsist,
 Shift you for life, you may flie, if you list.
 But as for me, if fates would I should live,
 They (sure) this place would me for safegard give.
 But 'tis enough, more then enough, I see
 One ruine, and our citie lost, yet we

Survive: even thus, oh thus my corps laid well,
 Departing, give it a sad *Vale* knell,
 These hands shall finde out death: foes may be kinde,
 They'le take but spoiles, small losse, no grave to finde:
 Heaven-hated and earth-loathing fruitlesse me,
 My yeares till now too long protracted be,
 Since first the father of Gods, and mans great king,
 Did on my corps his blasting lightnings fling.
 Urging these arguments he fixt remains.
 But we with cheeks all wet, with tearie stains,
 I with my wife *Creüsa* and my childe,
 And our whole household with intreats most milde,
 Pray'd he would not all with himself o'rethrow,
 But yeeld to forcing fates. Still he said no.
 Who holding his intentions, sitting still,
 To arms again I flie with eager will,
 Willing to die a most perplexed wight.
 For what advise, what fortune help me might?
 Thinkst thou, deare father, I'le thee leave and flie?
 May a fathers tongue vent such indignitie.
 If fates conclude, nought shall of *Troy* be left,
 And that to ruin'd *Troy* of help bereft,
 Thou art resolv'd thy self and thine to adde,
 The gate stands ope, death may be quickly had.
Pyrrhus with *Priams* blood all-soil'd, makes haste
 The sonnes blood in his fathers sight to waste,
 The father at his sacred shrine to slay.
 For this, deare mother, hast thou been my stay,
 And refuge from all darts and deadly fire?
 That I should see i'th' heart and heat of ire,
 My father, wife, and my *Ascanius* tender,
 In one anothers blood, their lives surrender

By furious foes? Arms, arms, bring arms, deare friends,
 This last day calls us, conquered. to our ends.
 Shew me the *Greeks*, set me afresh to fight,
 We will at least some of our deaths requite.
 Hereat I buckled on my arms again,
 And on my left-arm did my shield retain.
 But to the field I readie now to flie,
 Behold my deare *Creüsa* suddenly,
 Just at the doore about my heels hung fast,
 And in my presence my *Iulus* cast;
 Saying, If thou'lt flie and die, let's die with thee:
 Or if in arms, lest hope of help there be,
 Bestow thy strength, first to defend this place:
 To vvhom else dost thou leave us in this case?
 To whom thy father, thy *Iulus* deare?
 To vvhom me thy late vvife dost thou leave heare?
 Weeping these vvords, she fills the house with cries:
 When (strange to tell) there suddenly did rise
 A hideous chance: for even amongst us all,
 In my sad fathers sight bright beams did fall
 Upon the top of young *Iulus* head,
 Which lightly licks his locks, and hurtlesse fed,
 And grew about his brows. VVe much afraid,
 Frame burning haire to strike the flames, assaid
 To quench the sacred fire vvith vvater cast:
 But grave *Anchises* joyfull, lifts at last
 His eyes, his hands, and voice to heaven on high,
 Saying; O great *Jove*, if prayers do pierce the skie,
 And move thee ought, regard us in this thing:
 If pietie to mortalls profit bring,
 Great father, grant thy favour, stablish right
 All these so faire predictions, in our sight.

Scarce spake the old man thus, when sudden sound
 Of ratling welcome thunder did rebound;
 A streaming starre from heaven most nimbly fell,
 Whose lustrous brightnesse rarely did excell.
 Which from our houses top we saw to glide,
 Its shining self in *Ida's* wood to hide,
 Pointing our path: whose furrow with long streams,
 Shone all abroad, with sulfure fuming gleams.
 My father hence o'come, the signe respects,
 Adores the starre, thanks to the Gods directs,
 Forthwith cuts off delays, sayes, Here am I,
 Lead on the way, I'll follow readily.
 Deare *Trojan* Gods, my house and grandchilde save:
 This was your augur, yet you seem to have
 Some care of *Troy*. I yeeld, good sonne, with thee
 To go along. This said, we heare and see
 Upon our walls a more cleare flashing flame,
 And scorching heat more neare us rowling came.
 I therefore said; Deare father, take fast hold
 About my neck; for I with courage bold,
 Willingly on my back will beare you hence.
 How e're things hap, one common exigence,
 Ones welfare shall be boths: *Iulus* we
 Will take with us, my wife may follow me.
 And you my servants, mark well what I say:
 Being out o'th' town, you'll finde a hill i'th' way,
 And now forsaken *Ceres* temple old:
 Whose ground an ancient *Cypresse* tree doth hold,
 Many yeares kept for our religions sake,
 Thither we'll all from all parts us betake.
 Our Gods and sacred things, father, hold you:
 But as for me that now this warre eschew,

Still stain'd with hot bloudshed, 'tis impious (sure)
 Them once to touch, till in some fountain pure
 I may me lave, and cleansing fit procure.
 This said, I with a lions skin arayd,
 Clothes on my neck and shoulders fitly laid,
 I took my burthen up: my right hand fast
 My young *Iulus* gript, and on he past;
 But not with equall pace to's fathers flight:
 My wife comes after, forc'd: through darkeſt night
 We thus are hurried on: and I, whom late
 No clouds of flying darts could trepidate,
 Nor ſwarmie troops of adverſe *Greeks* could wound,
 Now feare each puff of vvinde, each ſmalleſt ſound.
 Moſt for my little mate, grandvveight, thus fear'd,
 And now to th' citie gate my way thus clear'd,
 Thinking all ſafe, I ſeem'd moſt ſuddenly
 To heare a thick quick noiſe of feet hard by:
 And ſtraight my father through a glimmering ſhade
 Looking foreright, O ſonne, deare ſonne, he ſaid,
 And haſt'ly cride; Flie faſt, our foes draw nigh,
 For I their ſhields and glittering arms do ſpie.
 Hereat, I know not what unfriendly fate
 Made me amaz'd, did me precipitate,
 Into ſtrange by-wayes, lanes, and lawns untill,
 Whether by fate fetcht thence ſhe lived ſtill,
 Wretch that I am, I loſt *Creüſa* kinde;
 Or whether, being wearie, left behinde,
 Or having loſt her way, I am unſure,
 But ſure no ſearch her ſight could repro cure.
 And e're her loſt my mindes reflect reſpected,
 To *Ceres* ſacred ſeat, the place directed,
 Even to the hill we came, where we all met,

One onely wanted, whole mistake did fret
 Her mates, her sonne, and me her husband deare.
 And whom herein did frantick I hold cleare,
 And not accuse? Or Gods, or men, or what
 In all *Troyes* wrack held I more harsh then that?
Ascanius, and *Anchises* my deare fire,
 Our *Trojan* troop and Gods, with zeals hot fire,
 I to my mates commend, and did them hide
 In a deep vale: my self to th' citie hy'd,
 Appointed, with my shining shield and arms,
 Inow resolv'd to reinforce all harms,
 The citie thorough to perambulate,
 My life in dangers to precipitate.
 And first I mount the walls, and as I past,
 I pry'd into the cities backwayes, fast,
 And back return'd: the way I came by night,
 And into every crook I cast my sight,
 Horrour my heart, silence my sense amaz'd;
 Thence to review my house, my thoughts me rais'd,
 If haply there I gladly might her see:
 But it I found by *Greeks* destroy'd to be,
 And whole posselt. For why? devouring fire
 Blown by fierce windes did to its top aspire,
 Yea overtopt it, flames flying into th' aire:
 Hence then to *Priams* palace I repaire,
 The towre I did review, which all decaid,
 With emptie rooms: and by fierce *Junos* aid
 I found *Ulysses* vile, and *Phœnix* fell,
 Guardians thereof; keeping their prey too well:
 Hither being brought, our *Trojans* treasures kept
 (Our temples burnt) from flames, which all quite swept
 The tables of our Gods, great cups of gold:
 Our captiv'd royall robes this tower did hold.

These

These, all these thither brought: and their young boyes
 And frightfull matrons making wofull noise,
 In heaps enhedg'd it. And though 'midst my foes,
 I with my voice adventured to disclose
 My heavie losse, and through the nightly shade
 I fill'd the wayes with woes, and swiftly said,
 Nay cride, *Creüsa*, O *Creüsa* deare,
 Once, twice and thrice (in vain) for she'd not heare.
 Thus as I ceaselesse, ceaselesse pri'd about
 In every nook, furious to finde her out,
 Me thought the wofull gastly ghost I saw
 Of my *Creüsa* neare mine eyes to draw,
 In bigger shape then wont: I stood agast,
 My haire did stare: my tongue to's roof stuck fast.
 And straight she seem'd to say, my plaints to end,
 What good is got, such fruitlesse pains to spend,
 Deare Pheere? these things fall out by fates decree;
 Nor may thy mate *Creüsa* go with thee:
 For so great *Jove* gainsayes: and sayes beside,
 That thou by sea long banishment must 'bide.
 And plowing *Neptunes* waves to *Latium* glide,
 And there arive, where *Lydian Tybers* torrent
 Through fertile soiles doth passe with facile current.
 There joyes attend thee, there's a crown, a queen
 Thy wife to be: then cease this sorrow seen
 For me thy lost *Creüsa* thus affected.
 For I the *Grecian* dames, all disrespected,
 Will neither serve nor see in their proud places,
 But I now go t'enjoy the joyfull graces
 Of *Dardan* Ladies, sacred *Venus* neece.
 Here now the mother of Gods plants me in peace.
 O then fare well, my love t'our sonne supply.

This

This having said, she weeping vvolfully,
 And willing to have said much more, departed,
 And into th'open aire quick from me darted.
 Thrice in my arms her neck to clasp I tride,
 And thrice her form from my hands hold did slide,
 Like a swift winde, or slippery dream by night.
 Night thus being spent, I went to take a sight
 Of all my mates: where such a confluence
 Of followers I found, since I went thence,
 As made me much admire their multitude
 Of men and women, youths and vulgars rude,
 From miserable exile there collected;
 With goods and good wills freely all affected
 To follow me wheres'ere by sea or land.
 And now the tops of *Ida's* woody strand
 Bright *Lucifer* with sweet *Aurora's* face,
 Began with dayes faire rayes to guild and grace:
 The *Greeks* our blockt up gates and houses held:
 And we from hope of help being quite expell'd:
 I therefore, on my back my father ta'ne,
 Departed thence, the mountains thus to gain.

*An end of the second book of
 Virgils Æneids.*

THE

THE ARGUMENT of the third book.

*Troyes kingdome thus quite ruinated,
And they for flight accommodated,
Æneas first arriv'd in Thrace,
And built a citie in that place,
The death of Polydore him frighted.
The kings great barbrons love recited,
And Phoebus oracles declar'd,
To sail to Creet he's now prepar'd.
Where he again new fortunes found,
And shipwrack did him sore surround.
Whence fled, the Harpyes frights he shows:
Helenus left, his fates he knows.
He Achemenides befriends,
His father dies: his tale so ends.*

After the Gods had ruin'd *Asia's* state,
And *Priams* throne, unworthie so great hate,
Neptunian *Troy* like blazing brands of fire:
We were constrain'd, by signes of fatall ire
Exil'd, to wander through strange woods and wayes,
And on *Antander* and *Ides* banks we raise
And build our navie, being all unsure
Where fates would force us, where to sit secure.
Our men we muster: Summer scarce comen on,
My father bad us hoise up sail, be gon.
I then my native countreys losse bewail,
And planes where *Troy* late stood, I banisht sail,

With

With me my sonne, my mates, Gods small and great.
 Farre off there lies a spacious Martiall seat,
 (*Thracians* it plant and plow) *Lycurgus* wise
 Once did it rule; *Troyes* ancient firm allies.
 Their Gods as ours, whiles fortune made us rise.
 Here I arriv'd, here first I built a town
 In a crosse crook, entering by fatall frown:
 And from my name, I did it *Aeneads* name.
 And to my mother *Venus* I the same
 Did dedicate, and offer sacrifice
 To my kinde Gods, that blest mine enterprize.
 And *Jupiter* great king of Gods t'adore,
 A fat bull I did offer on the shore,
 By chance hard by a woody hill I spide,
 Upon whose top white horny rods did bide,
 And tall thick shady mirtle boughs did grow.
 Thither to pluck off some of them I go,
 Our altars with green branches to bedeck:
 But as I pluckt, a fearefull chance did check
 My first attempt: for the first branch I tore,
 There issued thence thick drops of muddy gore, (fright,
 Which stain'd the ground with bloud. This did me
 And chilling feare shook me in piteous plight.
 Again another tender sprig I pluck,
 Longing to know the cause and lurking luck:
 Straight from the bark more bloody drops did sprout.
 Whereat much mov'd, the wood Nymphs (in great
 I did adore, and *Mars* great *Thracia's* king, (doubt)
 To th'omen good, to th'fight delight to bring.
 Then when a third branch I more strongly tore,
 And with both knees to th'ground me struggling bore,
 (Speak may I, or be still?) A grievous groan

From

From bottome of the pit to heaven up thrown,
Seem'd thus to crie; *Aeneas*, why dost teare
Distressed me? my buried body spare,
O spare, thy holy hands thus to bestain,
For *Troy* did me thy kinsman know most plain:
See how out from this stump doth gush my gore,
O flee this barbarous land, this sharking shore.
For I am *Polydore*; who here being slain,
My corps a bush of sharp shafts doth remain.
My heart was straight with dubious thoughts dejected,
Speechlesse, amaz'd, my hair's upright erected.
Unhappy *Priam* (once) this *Polydore*
With store of gold did secretly send o're
Unto the king of *Thrace* for education:
Who when he saw *Troyes* troops in desperation,
The citie round besieg'd, our valour vail,
Our weal grow weak, our fortune us to fail,
Following great *Agamemnons* conquering arms,
He fled from us, burst out into base harms,
Poore *Polydore* he flew, usurpt the gold.
O cursed thirst of gain! what, uncontrould,
Wilt thou not force mans minde to undergo?
But now, feare past, this fatall signe I show
To my choice Peeres, but to my father first,
Pray'd them to say their mindes, or best, or worst.
All were unanimous, 'twas best to flie,
To save that hatefull harbour, instantly
To sail away. A tombe we therefore made
To *Polydore*, great heaps of earth up laid:
About this wofull herse blew clothes were plac'd,
With cypresse boughs, and sable garments grac'd:
Our *Trojan* women (as we us'd) stood round,

Their

Their haire about their eares hung all unbound,
 Then on it we warm pales of milk do throw,
 And bowls of sacred bloud:and e're we go,
 VVe at his herse do ring his soules sad knell,
 And with loud cries give him his last farewell.
 Thence when first fittest serene seas gave way,
 And gentle fanning blasts made dandling play
 Upon our sails,our troops the shores do fill.
 My mates put forth to sea with free good will,
 And past the port,the lands and towns us leave.
 Thus sailing, we aloof(at length) perceive
 I'th' sea a lovely land lie situated,
 To th' mother of the sea *Nymphs* dedicated,
 And to *Aegean Neptune*:which faire land
 Stragling abroad, pious *Apollos* hand
 Did with restrictive bands and bounds confine,
 VVith *Gyarus* and faire *Mycon* combine,
 And thereby it most strong and stable made,
 Fearlesse when windes and waves did it invade.
 Here I ariv'd,here we our wearie state
 In a most pleasant port did recreate;
 And comen on shore,adore *Apollos* town,
 VVhither to meet us speedily came down
 King *Anius*, king and priest to *Phoebus* great,
 And to those people,he with kinde receipt
 (His head with headbands and green laurell deckt)
Anchises his known friend doth much respect.
 Then hands we shake in love,and home are had
 Into their houses;where I then most glad
 In th'old rock-founded temple made oblation
 Unto *Apollo*, with this supplication;
 Grant,*Thymbraean Phoebus*,to us *Trojans* tired,

A proper place, an issuing race desired,
And settled citie: yet preserve, I pray,
Another *Troy*, the reliques which yet stay
Of conquering *Greeks*, and of *Achilles* stout.
Whom follow we? whither range we about?
Where shall we seat our selves? Great father, say,
Shew us some signes our anxious mindes to stay.
Scarce said I thus, when all seem'd suddenly,
The doores and bayes of *Phæbus* majestic,
Yea all the mount about, to move and shake,
Apollo's private *Tripas* roares did make.
Hereat to earth we prostrate fell, and heard
A voice saying thus; Stout *Trojans*, be not feard:
The land whence first ye sprang from ancients race,
Shall safely you receive in copious case:
Seek your old grandmother. For surely there
Æneas house shall spacious empire rear;
And all his childrens childrens offspring faire.
Thus *Phæbus*: we with clamours joyfull are,
Desirous all to know what towns he meant;
Whither he'd call us; whither we wandring went.
My father then old stories recollecting,
Said; Heare brave peeres, your hopes I'm now detecting;
Mark then: I'th' midst o'th' sea lies *Creet*, *Joves* nation,
There's *Idæ*, our countreys cradle of education;
Whose large rich realm an hundred towns doth hold:
Whence our great Sire king *Tæncer* sprung of old.
(If hearesay fail not) He on *Rhoteans* shore
Did first arrive, a fit seat did explore
To plant his throne: as yet no *Ilium* faire,
Nor *Pergams* pinacles stood beauteous rare,
But then low valleys they inhabited.

Hence

Hence was wood-haunting mother *Cybel* bred,
 Sage *Corybantes* bells, and *Ida's* wood:
 Hence sacred secrets found safe silence good,
 Goddesse-yokt lions hence their chariots drew.
 Go on then, and let's passe where Gods us shew,
 Let's calm the windes, and get to *Candies* land:
 The wayes not farre: if *Jove* do for us stand,
Creet shall our fleet receive within three dayes.
 This said, he sacrific'd to th' Gods due praile,
 One bull to *Neptune*, one t' *Apollo* kinde:
 To storms a black, a white sheep to Southwinde.
 There flies a fame, that *Idomeneus* duke
 Forc'd from his native state his *Creet* forsook,
 That all his lands lay void, to foes a prey.
 To sea we flie, from *Delos* part away,
 Leave green *Donyssa*; *Naxon*, *Bacchus* pride,
Olearon, white marbly *Paron* wide,
 Sea-spreading *Cyclads*, passe those lands about.
 With various noise our mariners cries out.
 My mates me move for *Creet*, forefathers seat;
 And as we sail, rough windes our ships do beat;
 So that at last *Candies* old coast we held.
 Where glad some I, long wisht for town-walls build,
 And *Pergam* nam'd: my glad mates *Trojans* call'd,
 Wisht them to grace the Gods, see cities wall'd,
 And houses fram'd: our ships in ports secure,
 Out youths new wedlock rustick works inure.
 I laws and lands allot: when suddenly
 Through corrupt aire a foule mortalitie
 Did on us seaze: a murrion miserable
 Our trees and plants did spoile most lamentable,
 A deadly yeare. For, or men quickly die,

Or sicklie languish in much miserie.
 The dog-starre burns our barren fields and plants,
 Denies us grain, complies our pain and vvants.
 My father hence to *Delphos* vvills us send,
 And back by sea *Phæbs* oracle to tend,
 Pardon to pray, these toiles and cares to cease,
 To know their course, and labours longed peace.
 Novv night vvas come, sweet sleep shut up mens eyes,
 And now me thought in sleep I saw to rise,
 Before my face the sacred images
 Of *Trojan* Gods, our countrey-Deities,
 Whom I, from *Troyes* fierce flames sav'd, brought with
 These by much light I seem'd most plain to see, (me:
 Like *Cynthia* faire, vvhen vvindows open be.
 And thus they seem'd to say, to cheare my heart,
 VVhat *Delian Phæbus* means to thee t' impart,
 Behold by us sent to thee: thus he sings;
 VVe vvho, *Troy* burnt, thee and thy armies vvings
 Have followed, vve vvho through rough seas have past
 VVith thee, vvill thee and thine to th' heavens at last
 Exalt, and give thy citie soveraigntie:
 Prepare great vvalls for great posteritie.
 And leave not thy long labours progresse faire,
 Thou must seek other seats: *Apollo's* care
 Call'd thee not hither thus to rest at *Creet*.
 But there's a place for thee held farre more meet,
 VVhich *Greeks Hesperia* call, of pristine state,
 Potent in arms, vvith fertile soiles ornate.
 Th' *Oenotrians* dwelt there once, now younger fame
 Doth it from *Italvs*, *Italia* name.
 Here is our proper place, hence *Dardan* springs:
 Hence father *Jasius*, and our chieftest kings.

Rise then, and this, as sure as sweet relation,
 Shew to thy aged fire with exultation:
 Seek out faire *Corits* coasts, *Italia's* bay:
Jove thee denies in *Candie* longer stay.
 This voice and vision of the Gods me frights,
 (Nor was't found sleep, for I their perfect sights
 Did plainly know, their faces, haire bound neat
 I surely saw: whereat a chill could sweat
 O'respread my limbes) from bed I started straight,
 To heaven my hands and heart I elevate,
 And to the Gods give a pure sacrifice:
 VVhich honour done, I, as they did advise,
 Unto *Anchises* all the vision tell.
 Th' ambiguous branch, and fathers both, full vvell,
 He straightway knows, and sees his new mistake
 From places old: and therefore thus he spake;
 Deare sonne, long seasoned vvith our *Trojan* toiles,
 Onely *Cassandra* told me these turmoiles.
 That these things now our nations due portend,
 I right recount, and oft did apprehend,
Hesperia spoke of, and faire *Italie*.
 But who'd have thought *Trojans* should e're come nigh
 Those parts? or who did then *Cassandra* trust?
 But to *Apollo* now submit we must,
 And follow better fortunes. This thus said,
 VVe all his words most joyfully obey'd.
 And parted from this place, few left behinde,
 Our ships do plow the seas vvith pleasant vvinde.
 As thus our vvingy sails through vvaves do flie,
 No land novv seen, all sea, all aire, and skie;
 Then o're my head a black blevv cloud did stand,
 Whereby i'th' floud night-storms seem'd neare at hand.
 VVindes

VVindes quick winde up the waves, huge billows rise,
 Flouds make our fleet to float: day from our eyes
 Dark clouds rowl up, wet night takes skie from sight,
 And from cleft clouds flash out quick lightnings bright.
 We wander through blinde seas, our course crost quite.
 Yea *Palinurus* did himself denie:
 He could or day or night by heaven discerie,
 Or know his way i'th' sea. Three dayes together
 In foggy mists vve stray'd in stormie weather,
 And three nights never having seen a starre.
 The fourth day first vve land discrid' as farre,
 Mountains peept up, and chimney smoak ascended:
 Our sails we slack, our oares vve close attended:
 No stay vve make, our shipmen strenuously
 Slice up the foam, sweep the blew flouds on high.
 And first *Strophadean* shores from sea me save,
 The *Greeks* these isles *Strophades* named have,
 Isles in the great *Ionick* sea, vvhether dwell
Celano fierce, and ravenous *Harpyes* fell:
 E're since *Phinæus* house vvas from them shut,
 And they from their first table-feares vvere put.
 Then these vvere ne're more hideous monsters found,
 Then these the Gods great vvrath did ne're more wound,
 VVhen rais'd from *Strygian* pools. Birds of strange shape,
 Foule fowles vvith virgins faces, mouths which gape,
 Still hunger-starv'd, vvith most insatiate maws,
 Which filthily hang loose, hands vvith huge claws.
 Here now i'th' port vve safely set, behold,
 VVe saw great droves of lusty fat beefs bold,
 And flocks of goats feeding, no herdsman by.
 On vvhom vvith swords vve set, and instantly
 The Gods, yea *Jove* himself vve invoke,

Part of our prey with's to participate:
 Then on the ground, beds spread, we eat our meat,
 But from the mountains with a bluster great
 And horrid noise, the *Harpyes* on us light,
 And with huge din clap their wings in our sight:
 Snatch up our meat with filthie fists defilde,
 And make most odious smells and screeking vvilde.
 Again, in a remote most private place,
 Under a rock which shades and boughs did grace,
 Our table set, on shrines we sacrifice.
 Again, from hidden holes a crosse way flies
 Another troublous troop, with hooky claws,
 To catch the prey, and fill their filthy maws.
 Then straight to take up arms I charge my mates,
 And to fierce fight each one accelerates,
 Against that odious armie; as I bad,
 Their swords and shields i'th' grasse they hidden had.
 Thus when to th' shore to us with noise they grew,
Misenus from an high hill did them view,
 And with brasie trumpet sounds th' alarum straight:
 My mates make head, thick blows reduplicate,
 Those foule sea-fowls to foile and profligate.
 But nor their wings nor backs our blows could hurt,
 For into th' aire they swiftly flie and flurt,
 Leaving the half-got prey and prints behinde,
 Of their foule feet. Onely alone I finde,
 Set on a steepe cliff, *Celano* fierce,
 Unluckie wizzard, who, our hearts to pierce,
 Brake out into these words; Is't vvarre indeed?
 Perfidious *Trojans*, must fierce vvarre proceed
 For our slain beeves and goats? quite to expell
 Us harmlesse *Harpyes* from our native cell?

Then

Then heare me, and my words imprint in thee:
What mightie *Jove* to *Phæb*, *Phæb* shewed to me,
I chief of furies will reveal to thee:
With winde and tide to *Italie* you go,
To *Italie* (at last) you shall do so:
But first, e're you your citie edifie,
Fierce famine and our slaughters injurie,
Shall cause you quite devoure your store of meat,
And bring you to distresse, nought left to eat.
This said, away into the woods she flies.
Whereat bloud-chilling feare doth us surprise,
Our hearts did faint: now not with powers, but prayers
We labour to make peace, to cure our cares;
Whether bad birds, or sacred fowls they be,
And old *Anchises*, most devoutly he
His hands stretcht forth, the great Gods invokes,
And to them their due honours dedicates.
Great Gods (sayes he) spare threats, avert these ills,
Appeased, save good men that do your wills.
Then straight he bids us loose the ship from shore,
And hale the cables in. The windes up boare
Our faire spread sails: and so we cut the seas,
And make our way where puffs and pilot please.
And first at sea we woodie *Zacynth* spie,
Samey, *Dulichium*, rockie *Nerite* high:
Ithaca's rocks we passe, *Laertes* strait,
Ulysses native soile we execrate,
As we it passe. To stormie *Lencas* hills
We came, and to *Apollo's* point, vvhich fills
Poore shipmens heart with feares. Here vve at last,
Tir'd, at a little town ariv'd; and fast,
To come to shore, our anchours out we cast.

Thus having found an unexpected land,
 To *Jove* we expiated out of hand,
 Made vows and sacrifice, and manly sport
 On *Actium* shore, us'd in our *Trojan* court.
 Our naked youths suppling their joynts with oyle,
 Our countrey-vvraisting use: To see our toile
 And danger past, passing so many towns
 Of adverse *Greece*, and midst of foe-mens frowns,
 This joy'd our hearts. Now a full summer past,
 By Northern icy blasts fouds frozen fast:
 On a brasse shield, vvvhich on a post I hung,
 Great *Abas* famous facts in verse I sung.
 Saying; Here *Aeneas* consecrates these arms,
 Wonne from the conquering *Greeks* most fierce alarms,
 Then from these shores to th' oares I bid them flie,
 And they the seas beat, brush, most lustily.
 Soon we lost sight of high *Corcyra's* towers,
 And bare up by *Epirus* pleasant bowers.
 VVhere entring *Chaons* port, our course we bend,
 To brave *Buthrotums* citie to ascend.
 Here we rare things of note did understand,
 How *Trojan* brave *Helenus* did command
 The *Grecian* towns, vvho *Pyrrhus* vvife did vvied,
 And vvore his crown, and after married
Andromache, both of them *Trojans* bred.
 I vvondred, and my heart burnt vvith desire,
 To greet the man, and of these things t'enquire.
 So on I past, shores, ships, safe left behinde,
 When as by chance I saw (vvith mournfull minde)
 Before the citie in a grove most green,
 Neare *Simois* stream, *Andromache* the queen,
 Offring sad gifts, an annuall sacrifice,

To *Hectors* ashes, calling up likewise
 The ghosts to's tombe, 'bout which green turfs did grow,
 And two more shrines (her greater grief to show)
 She consecrated had. When me she saw,
 And *Trojan* troops with me neare her to draw,
 Distracted, straight she seem'd strangely afraid,
 At this so sudden sight she stood dismayd:
 All vitall heat her corps did quite forsake.
 And down she sunk, long first, at last she spake:
 Is't a true face? bringst thou true news to me?
 O God deesse sonne, liv'st thou? or if thou be
 Rais'd from the dead, tell me; where's *Hector* deere?
 This said, a floud of teares from her appeare,
 And every place she fills with clamorous woes;
 Nor scarce could I (briefly) her rage oppose:
 But mov'd with grief, these abrupt words breath'd out;
 Indeed I live, through all straits born about.
 Thou seest a certaintie, then do not doubt.
 Alas! what chance thee chaf'd from such a Pheere,
 Now sustains? what fate does thee recheare?
 Great *Hectors* Deare, art (still) stout *Pyrrhus* mate?
 Hereat with hung down head, words temperate,
 And submisse voice she said, O blest and best
Priams faire daughter, happie 'bove the rest,
 Whom foes did force under *Troyes* walls to die:
 For whom no lots were ever cast, to tie
 Thee to the captive-bed of conquering foe!
 We, *Troy* destroy'd, have been tost to and fro
 Through divers seas, and travelling have tride,
 In bondage base, th' *Achillean* youths great pride:
 Who after lov'd and married *Hermion* brave,
 And me his maid to's man *Helenus* gave.

But then *Orestes* in fiece jealousie
 For his stoln wife vex'd with his villanie,
 And rous'd with rage, did unawares him catch,
 And at his fathers tombe, of life dispatch:
 And by the death of *Neoptolemus*,
 Part of the kingdome came to *Helenus*:
 Which he from *Chaon* a brave *Trojan* state,
 Did totally *Chaonia* nominate:
 And this *Troyes* towre and *Pergams* walls erected.
 But what faire windes, what fates thee thus directed?
 What God did thee thus to our confines drive? }
 Where's young *Ascanius*? does the lad yet live? }
 Whom *Troy* to thee for future hopes did give. }
 Of his lost countrey has the boy a thought?
 Or have the ancient noble vertues wrought
 In his young pregnant heart, of's father gra-
Aeneas, or of's uncle *Hector* brave?
 These words she spake, and speaking wept full sore,
 Though all in vain; and e're she could give o're,
Trojan Helenus from the citie came,
 Attended with a train of Peeres of fame.
 His countrey-men he knew, acknowledged,
 And joyfull, us into his citie led:
 And as we went, spake much, as much he wept.
 Thus on to *Troy*-novant our way we kept,
 And to his *Pergam* patterning our great,
 Where was the drie-brook, *Xanthus* call'd, whose feat
 I knew, and hugd the posts of *Janus* gate,
 My *Trojans* with me do participate
 In this kinde harb'rous town. The king also
 In royall rooms did them great kindnes show.
 In his great hall they drank full bowls of wine,

And

And with choice cheere, in golden dishes dine.
 And thus two dayes at least we there did spend,
 Now faire Southwindes our wingy sails did tend.
 Then to this kingly prophet humbly I
 With these beseeches, do my suit apply;
Trojan-interpreter of Gods decree,
 Who *Phæbus* power, *Delphick* stools, starres dost see,
 Who *Clarian* bayes, birds chirps, swift flights dost know.
 I pray thee, plainly to us all to show,
 (For all religion hath my course made faire:
 And all the Gods advise me to prepare
 For *Italie*, that promis'd land to gain:
Harpyck Celeno onely seems to feigne
 New and nefarious frights, and doth us threat
 With a most foule and fearefull famine great)
 Shew us, I pray, what dangers first to flie,
 And how such toiles to vanquish valiantly.
Helenus here, first, as he us'd, did slay
 His heifers, and to th' Gods of peace did pray:
 Loosning the fillets on his holy head,
 He by the hand me full of feare and dread,
 Unto thy temple, great *Apollo*, brings,
 And from his sacred mouth the priest thus sings:
 Great Goddesse sonne, (for'tis a truth most cleare,
 That thou shalt sail to th' sea by gods most deare;
 So *Jupiter* guides fates, so lots do light,
 So he the wheel of fortune orders right)
 I in few words 'mongst many things will show
 How thou through serene seas mayst safely go
 To *Italie*: Further to know, unfold,
 The fates and *Juno* have my tongue controld.
 First, *Italie*, which thou think'st neare at hand,

And

And ignorant, would rest in neighbouring land,
 Farre off, long wayes, long rigid reaches yet
 It doth contain: and first thou down must sit,
 And set thy bending oares smoothly to sail
 In *Sicils* seas; and after, with free gale
 Passe with thy ships through *Italies* salt seas,
 And through th' infernall flood, and isle *Circes*,
 Before thou canst secure thy citie build:
 Mark well, for I will thee some tokens yeeld:
 When carefull thou 'bout *Tyberinus* shore
 Hast that still silent stream quite passed o're,
 Thou on those banks a huge white sow shalt see,
 With thirtie white young pigges late farrowed be:
 And on the ground sucking the sows vvhite teats,
 There is the place for thy faire cities seats.
 Nor for the foretold famine be afraid,
Phæbus vwill help, the fates vwill finde good aid.
 But see thou shunne these parts, our neighbouring land,
 Though neare some part of *Italie* it stand:
 For there the greedy *Greeks* all cities hold,
 There lie in garrison the *Locrians* bold,
 There *Idomeneus* on *Salentine* plains
 His *Grecian* armie musters up, and trains:
 And there duke *Philoctetes* safely sleeps,
 And in *Petiliæ* vweak vvalls closely keeps.
 Besides, the seas safe past, thy ships at rest,
 Thy altars built on shore, thou readie prest,
 Then pay thy vovvs, vvith purple-hood thy head
 See thou adorn, that no disordered
 Or aduerse fact be found, i'th' sacred fire
 Made to the Gods due praise, r'incense their ire,
 And all molest. This custome thou and thine

Keep firm in sacred rites, at sacred shrine.
 After, vvhen vvindes to *Sicil* bring thee neare,
 And strait *Pelorus* banks smally appeare,
 Sail to the left hand sea, the left hand side,
 Steere, by a long circumference, the tide:
 Be sure to shunne the right hand sea and shore.
 These parts (they say) vvere by a tempest fore
 (Such a strange change makes long antiquitie)
 And rupture great, long since most vehemently
 Broke forth; both lands did once together lie:
 For with great force came a huge inundation,
 Whose overflowing stream made separation
 Twixt *Italie* and *Sicil*, tumbling down
 With swift represselless rage each field and town:
 Yet running with a narrow furious floud,
 On whose right side pernicious *Scylla* stood;
 Implacable *Charybdis* on the left,
 The midst whereof so hellishly is cleft,
 That its deep gaping gulf with treble swallow
 Sups up huge waves, which broken in do follow:
 And thrice again disgorgeth them on high,
 Dashing its wavie vomit up to th' skie.
 But *Scylla* lurketh in his covered caves,
 And to his sharp-tooth'd mouth sucks ships from waves:
 Upward a man, downward a comely maid,
 His lower parts like a huge whale are made,
 All of wolves wombes and Dolphins tails are said
 To be engendred. But *Pachynus* point
 Is farre more safe for thee, at ease t'appoint
 Thy courses in and out, though farther it winde,
 Then formidable *Scyllas* fangs to finde,
 And rocky roares of his curst cures unkinde.

Beside

Beside, if any wit *Helenus* have,
 If him least faith or truth *Apollo* gave;
 This one thing, and but onely this for all
 (Deare Goddesse sonne) to thee I motion shall
 And mention, yea and move most ardently,
 'Bove all adore great *Junos* deitie:
 Make vows to *Juno* with a willing minde,
 And overcome with sacrifices kinde
 That mightie Goddesse. Thus, thou victor may'st,
Sicilia left, in *Italie* be plac'd
 To *Cuma* thou being come, and on that shore,
 Where sacred fouds, *Avernus* woods do roare;
 There thou the frantick prophetesse shalt see,
 Who in her deep steep rock doth prophesie.
 And all her notes and names in leaves she writes,
 And what in leaves she written leaves, indites
 In metre-modules, and locks in her cave,
 And there untoucht, they lie in order brave.
 But if, the doore being ope, the winde displace them,
 And out of doores the whisking puffs do chase them,
 She never cares to catch them in again,
 To recollect their strains, or place them plain,
 Rudely they runne, and *Sibyls* seat disdain.
 Nor think it losse of time there to abide,
 Though thy companions thee to ship may chide,
 And though to launch out thou have winde at will,
 Which with most prosperous gales thy sails may fill,
 Yet prove the prophetesse, her humbly pray
 Thy fates by word of mouth plain to display,
 She'le shew thee *Latium* lads, fierce future broiles,
 And how thou mayst forsake, or take thy toiles:
 Thy journeyes joyfull sacred-she will make.

Of these things I'd have thee chief note to take.
 Go on then, and to th' heavens *Troy* magnifie
 By famous facts. This said, most courteously
 The prophet gave him ivorie gifts, and gold,
 And made his ship huge massie silver hold:
Dodonaean basons, and a coat of arms
 Richly beset with hooks, to save from harms,
 And treble-guilt with gold; a helmet faire,
 With a rich crest, and dangling plume, like haire:
 The arms of *Neoptolemus* they were,
 And to my father he great gifts did beare:
 He gave us horses, gave us captains there:
 Gave us new oares, and armour for our men.
Achilles my old father bad us then
 To fit our ships with sails, for windes swift chace:
 To whom *Apollon* priest said, with great grace,
Anchises, whom faire *Venus* to embrace
 With wedlocks royall rites, did kindely 'dain,
 Whom Gods regard, and twice did safe sustain
 From *Pergams* spoile, behold faire *Italie*,
 Then sail thou thither with celeritie,
 And needs thou must from these our parts depart,
 For very farre remote from whence thou art,
 Are those *Italian* plains, by *Phæbus* shown:
 Then go (he said) thou who art happie known
 In a most pious sonne: But why thus still
 Does my talk stay thee? winde blowing now at will.
Andromache likewise at our farewell
 Most sorrowfull, brought gifts that did excell:
 Garments with gold embroidered, rich and deep,
 And a rare *Trojan* coat, which she did keep,
 She to *Ascanius* gave, equall to any,

And

And rarely woven gifts she gave him many,
 And said; Take these brave childe, and let them be
 Pledges of my hands and hearts love to thee,
 Let them *Andromaches*, great *Hectors* mate,
 Largely extended kindnesse demonstrate:
 Yea take them as friends gifts in last extent,
 O thou who onely much dost represent
 My deare *Astyanax*! for so had he
 His eyes, his hands, his countenance like thee;
 And, had he liv'd, he had been just thine age.
 Then parting, I with a sad carriage
 And many teares, said unto these my friends;
 O happy you, whose toile already ends:
 Whereas new and alternate fates us call,
 You sit at ease, no seas to sail at all:
 You seek no *Latian* retrograding plains,
 You *Xanthus* and *Troyes* figure safe contains,
 Which your own fingers fram'd: I trust, more blest,
 Then e're to be by *Greeks* again distressed.
 If ever I faire *Tybers* flouds and field
 Do enter, and my nations citie build,
 And kindred countreys and our neighbouring nations,
Epirus and *Hesperias* combinations
 In amitie, who both from *Dardane* came,
 And both in bloud and fortunes were the same:
 Then both shall be one *Troy* in sweet affection,
 And our posteritie have one protection.
 By sea we to *Ceraunia* sail, hard by,
 Whence by short cut lies way to *Italie*.
 Meanwhile the Sunne goes down, shades hide the hills,
 We on the long'd for land with cheerfull wills
 Lie down and choose our oares, and scattered wide,

We

We for our wearie limbes on shore provide:
 And tired, quickly fell full sound asleep,
 Nor yet did midnight season from us creep,
 When *Palinurus* nimbly rose from rest,
 To watch the winde; his care to th' aire most prest,
 He marks the gliding starres in serene skie,
 The *Plow-starre*, *Wain*, *Hyades* waterie,
 Golden *Orion*, full of tempests great.
 And finding all to be both faire and near,
 From ship-board gives a signe: we change a station,
 And steere our way with sail-yards elevation.
 The starres now fled, ruddy *Aurora* smiles,
 And we dark hills discry'd some distant miles,
 And *Italie* lying low: when first of all
Achates *Italie* aloud did yaull,
 Our mates do *Italie* salute with joy.
 And old *Anchises* doth himself employ,
 A bowl of wine brimfull to coronate,
 And all the Gods divine did invoke.
 And thus, advanc'd i'th' ship, did impetrate:
 You Gods of sea and land, who storms do cease,
 Prosper our journey with all joyes increase.
 And straight faire blasts do blow, the ports appeare
 To our approach, and we beheld most cleare
Minervas temple in her sacred tower.
 My mates their ships to shore with all their power
 Put in, to land, and quick let down their sails,
 The haven hooks in, by Eastern seas avails,
 Much like a bow; and rockie banks cast up,
 The foaming-swelling salt seas waves do sup.
 The haven lies hid, the rocks, like turrets high,
 Stretch out two walley-arms, and back doth flie

The temple from the shore. Here did I see
 (The first *omen*) foure snow-white steeds to be
 About the field, and on the grasse to graze.
 Then grave *Anchises* thus his minde did blaze;
 O harbours land, bringest thou battells great?
 By these warre-horses thou fierce warre dost threaten.
 And yet these beasts chariots were wont to draw,
 And in kinde couples bits to champ and chaw.
 Here's hope of peace, sayes he: then submissely
 VVe pray to *Pallas* powerfull deitie,
 VVho us most glad receiv'd, before whose fires
 Our heads with hoods we vail, and *Trojan* tires:
 Holy *Helenus* charge we discharge now,
 Which chiefly he enjoyn'd us, and we bow
 And sacrifice to *Greeces Juno* high.
 Without delay, our votes paid orderly,
 We turn about our cover'd crosse yards all,
 And from *Greeks* feared towns and fields we fall.
 And hence we saw *Herculean Tarents* bay,
 (If same be true) 'gainst which in full sight lay
Lacinian Junos temple, *Canlons* towers,
 And shipwracking *Scylacemus* stormie powers.
 Then farre from sea, *Sicilian Atnas* hill
 We saw, and heard the seas huge roares most shrill,
 And battering stones clattering against the clift,
 And abrupt sounds at shore, waves loudly lift,
 And sands and seas boyling with furious drift.
 Here's that *Charybdis* (sure) *Anchises* said,
Helen these rigid rocks, these clifts displaid.
 Hence then brave mates (sayes he) ply close your oares.
 Straight they what's bid obey, shove from those shores:
 First *Palinure* the stern steeres to th' left side,

The

The whole fleet rows to th' left with winde and tide.
 Huge bow-backt vvaves do tosse us up to th' skie,
 They shrink, we sink to hells profunditie. (gles,
 Thrice threatning rocks i'th' clifts made clamorous jan-
 Thrice we the foam did slice, see dewy spangles.
 Meanwhile both winde and sunne us tyr'd forsake:
 Unknown on *Cyclops* banks a flay we make.
 The haven is huge, unstur'd by sturdy winde,
 But *Ætna's* horrid roares there (neare) we finde.
 Whence a black cloud sometimes is belched out,
 Whose pichy fume and fierie sparks about
 Vent flakes of flame, and seem the starres to lick,
 Vomiting up unbowell'd mount-mould thick,
 Working up rocks to th' skie, and heaps of stones,
 From's fierie-boyling paunch venting great groans.
Encelads lightning-half-burn'd corps, 'tis said,
 Under this mightie mountain *Ætna's* laid,
 And through those chimney breaches breaths out fire,
 And when that vveight his vvearie limbes doth tire,
 All *Sicil* shakes vvith rumbling noise and cries,
 And mightie fogs and fumes do dimme theskies.
 That night in vvoods strange sounds and sighs us fright,
 Yet on the cause of them vve could not light.
 For neither vve the light of starres did see,
 No nor the starrie pole discern'd could be:
 But mungy clouds o'respread the skie most black,
 And the dark night made us moon-light to lack.
 But now the next dayes light sprang from the East,
 And *Sols* bright rayes nights devvy shades decreast:
 VVhen suddenly out of the vvoods vve spie
 A mans strange shape, hunger-starv'd, like to die,
 In piteous plight, his hands humbly stretcht out,

G

VVhom

Whom we behold, see him foil'd all about,
 His wilde grown beard, his garments all thorn-torn,
 In all things else he seem'd a *Greek* forlorn,
 Who once in *Grecian* troops to *Troy* was sent,
 He spies farre off *Troyes* arms and vestiment;
 Which sight him somewhat startled, made afraid,
 And stopt his pace: at last he headlong made
 To us to shore, with wofull treats and teares.
 By starres, by Gods, life-breathing aire, he sweares,
 Take me hence, *Trojans*, to what parts you please:
 And this, this onely gives me ample ease:
 My self a *Grecian* souldier I confesse,
 That by that warre *Troyes* Gods we did distresse:
 For which, since so great harms our arms have wrought,
 Fling me to th' flouds, let sea bring me to nought.
 If so I die, by man to die I'm glad.
 This said, he staid, kneeling on knees most sad:
 We bad him tell us who he was: where born:
 And what dire fate did cause that state forlorn.
 Yea and rayre himself, *Anchises* old,
 VVithout delay the young-mans hand did hold
 In his right hand, a pledge of hope to's minde.
 VVhereat he thus began, feare cast behinde,
 Of *Ithaca* I am, *Ulysses* mate,
 My name is *Achamenides*, and late
 I came to *Troy* from *Adamast* my father,
 A man (then) poore (and oh I wish much rather
 That state had stood) here, my unmindfull mates
 Fearefully fled, left me within the gates
 Of the huge *Cyclops* den, foule den indeed,
 VVherein they on dire bloudie dainties feed:
 As deep as dark within, the masters self,

An ugly, odious, tall, starre-touching elf:
 (Heaven grant, like plagues mortals finde never more) }
 Fierce in his sight, furious to speak before, }
 Fed with the flesh and bloud of wretches poore. }
 For I my self saw him most slightly take,
 And grasp in his foule fist, and fiercely shake,
 Two of the bodies of my mates at once,
 And dash them both against the rockie stones,
 Sprinkling their putrid filth thick on the walls:
 Yea and I saw the beast, how close he falls
 To eat and gnaw their flesh and issuing bloud,
 How vvith their hot joynts 'twixt his teeth he stood.
 And yet not altogether unrewarded,
 Nor of himself *Ulysses* unregarded.
 For loathing life, *Ithacus*, in this feare,
 Whiles he was stult vvith vvine and his good cheare,
 His head bent down to sleep, he laid on ground
 In his huge den, and in his sleep most sound,
 Disgorging guts and gobbers, bloud-mixt vvine,
 VVe all do call upon our powers divine,
 Each man in's turn, closing him round about,
 His gogling eye we vvith a club dasht out,
 His onely eye, fixt on his frowning brow.
 Like *Sol*, or *Grecian* shield in's au-all bow.
 Thus we our fellows deaths reveng'd at last. }
 But flie, oh flie, poore soules, from hence full fast, }
 Your cables cut, and loose, and quickly braft, }
 From such, so huge, as *Polypheme* in's den,
 VVho men and beasts in's clutches close doth pen,
 Of *Cyclops* monstrous full an hundred more,
 Do rove and rage about this crabbed shore,
 And haunt about these hills. Now *Cynthia* bright,

Had thrice increast, decreast her hornie light,
 Since we in woods and deserts vvilde did range,
 And wilde beasts dens: vvhen the huge *Cyclops* strange
 Descending the rough rocks, I saw in sight;
 Whose roaring voice and pace did me afright.
 Wilde stonie berries, rurall heps and haws
 They foulely fed on, roots, herbs, fill their maws.
 Sculking about, first I beheld this fleet
 Sailing to shore: which I (thus) vow'd to meet,
 What e're it vvas: enough I had that I
 Had scapt these barbarous beasts immanitie:
 By you more willing any death to die,
 Scarce had he done, when from a hill we saw,
 Much like a vvalking-mount, to us to draw
 Huge *Polypheme* himself amongst his sheep,
 And to the well-known shore his way to keep:
 Monstrous, misshapen, horrid, huge, stark-blinde.
 His hand a pine-tree grasps, firm vvay to finde,
 His flocks him follow, this his onely joy,
 His pipe ty'd at his neck, to ease annoy.
 Who entring now the deep, and come to shore,
 Of his boar'd eye he vvash't the running gore,
 Gnashing his teeth vvith rage; i'th' main he goes,
 And yet above the vvaves his sides he shows.
 We fearefull, quickly skudding thence do flie,
 Taking vvith us the vvretch, and vvorthily
 Slily our cables cut; with nimble oares
 VVe brush the floud, and glide from off the shores.
 VVhich so perceiving, follows our ships din,
 But seeing he no reach of us could vvain,
 To gripe us in his paw, finding likewise,
 Th' *Ionick* seas he could not equalize,

Us to pursue so huge a howl he rais'd,
 As earth, and seas, and shores vvere all amaz'd.
 All *Italie* stood trembling, *Ætna's* hill
 VVith hollow holes resounded echoes shrill.
 VVhereat huge troops of *Cyclops* from the vwoods,
 And mountains tall, flock to the shores and flouds:
 VVhom vvith their fruitlesse frowns vve safely eye,
 Those *Ætnean* elfs, whose pates even touch the skie,
 A hellish heap: much like a forrest rude,
 VVhere grow old oaks and trees in multitude,
 Or cypresses tall boughs, on hills that stood
 In faire *Diana's* groves, or *Joves* tall vwood.
 Feare forc'd us thence confusedly to sail,
 Wheres'ere the windes would blow with prosperous gale.
 But grave *Helenus* hests us countercheckt,
 'Twixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis* to direct,
 And keepe our course 'twixt both, as we could best,
 From being by least feare of death distrest:
 But, if not so, then backward to retire.
 But see, a happy *Borean* blast did spire
 From faire *Pelorus* parts, which brought us right
 Unto *Pantagia's* rockie mouth and fight,
 Of cape *Megarus*, and of *Tapsus* low. }
 All these did *Achæmenides* us show, }
Ulysses mate, as by those banks we goe. }
 Against sower *Sicils* bay an isle doth lie,
 Call'd foule *Plemmyrium* by antiquitie;
 But modern times do it *Ortygia* name.
Alphean-Elis current (so sayes fame)
 Here undermines the sea by secret passe,
 Which now into thy mouth, *Arethusas*,
 Falling, confounded is in *Sicils* floud.

There vve (advis'd) adore those Gods so good,
 Thence from *Elorus* fruitfull plains we put,
 And through *Pachinus* rocks and crooks vve cut:
 And sailing, see unmov'd *Camarina*,
Gelo's large towns, and torrent fierce *Gela*.
 Then ample *Agragas* struts stately high,
 Of prauncing horses (once) a nurserie.
 By thee, date-bearing *Selinus*, I sail'd,
 And *Lilybeams* hid rocks rough streams hail'd.
 And thence I came to *Drepanus* sad shore:
 Where having all my toiles at sea past o're,
 (Alas!) my father, cure of all my care,
Anchises, here I lost: O father faire,
 Here dost thou thy poore tired sonne forsake?
 Alas! did heaven thee from such turmoiles take?
 And all in vain? And, nor *Helentus* vvise,
 Who many hardships to me did premise,
 Foreshow'd me this mishap, this sorrow great,
 Nor fierce *Celano*, vvho much fright did threat.
 Is this my labours, this my travells scope?
 Hath heaven me hither brought, for this poore hope?
 Thus grave *Aeneas* did himself relate
 To all their listning eares his God-given fate:
 And all his voyages at large exprest,
 And here did end, and ceast, and so took rest.

*An end of the third book of
 Virgils Æneïds.*

THE ARGUMENT

of the fourth book.

*The queen incens'd with love-sick fires,
Her sister Annes advise desires:
Who blows the coals more ardently.
Whereat to Juno's deitie
They sacrifice: A hunting ride,
And Venus to their votes applide.
Fame spreads the fact: by fates decree
Æneas charged thence to flee,
Prepares his shipping and his mates,
And thence to part he properates.
This Dido saw, his stay assayd,
With teares and treats; but all denayd,
On her built shrine, in sacrifice,
With wofull words and wounds she dies.*

BUt all this while the queen with love fore
wounded,
Hugs her hearts harm, with imbred flames
confounded.

The mans rare parts she mindes much, much does trace
His noble nation: and his words and face
Engraves in heart: Care cuts off all sweet rest.
Next morn, when *Sols* bright rayes the earth had drest,
And *Phœbus* fair made moist mists heaven forsake,
She love-sick, thus t'her siding sister spake;
Deare sister *Anne*, what dreams me thus molest?

Who is this our so noble new-come guest?
 How faire he seems! how rare in power and grace!
 I think (nor vainly think) he's of Gods race.
 Feare shews a cowards heart: ah how hath he
 Been tost by fates? what warre-woes shew'd he me?
 Were he not in my heart fixt movelesly,
 With nuptiall bands none living should me tie.
 Since my first Love, deceasing, hath me fail'd,
 Had I not hence marriage-bed rites quite vail'd,
 I could perhaps this one love-slip embrace.
 I'll tell thee (*Nan*) since poore *Sichaus* case,
 My spouse, slain by my brother at his shrines,
 This onely windes my will, my heart inclines
 To a forc'd fall: I feel loves old flames power.
 But may the earth gape wide, and me devour,
 Or mightie *Jove* by lightnings force me die,
 Yea die to hells black nights profunditie,
 Before I thee, sweet chastitie, do blot,
 Or wrong thy rites. He which my love first got,
 He has it, holds it in his grave with him.
 This said, her eyes with teares stood full to th' brim.
Anne straight replies; Sister, to me more deare
 Then lovely light, shall I thee onely heare
 Still to bewail thy youths continuance,
 Void of sweet sonnes, or *Venus* dalliance?
 Think'st thou that graves or ghosts will this supply?
 Say, though all suiters (once) in nicitie
 Thou didst put off, and *Libyan* lords neglect,
 And king *Iarbas*, whom *Tyre* did reject,
 And other princely Peeres, whom *Africk* land
 Enricht with spoiles: dost still sweet love withstand?
 Regard'st thou not whose land thou now dost hold?

Getulian

Getulian towns, a warlike people bold,
 By proud *Numidians* hedg'd, and swallowing *Syrts*,
 Whereby unharbourous land thee round begirts,
 And barbarous *Barceans* blustering all about.
 Why talk I of our *Tyrian* warres burst out,
 And of thy greedy brothers threatnings stout?
 Truly I trust, fair fates and *Juno* kinde
 Drave t'us those *Trojan* ships with prosperous winde.
 O what a citie (sister) shall wee see?
 How rare a realm, by such a spouse as he?
 If *Trojans* trimme our troops, what matchlesse praise
 Shall *Tyrians* to their noble actions raise?
 Onely get thou the Gods good will, then offer
 Thy sacrifice, thy guest all kindnesse proffer:
 And work out wayes him with thee to retain,
 While tempests rage at sea, while clouds drop rain,
 While ships are rigging, storms in skie remain:
 These words loves kindled fire highly enflame,
 Strengthen her stragling thoughts, dissolve all shame.
 First then to church they go, favour to finde
 By sacrifice: fat beasts to shrines they binde,
 As us'd to *Ceres* their law-maker sweet,
 To *Phœbus*, *Bacchus*, and (as was most meet)
 To *Juno* first, Goddesse of Nuptiall rite.
 Here daintie *Dido's* self in beautie bright
 Holding in hand a cup of sacred wine
 'Twixt the white heifers horns, upon the shrine
 Poured it out 'fore the Gods statues faire,
 At th' altars walks no gifts that day they spare:
 And the beasts inwards opened, inly eyes,
 And seeks i'th' smoaking intralls auguries.
 O shallow sight of priests, what good do votes?

To

To love-sick soules what good do temples notes?
 When all this while fly flames my pith consume,
 And creeping *Cupid* holds my hearts best room.
 Enflam'd is dolefull *Dido*, like one mad,
 And up and down the citie doth she gad.
 Much like a silly deere pierct with a shaft,
 At unawares by hunters cunning craft, (woods,
 And with quick arrows chac'd through *Creets* thick
 Away (the huntsman knows not where) she skuds
 O're large *Diltan* downs, and springs, her side
 The deadly arrow fixed fast doth hide:
 So *Dido* now with her leads to and fro
 Her deare *Aeneas*, shews him, as they go,
 Her *Tyrian* treasure, citie readie made.
 Readie to speak, yet stops i'th' midst she made.
 Now day declining, to like banquets great
 She him invites, and fondly doth intreat,
 Again to heare his *Trojan* toils related,
 And all the while her fixt affections waited
 Upon the speakers face. But *Cynthia* pale
 Upon their parting having but a vail
 Of darknesse o're day-light, and pendent spangles
 In skies, mens eyes with drowsie sleep entangles,
 In her void palace she alone laments,
 And his forsaken seat her now contents:
 Whom absent she as present heares and sees,
 And young *Ascanius* dandles on her knees,
 Catcht with the count'nance of the father right,
 If thus her lawlesse love she lessen might.
 She builds no towers, begun; no spirits brave
 Trains up in arms: and now, least care they have
 To raise strong forts for warre, faire ports to land;

All's interrupted, all laid out of hand;
Their walls, for height threatning the skies, lie still,
Now *Joves* deare *Juno* findes this festring ill,
Not suffering fame her furie to restrain,
She with these words to *Venus* doth complain;
A proper piece of praise, and pompous prize
To you (forsooth) and to your yonker rise!
A goodly Godhead must you both hence clame,
If you two Gods one silly soule do tame!
Nor am I ignorant you feare our powers,
And much suspect high *Carthaginian* towers.
But to what end is this? vwhy do we strive?
Let's rather practise peace, at long-love drive;
And them in vvedlock joyn'd, make live, lovethrive:
Thou hast thy hearts desire. Poore *Dido* burns
With extream love, which her to phrensie turns.
Let's then this people into one unite,
Let's rule them both with equall love, delight:
Let her her *Trojan* true-love serve, obey,
And totall *Tyre* to thee large dowry pay.
To whom (for well she saw she subt'ly spake,
Th' *Italian* kingdome frustrate thus to make,
Th' imperiall throne to *Carthage* to procure)
Thus *Venus* said; Who'd be so senselesse (sure)
This to deny? or strife with thee t' endure?
If that thou say'st the fates would ratifie.
But by them I'm distracted diversely,
If *Jove* to *Tyrians* and to *Trojans* grant,
Themselves in this one citie safe to plant,
To live together, like the combination.
Thou art his wife, try thou by impetration
What he will do. Go first, I'll follow thee

Straight.

Straight sayes quēen *Juno*, Leave that work to me:
 Now how what I desire we may effect,
 Listen, I pray, I briefly will direct.
Aeneas and poore *Dido* do intend
 Next day i'th' woods in hunting sport to spend:
 As soon as ever *Titans* lustrous ray
 Begins to beautifie the lightsome day,
 I on them both a black thick cloud of hail,
 And on his hastning followers will not fail
 With thunder to showre down, whiles in great feare
 They winde the woods, and search to chase the deere.
 Their gallants gone, enclos'd in clouds most black,
 The *Trojan* prince and *Dido* I'le bring back
 Into one cave: we'le both be present there,
 And if with me thou like good liking beare,
 She shall be Bride, and I'le them firmly wed.
 Here shall their nuptialls be, their marriage bed.
 To these desires faire *Venus* with a smile
 Gives her consent, glad to have found the guile.
 And now from seas arose *Aurora* bright,
 And *Lucifer*, dayes harbinger, in sight:
 Young gallants nimbly flock about the gates,
 And in their hands boare speares with iron plates,
 Their nets, gins, grins, troops of *Massylian* sparks,
 Kennels of senting hounds with loud-mouth'd barks,
 Prime *Punick* peerers at the queens chamber wait,
 Who there herself was dressing in great state:
 Her steed in stately trappings proudly stamps,
 And in his mouth his foamie bridle champs.
 At last the queen comes forth with tendance great,
 Adorned with a *Tyrian* mantle neat,
 Most richly wrought, a golden quiver hangs

Behinde

Behinde her back, her haire ty'd up with spangs
 And knots of gold, buttons of beaten gold
 Her purple garments neatly clasp and hold:
 The *Trojan* troops do also follow neare,
 'Mongst whom comes young *Iulus* with brave cheere:
 But yet the first and fairest of them all,
 This hunting-game doth prince *Aeneas* call,
 Them to associate, make the train compleat:
 Like faire *Apollo*, when his *Delphick* seat
 He glad revisits, leaving *Lycia* cold,
 And *Xanthus* streams, and sacred feasts doth hold
 With his *Epirian*, *Cretian*, *Scythian* rout
 Of lords and lowns, *Parnassus* round about:
 Himself on *Cynthus* tops doth stalk in state.
 His fragrant haire laid in a curious plate,
 He bindes with tender boughs, and wreaths with gold;
 At's back his quiver clattering shafts doth hold.
 Lovely like him was (now) *Aeneas* pace,
 Such sparkling splendour shone from his faire face,
 Thus when the high hills they ascended had,
 And search'd beast-couching holes and haunts most glad,
 Behold, a herd of wilde goats they espie
 Run down the tops of rocks, and fast to flie.
 From other parts he saw i'th' open plain
 A herd of deere to skip and skud amain,
 And with their thick quick race to raise the dust,
 Leaving the hills, themselves in thickets thrust.
 The lusty lad *Ascanius*, 'midst the plains,
 On's nimble courser races runs, maintains,
 Outriding all, ardently long to spie
 Some foaming boare 'mongst the mean beasts to flie,
 Some lusty lion from the mountains high.

Meanwhile the heavens with stormie clouds are cloy'd,
 Huge showers of hail the hunters soon annoy'd.
 Whereat the *Tyrian* troops and *Trojan* train,
 Yea *Venus* sonne himself, flock all amain,
 Disperst and scattered all, with feare to hide
 Themselves in what next shelter they espi'de:
 Great rainy flouds from hills do whirling glide.
 In one cave *Dido* and *Aeneas* meet:
 And first the earth and nuptiall *Juno* sweet
 Work wedlock signes, conjugall fire and aire
 Shew forth, and wood-nymphs loud their loves declare
 This day began first cause of death, of woe,
 For neither future fame, nor present show,
 Doth *Dido* move; nor to consulting came
 This surreptitious love, which she did name
 Wedlock, and under wedlocks name did hide
 This faulty fact, which soon o're *Libya* wide
 Fame blows about, even fame, that fluttering ill,
 Which thrives by flight, and as it goes, grows still.
 Small first, by feare, strait, stust up, wondrous high,
 First goes on ground, then hides its head i'th' skie.
 Whole mother earth (men say) did her beget
 On extream fury, which the Gods did fret:
 Sister to *Ceus* and *Enceladus*,
 By light-fleet, quick wings, expeditious:
 Huge, horrid elf, with feathered corps so thick,
 Such unseen eyes (most strange) for sight so quick,
 So many tatling tongues, and railing lips,
 Such listning eares, such nightly nimble skips
 She makes i'th' aire, and in dark shades so squeaks,
 That rest she takes none, but sweet slumber breaks,
 By day strait watch she keeps on supream seats,

Or palace turrets, and towns fright and threats:
 More full of fiction, fraud, then faithfulness,
 With various voices, in meere wantonnesse,
 Stuffing the vulgar sort, tatling about
 Things done or undone, without feare or doubt.
 The *Troyes Æneas* was arived here,
 That *Dido* faire wedded him as her Pheere;
 That now a winter long their lusts they nourisht,
 Carelesse of crowns, they filthy folly cherisht.
 This godlesse Goddesse spreads these mens mindes.
 VWhich to *Iarbas* king accesse soon findes.
 Wherewith he's vex'd, perplex'd, exasperated.
 From *Ammon* he by birth was generated,
 And the deflor'd nymph *Garamantide*;
 To *Jove* an hundred temples builded he
 Through his large realms, an hundred shrines beside,
 Where sacred unextinguisht fires did 'bide,
 For dayes and nights incessant sacrifice
 Unto his Gods, fraught with fat beasts likewise,
 For burnt oblations, all the doores throughout
 VWith flowers and garlands garnished about.
 He, mad with love with the harsh heare-say stung,
 Forthwith ('tis said) unto his altars flung,
 And 'midst his Gods, his hands high elevated,
Jupiter (thus) he humbly invocated:
 All powerfull *Jove*, whom we black *Moors* adore,
 To whom we our *Lenean* liquors poure
 On right embroidered beds; seest thou these things?
 Or, when (great *Jove*) thou on us earthly kings
 Dost flash forth lightnings, feare we this in jest?
 Do those cloud-hid flames vainly fright mans breast?
 Make but a skarre-crow sound? A woman (late)
 VVho

Who stragling to these parts, did at a rate
 Purchase and plant a poore, a petty town;
 Whom, subject to the statutes of our crown,
 We license gave to plant and plow our land,
 Our princely wedlock (now) doth stiffe withstand,
 And in her kingdome kindly entertains
 One sir *Aeneas*, who her solely gains.
 This petty *Paris* and his stragling trains
 Of beardlesse boyes, effeminately gay
 With coifs and perfum'd haire, these steal the prey:
 But we who fill thy temples with oblations,
 Seem onely fame to feed with vain frustrations.
Jupiter heares him venting these events
 Before the altars, views his discontents:
 And to the princely palace turns his eyes,
 Sees how these lovers fairer fame despise:
Mercurie therefore straight he call'd, and said;
 Be gone, faire sonne, with wings and windes swift aid
 Hasten to the *Trojan* prince (who now at *Tyre*
 Wastes time, and doth not fate-given crowns acquire)
 Hasten through the aire, and tell him this from me:
 His sacred mother promis'd not that he
 Should such a person prove, nor for this cause
 Was he twice ransom'd from *Greeks* griping paws:
 But that he should once rule all *Italie*,
Italie big with crowns, with conquests high:
 And should advance brave *Tenacers* noble race,
 And the whole world under his orders place.
 But if these glories great him nought inflame,
 And that he's loath to labour for such fame;
 Yet shall the father envie's sonnes renown?
 And must *Ascanius* loose his *Romane* crown?

What means he? vvhats his hope in a foes lands?
VWhy his *Ausonian* race, *Lavinian* strands
Neglects he thus? Let him to sea: here's all,
For this I thee my messenger do call.
Thus *Jove*. His sacred fire he straight obeyes,
His charge to discharge, shakes off all delayes:
His vvingy shoes of gold he buckles on,
Which with faire plumes, for expedition,
Bare him aloft, quite over sea and land,
VWith a swift gale. Then quick he takes his wand,
VWith which he calls the hideous soules from hell,
And others sends to *Tartars* dungeon fell:
He gives, bereaves sweet sleep, from death preserves.
Therewith he drives the windes, and with wing'd nerves
Swims through the clustring clouds: and now in's flight,
Of craggy *Atlas* tops and sides hath sight,
Of *Atlas*, whose huge height the heavens doth prop,
On whose pine-bearing head black clouds do stop,
And daily's girt, oft dastat with winde and rain.
Thick drifts of snow do on his shoulders drain:
Then down his aged chin quick flouds do flow,
VWith frosty ice his beard doth grisly grow.
Cyllenius fluttering vvinges first staid him here,
And headlong hence to th' vvaves his corps doth beare:
Much like a bird, vvhich 'bout the shores and sides
Of fishfull rocks, vvith hoverings smoothly glides
Above the vvaves, about the banks: even so
Cyllenian Mercurie did to and fro
Flutter o're sea and land, and vvindes did slice,
And *Libya's* sandy shores toucht in a trice.
His vvingy feet no sooner did alight
On *Tyrian* towers, but straight he saw in sight,

Aeneas forts to raise, rooms to reparaire:
 And he himself girt vvith a hanger rare,
 With yellow jasper stones like starres bedect,
 And a rich sword, in cloaths of rich respect:
 A mantle on his corps cast carelesly,
 Which rarely shew'd, of *Tyrian* purple die:
 VVhich gorgeous gifts rich *Dido's* self had made,
 And in the vveaving, threads of gold in-laid.
 Him he encounters thus; Dost thou build high
 Great *Carthage* towers? dost thou uxoriously
 Settle this citie faire? O carelesse minde
 Of thine affaires, a promis'd crown to finde!
 The king of Gods, vvwhose power shakes earth and heaven,
 Sent me from skies to thee, this charge vvvas given,
 Thus now to say; What buildings dost thou reare?
 What loytring hopes in *Libya's* land appeare?
 Though thou thy self neglect so glorious fates,
 Though so high honour thee nought animates,
 Yet for high springing young *Ascanius* sake,
 Thy hopefull heire *Iulus*, some care take:
 To vvhom faire *Iliums* crown, *Romes* royall seat,
 As debt are due. This said, *Cyllenius* great,
 Amidst these vvords, from mortals view departed,
 And farre from sight into the aire vvvas darted.
 But yet this sight *Aeneas* mad amaz'd,
 Made him stand mute, his haire vvith horreur rais'd,
 In staring state, burnt vvith desire of flight,
 And quick to leave this land of high delight,
 VVith these fore-vvarnings and the Gods command
 Stunded. Alas, vvhat should he take in hand?
 VVith vvhat circumlocutions might he dare,
 This to th' enamoured queen now to declare?

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VWhere might he first begin to break his minde?
 His thoughts now here now there vvere puf, like winde,
 In strict diftractive parts turn'd all about:
 At laft, thefe vvraftling thoughts thus end the doubt:
Mnestheus, *Sergestus*, and *Clonthus* vvife,
 He calls to him, and closely did advife,
 The fleet to fit, his mates to fend to fhore,
 Arms to provide, and this to colour o're
 VVith fome pretext, himfelf in the mean while,
 Since his deare *Dido* knew not of this wile,
 Nor fear'd leaft fraction in fuch fettled loves,
 Labours accesse to her, fit feafons proves,
 Kindely to treat vvith her, a gladfome end
 To gain to his defignes. They all them bend
 Swiftly and gladly their due tasks to tend.

But *Dido* found (oh, vvho can love delude?)
 Forefaw thefe guiles, and their first motions view'd;
 All stillnes still miftruf: That impious fame
 Blabbed to her th' increafe of furies flame:
 Told her the fhips vvere rig'd, the voyage vow'd:
 Her deaded heart incens'd, fhe raves aloud,
 Doth madly through the citie drunkardize,
 Even as it is the *Bacchanatian* guife,
 VVhen at great *Bacchus* his trienniall fport
 Rude troops in drunken dances do refort,
 And fo folemnize every fabled rite,
Citharon echoning clamours loud by night.
 At laft fhe thus, even of her own accord,
 Speaks to *Aeneas*; Faithlefse, oh, abhor'd,
 And didft thou hope to play the counterfeit?
 And couldft thou vvork fo great, fo groffe a cheat?
 VVouldft thou fo flily hence have ftoln away?

Could neither our love, nor plighted faith thee stay?
 Nor wofull *Dido* dying stop thy flight?
 But even in vvinter weathers dangerous plight
 Thou must to ship, and (oh hard heart!) set sail,
 Driven on vvith many a boystrous Northern gale?
 What though thou sought'st no other unknown place,
 Or forrain parts? or *Troy* stood in best case?
 Must thou thy *Troy* through furious vvaves procure?
 Fly'st thou from me? Ah, now I thee adjure
 By these my teares, and by thine own right hand,
 Since I poore soule have nought else at command.
 O, by our vvedlock nuptiall rites begun,
 If I have well deserv'd by ought yet done,
 Or ought of mine were ever sweet to thee,
 O of my tottering state now tender be.
 If yet my prayers may penetrate thy heart;
 Ah, change thy minde, oh do not hence depart.
 For thy sake *Libyas* land, and tyrants fierce
 Of *Africa*, vvould me vvith mischief pierce:
 For thee my *Tyrians* are vvith me offended,
 For thee, my shame, my fame's extinct and blended:
 My fame, by which I once was rais'd to th' skie.
 To vvhom dost thou me leave, now like to die?
 Ah unkinde guest. For now no more I may
 Thee husband call: Why longer do I stay?
 What? till *Pygmalion* all my towns destroy?
 Or till *Iarbas* captiv'd-me annoy?
 Oh yet at least had I before thy flight,
 Enjoy'd a childe by thee: oh if I might
 Have had a young *Aneas* fathers face,
 To play withall in court, 't would ease my case.
 Then (sure) I should not altogether seem

So wofull, or my self forsaken deem.
 This said, she ceast. He on the other side,
 His eyes on *Joves* command fast fixed tide;
 And strenuously did strive his hearts great grief
 Close to suppress, and spake these words in brief:
 Faire queen, what e're thou canst recount, recall,
 Yea and much more, confesse I ever shall
 Thy merits infinite, nor shall I shame,
 Gladly to memorize *Eliza's* name:
 Whiles here I live, whilst I my self may know,
 The truth herein let me thee briefly show.
 I never hop'd to hide (feigne not) this flight
 Clandestinley, nor minded marriage rite,
 Nor hither came such vows and pacts to plight.
 Yet I, if friendly fates had so decreed,
 Aim'd at a life from all perturbation free'd,
 In sweet repose t' accommodate all cares,
 And chiefly to my *Trojan* towns affaires:
 To yet remaining friends to yeeld supply,
Priam's faire towers once to re-edifie;
 And to my conquered kinne to re-advance
 Poore *Pergams* walls. But now such is my chance,
 Commanded, charg'd by Gods and great *Apollo*,
 That *Latium* I, faire *Latium* now must follow.
 O there's my love, there is my countrey kinde:
 And since thou bear'st to *Carthage* such a minde,
 Though a *Phœnissian*, yet dost *Libya* like,
 Why should pale envies dart thy heart so strike,
 At *Trojans* liking, loving *Italie*?
 For us to seek forth, 'tis like equitie.
 As oft as nights moist shades the earth doe hide,
 And fierie twinkling starres in skies abide,

Anchises my deare fathers ghost appeares,
 And in my dreams me much afrights and feares.
 Yea my *Ascanius* young, whose brows I wrong,
 Keeping *Hesperia's* crown from him so long,
 And fate-given lands call me to haste away;
 Yea now of late *Joves* messenger, I say,
 Sent from himself, (all whom I here appeal)
 To me *Joves* minde and message did reveal.
 And I the God in a cleare vision saw,
 Ent'ring thy town, and neare me quick to draw;
 And with these cares I heard his voice and words.
 O then forbear to wound me with tongue-swords,
 And thou thy self with plaints: For *Italie*,
 Alas, I seek not voluntarily.

Him answering she did all this while behold
 With discontent: Here, there her eyes she rold,
 View'd him throughout vvith sullen silent eyes,
 And thus at last she vvrathefully replies:
 Thou art no Goddesse sonne, perfidious thou,
 Nor e're did *Dardan* thee his childe avow;
 But thou on cruell *Caucasus* hard mounts
 Wast bred; or suck't some *Tygers* milky founts.
 For vvhy should I dissemble now vvith thee?
 Or dream that better fates attend on me?
 Didst thou once sigh at all my floods of teares?
 Didst thou vvith sorrowing eyes behold my feares?
 Shew'dst thou teare-passion, least compassion kinde,
 O'ecome vvith sorrow at my love-sick minde?
 Which (first) may I say's vvorst? Nor *Juno* faire,
 Nor father *Saturn* hath of me least care.
 Oh, vvhere's firm faith? I took him in adoores,
 A stragling beggar, out cast from his shores:

And

And like a frantick fool, my kingdom^e shar'd
 To unkinde him, his navy naught repair'd,
 And all his followers I from death set free.
 Alas, with furie he hath fired me.
 Now fate-saying *Phœb*, now *Lycian* lots are cast,
 Now *Jove* commands, and thou must follow fast
 His messengers quick heels, in his harsh hest. }
 What else? for thus the Gods do hold it best; }
 This toile perturbs poore silly soules at rest. }
 I hold thee not, nor do thy words withstand,
 Go with the windes, seek *Italie* thy land,
 Away through flouds to finde thy kingdomes faire.
 But sure I hope (if Gods yet able are)
 Amidst the rocks thou due revenge shall beare.
 And *Dido's* name invoke with frequent feare.
 Absent I'le thee pursue with frightfull fires:
 And when by chilling death lifes breath expires,
 In every place my ghost thy guest shall be:
 And thus (vile wretch) I'le be reveng'd on thee.
 This I shall heare below, fame will me show it,
 And hearing, I shall be most glad to know it.
 Abruptly here i'th' midst an end she makes,
 And male-content, to flight her self betakes:
 Out of his sight away she turns and windes,
 Leaving *Aeneas* in a thousand mindes:
 Stopping for feare, striving to utter more;
 Her damfels, her, faln in a sound, in bore:
 And laid in princely bed, with cloaths o're spread.
 But good *Aeneas* (though he laboured
 With consolation to allay her grief,
 And with kinde words to give her woes relief;
 Much sighing, much with love perplext in heart)

Yet mindes *Joves* charge, fits his fleet to depart.
 The *Trojans* busie be, and hale to shore
 Their stately ships and barks, well pitched o're,
 Their leafy oares, and oaks from woods unwrought,
 Through haste to flie with expeditious thought.
 Thou might'st them see the citie skud about,
 And swarm in heaps much like a nimble rout
 Of prettie pismires, when with strenuous pain
 They prey upon a mightie heap of grain,
 (Mindefull of winters want) and up it pack,
 Quick goes and comes i'th' field this armie black:
 And through the grasse, by a straight path their prey
 They beare along, some the great grains assay
 To shove before them with their shoulders stout:
 Some from delays correct their lazie rout:
 Their lustie labour heats each hole about.
 What thoughts hadst thou, poore *Dido*, at this sight?
 How didst thou sigh, when from thy turrets height
 Thou sawest farre off hot toiles the wharfs to fill,
 And 'fore thy face shores stufte with clamours shrill?
 Impudent love, what is't thou'lt not inforce?
 Sometimes to showre out teares of much remorse,
 Sometimes to trie b'intreaties most demure,
 Sometimes again to yeeld to loves allure:
 That nought (though all in vain) before she di'd,
 Might be neglected, might be left untri'd.
 See (sister *Anne* sayes she) what haste they make
 About the banks, flocking us to forsake:
 And how their vessells wait but (now) for winde,
 Their tacklings fit, by marriners refin'd
 O had I at the first fear'd this great shame,
 I, sister, better could have borne the same.

Onely

Onely this one thing (*Anne*) for my poore sake,
 Let me intreat thee now to undertake:
 For faithlesse he was wont to wish thee well,
 And his hearts secrets unto thee to tell,
 And thou alone in him know'st well to finde
 Fit time and flexibilitie of minde.
 Go sister, go, humbly tell this fierce foe;
 With *Greeks* at *Aulis* *Troyes* dire overthrow
 I ne're conspir'd, nor sent a fleet to *Troy*,
 Nor old *Anchises* ashes did annoy.
 Why then turns he deaf eares to my request?
 Where rashly runnes he? Let this last bequest
 Be given to his poore love; to watch faire flight,
 And windes to sail away with smooth delight. }
 I do not presse or pray sweet marriage rite,
 Which he hath wrong'd; nor would I him bereave }
 Of's long'd-for *Latium*, him of's crown deceive.
 I onely ask a little fruitlesse stay,
 Some small repose, repast, for loves allay,
 Untill my fate me vanquisht make to moan.
 Grant this last vote, in this request alone
 Pitie thy sister; which if thou me grant,
 My death shall bid this wretched life avant.
 Thus did she treat, intreat her sister sad,
 Who to and fro beares weeping errands bad.
 But none of all her treats or bitter teares
 Remove his thoughts, do move his dam'd-up eares:
 For fates forbade, and *Jove* his eares had clos'd.
 As an old oak most furiously oppos'd,
 Which *Alpine* pushing puffs now here now there
 Tossing and tumbling, strive to over-beare,
 The blast flies on, bends the high boughs to ground,
 The

The stock sticks fast on a rock firm and sound;
 And as the more to th'winde top-branches bend,
 The more the root doth ground-hold apprehend:
 No otherwise with words and woes this prince
 Is tost, turmoil'd, here, there his heart t'evince:
 But he's unmov'd, teare-flouds flow out in vain.
 Whereat poore *Dido*, full of grief and pain,
 Desires to die; and hates the skies cleare sight,
 Fitlier to slay herself, and leave the light.
 Then laying gifts, on incense-smoking shrines,
 She saw (fearefull to say) her sacred wines,
 And pour'd-out liquors turn'd to putred bloud:
 Which none, no not her sister, understood.
 Beside, there was within her palace faire,
 Her former husbands marble temple rare;
 Which she did honour with most high respect:
 And with white fleeces, and gay garlands deckt.
 From whence she seem'd to heare her husbands call;
 And that, when nights dark curtain covered all;
 Yea and to heare the scritch-owl all alone
 On houses tops, oft times to make strange moan,
 With fearefull fatall noates, long screeks and cries;
 Beside, feare-threatning ancient prophecies
 Her terrify'd: in nightly visions she
Aeneas cruell self doth seem to see,
 Pursuing her enrag'd. She (still) alone
 Left to herself, not waited on by one,
 Is seen to stragle farre in deserts strange,
 To seek her *Tyrians*, seems abroad to range
 Much like mad *Pentheus*, scar'd with hags of hell,
 And oft two suns, two *Thebes*, feign'd (then) to tell:
 Or like *Orestes*, vext with furies dire,

When

When from his mother arm'd with ragefull fire,
 And stinging serpents, mad, he made away,
 Revengefull furies at the threshold lay:
 So she enrag'd, o'recome with grief and woe,
 Resolves to die; how to this work to go,
 Thinks with herself for fittest time and way,
 And thus to her sad sister doth she say;
 (Cheere in her cheeks, her face hid in her face)
 I have the way, deare sister, (in this case
 Now joy with me) either to keep him here,
 Or from his love my self firmly to cleare.
 Neare th' oceans end, upon the Western side
 Lies *Æthiopa*, farre from us and wide:
 Where heaven-upholding mighty *Atlas* stands,
 And ardent sun-shine scorseth up the lands.
 A grave *Massylian* priest came hence to me,
 His sisters temples keeper said to be;
 Who fed the dragons, kept the fruit divine,
 Whose humid honey doth to sleep incline,
 Even soporiferous poppie. She assures
 By charms to love-sick mindes, she cures procures
 In whom she lists; and whom she lists, makes love
 Extreemly; stops swift streams, yea starres above
 Turns retrograde; she nightly ghosts can raise,
 Can make the ground to groan with strange amaze,
 And trees to run down hills, she frights and frays.
 Now by the Gods (deare sister) I protest,
 By thee and thy sweet soule, I am thus prest
 To use these magick spells against my will.
 Thou then, good sister, build up with best skill,
 A pile of wood in th'inner court on high,
 And lay thereon the sword, which impiously

He

He stuck up by our bed his garments all,
 Yea my bride-bed, where I took fatall fall:
 For so this priest bad me bring all I can,
 Belonging to that false nefarious man,
 And bad me burn them. This thus said, she ceast,
 And death-pale colour in her cheeks increast.
 Her sister *Anne* suspecting nought herein,
 That she new sacred death dues did begin,
 Nor could conceive she such rage did retain,
 Or greater grief then for *Sichæus* slain,
 Does not therefore her sisters charge refrain.
 But now the queen (the pile in th' open aire
 In th' inner court erected, fitted faire)
 Great boards and billets, pitch and tarre layes on,
 Flowers, cypresse boughs and branches ties upon
 This fatall herse, his cloaths, sword, left behinde,
 His picture eke she to this bed doth binde,
 Knowing the issue. Altars stand about;
 And now the priest, her haire-spread loose, cries out
 On her three hundred Gods, *Erebus* deep,
Chaos and threefold *Hecates* to weep,
 And triple-fac'd *Diana*, sprinkling wide
 The feigned liquors which in *Styx* abide.
 Then tender herbs are sought out by Moon-light,
 And cropt and cut with sithes and sickles might,
 And with white milk, black poisons pestilent;
 And from a young Foals front incontinent
 They pluck the Mares pois'nous beloved bit,
 Before the mare from's brow devoureth it.
Dido herself with sacred gifts in hands,
 One foot unbound, cloathes loose, at th' altar stands,
 Readie to die, the Gods she obtestates,

And

And powerfull planets, patrons of her fates:
 Yea whatsoever sacred power there were,
 That just and tender mindefulnesse did beare
 To lovers, which unequall yokes did weare.
 And now 'twas night, when weary limbes at ease
 Slept sweetly, woods were still, and calm the seas,
 And now starres course came to their middle height,
 And every field and bird and beast, by night,
 Yea every liquid lake, and whatso'ere
 The wide sharp thorny countrey coasts did beare,
 Lay still, all fast asleep, devoid of cares,
 Their slumbring hearts forgetfull of affaires.
 But wofull *Didos* heart no nap could take,
 Nor all the night one nod or wink could make.
 Her cares increase, her raging love reboiles,
 And with huge flames of furie her turmoiles.
 And thus she stands, and thus breathes out hearts wo;
 What shall I do? shall I derided go
 Back to my wonted wooers? meek must I
 Marriage desire with those whom scornfully
 I oft refus'd? or must I not apace
 Flie to the *Trojans* fleet, quickly embrace
 Their last and worst commands? will it not (sure)
 Do well, help to their helper to inure?
 Old favours ought with thankfulnesse be paid:
 But say I would, who herein would me aid?
 Or scorned me to their proud ships admit.
 Alas (fond fool) know'st thou not fully yet?
 See'st thou not sensibly the perjurie
 Of *Trojans*? And what then? shall onely I
 Fly to those jocond sailours? shall I fall
 Upon them with my *Tyrian* armies all?

And

And cause them whom with me I scarce could force
 From their *Sidonian* city, take recourse
 To sea again? and make them sail with me?
 No rather die, as 'tis most fit for thee,
 Thy self from sorrow with thy sword set free.
 You sister, you o'recome by my first teares,
 My love-pierc'd heart now load with these fierce feares,
 And me expos'd unto my flying foe:
 Might I not well have liv'd unyoked, so
 As do bruit beasts, unstung with such sharp woe?
 Not having kept faith to *Sichæus* plighted,
 With these complaints her heart she sore affrighted.
Aeneas in's tall ship resolv'd to sail;
 Yet lies a sleep; all fit for his avail.
 To him in sleep appear'd the Gods form right
 That formerly he saw, the same face bright;
 In all like *Mercurie*, colour and voice,
 With yellow haire, his corps of youthfull choice.
 Who seemed thus him to advise again:
 Canst thou, O Goddesse sonne, asleep remain
 In such a state as this? Dost thou not see
 How many dangers do environ thee?
 O brain-sick man, seest thou not friendly blasts
 Breathing abroad? seest thou not how she casts
 In heart some impious part, resolv'd to die?
 And how she swels with furies tympanie?
 Fly'st thou not hence in haste, whiles thou mayst flie?
 Soon thou shalt see to sea her ships to hie.
 Bright burning brands, fierce flames on shore shall be,
 If morning sunne thee loytering here do see.
 Be gon, I say, shake off delay: for still
 Most light and loose thou'lt finde a womans will.

This said, i'th' dark he vanisht out of sight.
Which vision did *Aeneas* much afright,
Who starts from sleep, his mates in haste doth call,
Saying, Rouse your selves, brave sirs, and closely fall
To fluttering oares, hoise up your sails amain,
The God was sent from heaven to me again.
Quicken our flight, cut knottie ropes with speed,
The God again urgeth me to proceed.
Who e're thou art, great God, we follow thee,
To thy recharge we glad obedient be.
Be friendly with us, help us, O we pray,
Grant us thy present aid, a pleasant way.
This said, he soon unsheath'd his glistring sword,
With his sharp blade he cuts each cutting cord.
The rest, as hotly prest, do rush and run,
And shove from shore, and leave not ought undone,
Untill they see their barks the billows hide,
Closely they winde the waves, and swiftly glide.
Aurora now left *Tithons* broidered bed,
And first with fresh faire light earth overspread.
The queen as soon as through her glasse she spi'de
Daylight cleare up, and all the fleet to slide
With smoothfull sails, and saw the ports and shores
Forfaken quite, emptie of men and oares;
Her comely breast she strook, and strook again
With her white hand, and in fierce grief and pain
Tearing her tender yellow haire from head,
Cries out, O *Jove*, and shall he thus be fled?
And shall that stragler in my realm me flout?
Shall not mine armies help, and all flie out?
And prosecute, and persecute him flying,
And teare their ships, and burn them where th'are lying?

O follow, follow, bring, bring forth fierce fire,
 To ship let sail, row on with restlesse ire.
 What say I? where am I? what mad mood's here?
 Unhappy *Dido*, now th'art stung most neare
 By furious fates: then it had better been,
 When he was here, and thou didst rule as queen.
 See now his hand, his heart, of whom men prate,
 His countrey- Gods do him concomitate;
 That he on's back his aged fire did beare.
 O could I not his corps in pieces teare?
 And shatter them i'th' sea? his mates destroy?
 Yea even *Ascanius* that young *Trojan* boy
 Slay with the sword, and mince in mamacks small,
 And dish on's fathers board to feast withall?
 O but the fortune of a fight's unsure:
 What then? whom should I feare? since death t' endure
 I have resolv'd, I would have fire-brands cast
 Into their tents, and fil'd with flames (at last)
 Their hatches, and the father, sonne, and all
 Have burnt up, and i'th' flames my self let fall.
 O thou cleare sunne, which all mens facts dost view,
 And thou faire *Juno*, sounder witnesse true
 Of these my woes! *Hecate*, who by night
 In crosse paths, howling noise dost make to fright,
 Revengefull furies, and you spirits all
 Of dying *Dido*, heare my dying call.
 Poure out your power, worthy such wicked men,
 And entertain this my request, that when
 (If that vile wretch must needs) he doth obtain
 Harbour, and sails to land, if firm remain
Joves high decrees herein; then here's an end:
 Yet let fierce warres of furious foes offend

And

And vex him still, and him, an exile made,
 Pull'd from *Iulus* sweet embrace, beg aid,
 And see his friends ignoble dire decease:
 Nor when he stoops to yokes of forced peace,
 Let him enjoy or crown or joyes increase:
 And let him die untimely, lie untomb'd,
 In th' open aire, of birds and beasts consum'd.
 This vvish, these last words vvith my bloud I vent.
 And oh my *Tyrians*, let your wrath be bent,
 Even yours and all your future progenie,
 'Gainst him and his: to my dead dust apply
 These pleasant presents: let there never be
 'Twixt you and them love or confederacie.
 Let some vindicative revenger rise,
 Sprung from our loyns, those *Dardan* enemies
 With sword and fire to vex now, and full long
 Hereafter still, as time shall make them strong.
 O may lands strive with lands, vvaves warre with waves,
 Friends fight vvith friends, armies with arms outbraves.
 This said, her heart to thousands thoughts did rowl,
 From loathed life striving to snatch her soule.
 Then she *Sichans* nurse, *Barce* bespake,
 (For in her own hand hers did her forsake
 By death) O my deare nurse, call straight, sayes she,
 My sister *Anne*, bid her come quick to me;
 And vvater vvith her bring our limbes to lave,
 And beasts and cleansing offrings, as I gave
 Order therein. Thus let her come to me,
 And thou thy self, good nurse, attir'd must be
 With holy headbands on thy head: for I
 To sacrifice to *Pluto*, seriously
 Am minded, as 'tis fit, to end my vvoe,

The *Trojans* head in flames to burn up. So
 This said, with aged pace, yet eager bent,
 She hastens to climbe up the piles ascent.
 But trembling *Dido* mad, full mischief-minded,
 Her bloud-swoln eyes up and down rowld and winded,
 Her shivering cheeks with brinish teares are spread,
 And hastning death made her seem, living, dead.
 When through the doores to th' inner court she brake,
 And ragefull haste, to mount the fire, did make:
 And being up, unsheaths the *Trojan* blade,
 A gift, not for so wofull uses made.
 Here having view'd the *Trojan* garments gay,
 And well-known bed, a little pausing stay
 With teares and thoughts she made, laid on the bed,
 And these last words of woe she uttered:
 Sweet ornaments, whiles Gods and fates did please,
 Embrace this soule, me from these sorrows ease.
 I liv'd; now fortunes life-given course I end,
 And now my great ghost to earths cells doth bend.
 A brave town I have built, strong vvalls erected,
 Reveng'd my friend, due punishment inflicted
 On a false brother. Blest, ah too much blest,
 Had *Trojan* barks ne're on our banks took rest.
 She ceast; her face flat on the bed did lie;
 And shall we (sayes she) unrevenge'd die?
 Then let us die: Thus? thus to go fits vvell
 To obscure shades. And let that *Trojan* fell
 See with his eyes at sea this dying fire,
 And sail vvith all signes of our death most dire.
 Thus ended she, and ending (thus) this vvord,
 Her tendants saw her fal'n upon her sword,
 The sword all smear'd vvith gore, her hands spread out.
 Whereat

Whereat they rais'd loud screeks the court about:
The fame vvhence through the sad citie flies,
And rudely ranging, fills each house vvvith cries,
With griefs and groans, and vvomanish sad sounds,
Which th' echoing aire vvith yelling roares rebounds:
Even as if foes let in had *Carthage* 'stroy'd;
Or like old *Tyre* vvwhose buildings faire, employ'd
To use of Gods and men, vvith fires fierce flame
Were quite consum'd. The noise vvhereof soon came
To her death-daunted sister, vvho in fright
With panting pace ran thither vvith fierce flight.
Her nails her cheeks do teare, fists beat her breast,
Amidst the rout rushing, screeks out (distrest)
Her dying name. O sister, was this it?
Hast thou me thus deceiv'd? And did I fit
This pile for this? these fires and altars frame?
For what should I forsaken, thee first blame?
Why didst thou me reject for thy deaths mate?
Thou might'st have me invited to like fate:
That same smart, with the same sword, that houre
Might both of us have griped in deaths power.
These hands did also help to build this frame,
I call'd upon our countrey-Gods great name;
And yet could cruell I be absent hence,
And not behold thy fates fierce violence?
O sister, sister, thou hast quite undone
Thy self, my self, and all renown, begun
In citie, subjects, *Carthaginian* lords:
O vvho me now some cleansing streams affords,
That I may vvash her vvounds? And if as yet
Any last breath there stray, that I may it
Sup up at length. This said, she soon ascends

The sleepy steps, and in her heart contends,
 And on her breast, to hug with many a teare
 The half dead body of her sister deare,
 And with her cloaths the black bloud wipes and dries,
 Whereat she seems to heave her heavy eyes,
 But down again the dead lids fall and fail,
 And at her heart the death-smart doth prevail.
 Thrice she her self rais'd up, and strove to rest
 Upon her arm; and thrice by pain oppress'd,
 She sownding rolled back upon the bed,
 And vvith her stragling sight endeavoured
 To see the skie-light, groaning when 'twas found;
 Then mighty *Juno* pitying her deaths vvound,
 Protracted vvoe, difficultie to die,
 Sent *Iris* quickly from *Olympus* high,
 Her struggling soule, and fast bound life t' unbinde,
 (Because she not by fate, nor deaths due kinde
 Did die, but immaturely) she poore heart
 With sudden rage inflam'd, wrought her own smart.
 As yet, *Proserpina* took not away
 Her yellow locks, which on her head grew gray,
 Nor her designed to the *Stygian* lake.
 Dame *Iris* therefore from the clouds did take
 Quick flight to her, with vvatrie colour'd plumes,
 Which 'gainst the opposite bright sunne assumes
 A thousand various curious colours cleare:
 And lighting on her head, said; Charg'd, I beare
 Thy parted soule to *Plato* dedicated,
 And free thee from thy corps excruciated.
 This said, she clipt her locks; at once doth slip
 All vitall heat, life into th' aire doth skip.

*An end of the fourth book of
 Virgils Aeneids.*

THE

THE ARGUMENT

of the fifth book.

*Aeneas sails, to Sicil hies,
Where he his fathers obsequies
Doth celebrate: Acestes kinde,
About the grave brave games design'd,
A prodigie, a fierie dart.
Then Iris playes old Beroes part,
In old-wifes weeds the fleet doth flame,
But sudden showres doe quench the same.
Anchises ghost in sleep doth show
What warres his sonne must undergoe:
And by whose guid to passe to hell.
He builds a town, wherein to dwell
He leaves the wives and men unfit:
For Palinure, he'le steeres-man sit.*



*Meanewhile Aeneas half way keeps his
course;
His ships with soft windes cut the waves
black source;
Reviewing poore Eliza's walls on fire,
The cause unknown of such combustion dire:
But bitter grief he fear'd for abrupt love,
Knowing how love-sick passions women move
With these sad thoughts the Trojans forward sail,
Least sight of land at sea their fleet doth fail.
On all sides sea, on all sides onely skie:
He o're his head a watry cloud doth spie,
Full stuf with storms, whose blacknesse frights the seas,*

And in his ship did *Palinure* displease.
 Whereat he cries, Alas, vvhhat clouds o'respread
 The heavens? What means God *Neptune* by this dread?
 He bids them play the men, their oares to plie,
 Sails to the lee, and thus aloud doth crie;
 Dauntlesse *Aeneas*, though great *Ioue* our guide,
 Should promise vve in *Italie* should 'bide;
 I could not in this case his words confide.
 Such counter-cuffs, crosse puffs us turn and vvinde,
 Such dark dim clouds arise, as th' aire quite blinde.
 Nor do our reluctations us avail:
 Since fortune forceth, let's vwith fortune sail,
 And go wheres'ere she guides; for sure think I,
 Thy brother *Eryx* trusty towns are nigh,
 And *Sicils* shores: for I have certain sight
 Of noted starres, if I remember right.
 Surely, sayes good *Aeneas*, so I see
 The windes require, thy labours all to be
 In vain I view. Then bend thy course that way:
 For a more pleasing place could I, I say,
 To rest our weary fleet, vvish to attain,
 Then whereas *Troyes Acestes* kinde doth reigne,
 And vvhere my fathers buried bones remain?
 This said, they fetch the haven, a Western blast
 Stretching their sails, the navie nimbly past
 The channell, and at length vvith joy each one
 Gets to the shore, unto them all well known.
 But from a loftie hill, aloof in's eye
Acestes, wondring, did their fleet espie,
 Their friendly fleet: vvich he runs down to meet
 Fierce vvith's beares hide and dart, them (thus) to greet:
 VVhose mother *Troy* him at *Crinisus* floud

Begar:

Begat: He mindefull of's forefather good,
Them safe t'enjoy much joyes, with countrey cates
And friendly gifts, receives, cheeres, consolates.
Next day, so soon as Eastern *Sols* bright face
Had banisht starres, *Aeneas* from each place
And part o'th' port assembles all his mates,
And from a tombes top thus expostulates;
Renowned *Dardans*, sprung from *Joves* high race,
'Tis now a full and compleat twelve-moneths space,
Since here our sacred parents bones were laid,
And reliques left, and sad death-altars made.
And this (if I mistake not) is the day,
The dolefull day which I resolve for aye
To solemnize, and sad to celebrate:
(For so, ye Fates, ye do it destinate)
Yea this, though *Africk* me an exile hel'd,
Though *Grecian* seas or shores me captiv'd quel'd,
With annuall votes and due solemnities,
And altar-decking gifts, I'd memorize.
Now are we gladly (and, as I conceive,
Not without heavens direction and good leave)
Come to our fathers bones and sacred dust,
And in t' a faire and friendly port have thrust.
Come on then, let's glad triumphs celebrate,
Let's get faire gales; and when my cities state
Is stablisht, I'll my sacred rites each yeare
To him, in temples to him builded, beare.
Troy-born Acestes two fat bullocks great
Bestows on every bark throughout the fleet.
Then at the feast our countrey-Gods let's place,
And those which kinde *Acestes* holds in grace.
Besides, if *Sol* the ninth day with bright rayes

His faire face o're the universe displayes.
 First, for our *Trojans* flying-fleets sea-fight
 I'le prizes have: for him, whose nimble flight
 Best runs a race: for him, whose courage stout
 Wraffles most rare: who best flings darts about:
 Or, fight with plummet-clubs doth best affect:
 Let all be prest, and purchas'd palms expect.
 Lend us your clamours loud, with bayes all crown'd.
 This said, himself his brows with laurell bound:
 The like *Helymus*, old *Acestes* doe,
 Lively *Ascanius*; all the youth so too:
 He leaves the parle; with thousand tendants brave
 Environed, he comes to's fathers grave.
 And here (as due) two bowls of wine most good
 He pour'd on ground, and two of sacred bloud,
 Two of new milk, and strew'd blew flowers, and said,
 Hail, sacred fire, once more all hail, safe laid,
 You sacred bones, fires soule, fav'd all in vain,
 Since *Italie* we could not both attain;
 Nor see those fatall fields, nor seek together
Ansonian Tyber, flowing, who knows whither?
 This said, a mightie slipperie snake he spi'de,
 With seven huge wreaths and foldings forth to glide
 From under th' earth, and smoothly crawling by
 The altar, girts the grave, whose back like skie
 Was coloured right, and full of specks like gold,
 His glassie scales most bright for to behold;
 Much like the rain-bow plac'd against *Sols* rayes,
 Which thousand various colours then displayes.
 This sight amaz'd the man: the snake among
 The cups and platters crawling thus along,
 At last he tastes the dainties tenderly,

And

And back recoils to th' tombe most harmlesly,
Leaving the full-fed shrines. Hence much the more
He ply'd his father with oblations store;
Uncertain whether it were the Genius faire
O'th' place, or's fathers spirit did thus repaire.
Five sheep, five hogs, five heifers black he slew,
And bowls of wine upon them forth he threw,
And invokes the soule of his great fire,
And ghosts now rais'd from th' *Acherontine* fire.
His mates likewise bring copious costly gifts,
And lively each loads on the altars lifts,
And kill their kine, and pots and pans they place,
And, spread on ground, make fires to th' spits apace,
And roste their midriffs, and to feasting fall.
And now's the day long-lookt-for of them all:
And *Phæthons* coursers drew *Sol's* chariot bright
Upon this ninth day, with resplendent light.
When fluttering fame and brave *Acest's* renown
Call'd neighbours in from each neare neighbouring town:
Whose joyfull troops fill'd all the plains about,
To see the *Trojan* lads, and sport it out.
But first faire prizes placed were on poles
I'th' midst in open sight; faire three-leg'd bowles,
And fragrant garlands bound in beauteous wise,
And costly crowns, palmes for the victours prize;
And glistering arms, wrought-coats, rich to behold,
And many talents both of silver and gold.
Shrill trumpets sound amidst those thick consorts,
And summon them to those propounded sports.
And first, foure choice barks of the fleet begin,
With stiffe strong oares by sea-fight fame to win.
First *Mnestheus* with his galleon, *Pristis* swift,

with

With his couragious master makes first drift.
 Next him *Italian Mnestheus*, from whom came
 The race of *Memmius Gyas*, next for fame,
 Brought his huge bark, the fierce *Chimera* nam'd,
 A town-like ship, with treble-oare banks fram'd,
 Which *Trojan* lads with three-rankt oares did guide.
 Next in's tall centaure *Sergest* forth did glide,
 From whom the familie of *Sergens* rose,
 In skie-like *Scylla* fierce *Cloantbus* goes,
 Whence, *Romane Cluent*, thy great kindred grows.
 Farre off, i'th' sea, just 'gainst the foaming shore,
 There lies a rock, which oft is covered o're
 With swelling waves; when *Western Corus* blows,
 And hides the starres, a calm it plainly shows:
 And in still tides 'tis all a shelfie plain,
 Where sea-birds, basking in the sun, remain.
 Here grave *Aeneas* oaken boughs did place,
 To shew the mariners their pointed race:
 How farre to rove, and where to winde about:
 And now each one his station chooseth out.
 Each champion's on his hatches richly clad.
 Each youth on's head a poplar garland had;
 His shoulders bare, 'nointed with glistring oyle,
 Sitting on's bench, his arms prest to the toile
 Of tugging oares: to th' wisht for signe addrest,
 Whiles leaping joy and lumpish feare in breast
 Makes imbred broyles, striving for masterie,
 Prickt with the spurre of praise, by victorie.
 And now the trumpet sounds the shrill alarms,
 Straight all the ships start out to sportive arms,
 Hate least delay; loud sea-shouts dash the skie,
 Th'oares slicing strokes make folding waves run by.

At once all furrows plow, the struggling streams
 O're all the main gape wide, boile foamie streams,
 With flaly-oares and slicing foredecks fierce,
 Which through the bustling billows proudly pierce.
 The furious duellizing chariots swift
 Burst from their bounds, use not such headlong drift
 In field careeres: nor horseman half so fast
 Runs, jets, curvets, or shakes the loose reins cast
 On's horses main, nor loudlier jerks his whip.
 Then shouts, clapt hands, both from each shore and ship
 And siding partners acclamations shrill,
 The woods, fields, shores, with mightie clamours fill;
 Whose quick redoubling echoes answer still. }
 Thus (first) flies out, before the rest, i'th' rout,
 Courageous *Gyas*, whom *Cloanthus* stout
 Follows at heels, with better oares indeed,
 But slow-pac'd pinie barks make no great speed.
 After them, nimble *Pristis*, *Centaure*, flie
 With equall struggling for prioritie.
 And now flies *Pristis*, *Centaure* gets the best,
 Now both are matcht, and side to side addrest:
 With even foredecks, they brinish billows plough:
 And now their barges to the bounding bough,
 And regulating rock nimbly draw nigh;
 Which when i'th' floudie field victoriously
Gyas first spi'de, he to his master cry'd,
Menætes, why to th' right hast thou so ply'de?
 Hale in this way, and quickly shove to shore,
 And to the left hand clifts winde in thine oare:
 Let others move i'th' main (sayes he) for us.
 But yet *Menætes* too solicitous
 Of wave-hid rocks, his foredeck windes to th' deep,
 Whiles

Whiles *Gyas* still cries out, To land-ward keep,
 Pull back (*Menætes*) why dost still go wrong?
 And now behold, he spies *Cloanthus* strong
 Close at his heels, and (next himself) the first,
 Who stiffly 'twixt the ratling rocks being burst,
 And the left inner way of *Gyas* ship;
 Passing the best, and bounds, to sea doth whip.
 Hereat deep rage young *Gyas* did so flame,
 That not without some chafing teares he came
 To slow *Menætes*, and (regardlesse quite
 Of his mates welfare, or's own lustre bright)
 He casts him headlong o're th'board into th'dEEP,
 Himself as master at the stern doth keep,
 And cheeres his men, and steeres the helm to shore.
 But from the bottome (now) *Menætes* poore,
 In sea-drencht cloaths, floating above the flood,
 Crawls up a rock, and on a dry cliffe stood,
 Whiles on the shore the *Trojans* him deride,
 And laught to see him swimme, and slip and slide,
 And how his stomack did salt water spue.
 Here the two hindmost gamsters gladly view,
 A spurre to prick them on, *Sergestus* stout,
 And valiant *Mnestheus* nimbly cast about,
 T'outstrip slow *Gyas*: *Sergest* gets prime place,
 And to the rock to get, now rows a pace.
 But he's not firmly first, though's barge go on,
 For perking *Pristis* nose lies close upon
 His foredeck: *Mnestheus* trudging to and fro
 About the ship, his men cheeres on to row:
 Now, now, *Hectorean* mates, rowe close (cries he)
 For you from *Troyes* last lot I chuse to be
 My faithfull followers: now power forth that might,
 That

That courage brave, which yerst in *Grecians* fight
And *Argine* sturdie streams you have exprest.
I strive not to be first, nor get the best:
(Yet O!) but let them win and weare it well:
Whom thou, great *Neptune*, wilt, shall beare the bell.
Yet let it shame us to be last of all:
Win this (brave lads) let not that shame be fall.
Hereat they all most stiffely tug and pull,
And with their oares strong strokes, thick, quick, & full,
The brassy-poop they shake, no land they see,
They gape for breath, all o're most sweatie be:
And friendly fortune grants wisht victorie.
For while *Sergestus* frets and fumes in minde,
Whiles, inmost, his foredeck to th' rock's inclinde,
Unhappie by desire of nearest cut,
On unieen cliffes his vessell fiercely put;
The rusht on rocks a ratling noise do make,
While on sharp snags, cleft oares the foredeck strake.
The boatmen bustle up, with clamour stand,
And hooks and steel-tipt poles they snatch in hand,
Gathering their split oares floating on the waves,
Whiles *Mnestheus* happi'st de, with bold out-braves
For's good successe, with nimble oares, faire gales,
And full sea-room, from sea to shore safe sails.
Much like a dove soon startled from her nest,
That in some house or hollow roof took rest,
Flies forth to field, fluttering her wings full fast,
Quick through the transient aire is nimbly past,
And with smooth swooping flight doth glide along:
So *Mnestheus*, so his *Pristis*, from among
The utmost waves most clearely cuts his course,
And seems to flie with rushing furious force.

And

And first forsakes *Sergestus* struggling hard
 Amongst the rocks, by shallows, shelves, debar'd
 Of vain desired help, now taught to row
 With broken oares, and now he does outgo
 Young *Gyas*, and his huge *Chimera* foil'd,
 Which soon gives way, being of his master spoil'd.
 And now at last none but *Cleanth* remains,
 Whom to o'ertake he duplicates his pains,
 Reduplicates loud clamours. All him cheere
 With their skie-cuffing votes, as he draws neare:
 Those strive to keep their purchas'd praise and fame,
 Vowing to loose their lives to keep the same:
 Good luck spurres these; there's hope therefore they'll
 And evenly matcht, they (sure) had victours bin, (win,
 Had not *Cleanthus* fal'n to prayer devout,
 And thus with heav'd-up hands to's Gods cry'd out;
 Great Gods of sea, whose liquid soils I sail,
 If I be victour I'll without all fail
 On shore-built altars sacrifice a bull,
 And your due debter, forth his midriffe pull,
 And poure on these salt seas, with wine good store.
 This said, the sea-nymphs whom he did implore,
 All heard him from the bottome of the main;
Phorci, *Nereides*, the *Mermaides* train:
 Yea, old *Portunus* self, with his strong hand
 Shoving his ship (like blast, bird-bolt) to land,
 She flies full fast, and safe i'th' haven doth stand.
Aneas then (as custome) congregates
 His troops, and by a crier demonstrates,
Cleanthus victour, crowns his brows with bayes,
 And gives large gifts, true trophies of great praise:
 Three heifers to three ships, and wine great store,

And

And a large silver talent thence they bore.
 But to the chieftains he chief prizes gave,
 A golden mantle wrought about most brave
 With faire *Meander*-like rich purple plates,
 And crinkling folds, wherein art personates,
 In curious work, the princely lively lad
 Faire *Ganimede*, like a young hunter clad;
 In woody *Ide* chasing the skipping deere
 With dart in's hand, breathing with swift careere.
 Whom (thus) in's hooky claws the eagle swift
 Soaring swoops up, and quick to th' skie doth lift.
 His guardians grave to heaven heave hands in vain,
 And all his dogs bark at the clouds amain.
 But him, whose worth deserv'd the second place,
 He with a rich-wrought coat of arms did grace,
 Set with gold hooks, which he victoriously
 From *Demoleus* wan, in *Troy*, hard by
 Swift *Simois*: this he bestows most free,
 A grace, a guard to him in arms to be.
 Whose pond'rous weight two servants scarce could }
 But *Demoleus* did it eas'ly weare, (beare, }
 And with it chas'd the *Trojans* in great feare.
 His third gifts were two cauldrons brave of brasse,
 And silver bowls, whose workmanship did passe,
 For graven figures faire. Thus all rewarded,
 All pleas'd with prizes to their worths afforded,
 Their fronts with roseall headbands bound about,
 Along they passe, and passing spied out
Sergestes, whose best skill and utmost strength,
 Hardly the hard rocks made him 'scape at length,
 His honour sharelesse ship full fraught with shame,
 His oares all lost, one rank of rowers lame.

Much

Much like a snake which crosse the way doth lie,
 Crusht by a wheel suddenly passing by:
 Or by a passenger bruil'd with a stone,
 Sore battered and half kill'd, there left alone;
 Long wrigling wreaths doth force, in vain to flie,
 One half stares up, and puts forth furiouslie
 Its hissing neck: th'other half bruis'd with-holds,
 And in close knots and wreaths its members folds:
 With such weak work his slow ship forward past,
 Yet still sail'd on, and got to th'haven at last.
Aeneas glad to see his ship and mates
 Comen safe to shore, *Sergestus* decorates
 With promis'd prize, also a maiden faire,
 Skilfull to spin, of *Cretian* lineage rare,
 And 'twixt her paps of sucking twins a paire.
 These sea-sports finisht, good *Aeneas* went
 Into a grassie mead, on all sides pent
 With groves and craggy banks, i'th' midst of it
 A circled plain, for theatre most fit;
 Where he, with many thousand gallants tended,
 A rare erected throne prince-like ascended.
 Here all that could most swiftly run a race,
 Invited were, with praises, prizes grace:
 VVhereat *Sicilians*, *Trojans*, all about,
Euryalus and *Nisus* first i'th' rout,
 Do thither flock: *Euryalus* most faire,
 A lovely lively youth; and *Nisus* rare,
 An honest modest lad: next comes apace
 Princely *Diores*, of king *Priams* race:
 After him *Salius* came, and *Patron* good:
 Th'one of *Epire*, th'others untainted blood
 Sprang from *Tegens*. Then two striplings came,

Panopes

Panopes and *Helymus*, of much fame
For gallant huntsmen, peeres to old *Acest*:
And many more whom fame hath not exprest.
To vvhom i'th' midst of them *Æneas* said;
Heare me, brave youths, be sure, and well apaid:
Not one of all this rout but gifts shall have.
I'le give two glistring *Cretian* arrows brave,
Headed vvith steel, a silver damaskt bill:
You all with equall gifts reward I vvill;
Save the three chief, vvho three choice palmes shall have,
Their heads adorn'd vvith olive-branches brave.
A gallant horse vvith trappings I'le bestow
Upon the first: and on the next also
An *Amazonian* quiver, furnisht faire
With *Thracian* shafts, hung at a belt most rare,
And richly wrought with gold, and buttended fast
With a rich stone: The third reward and last,
Shall be a *Grecian* helmet. This being said,
They chose their stations, and the signe being made,
They suddenly and swiftly forth do flie,
Most like a furious storm, to th' goal they hie,
And first most fast, leaving them all behinde,
Runnes nimble *Nisus*, swifter then the vvinde,
Or flashy lightning. And to him the next
Ran *Salus* swift, but vvith large distance 'twixt.
Euryalus vvvas third, but with some space,
Vvhom *Helymus* pursu'd with rapid race.
By vvhom, behold, *Diore*s fiercely flies,
And foot by foot close at his shoulders lies,
And if enough space for the race remain,
Is like, the best from all the rest to gain.
And now vvell-nigh they to the goal were got,

K

And

And weary all, when *Nisus* with hard lot,
 (The grasse made slippery vvith an heifers blood,
 Which had been slain there, and congealed stood)
 Suddenly slipt, just as he skipt for joy
 Of hoped prize, and could not right employ
 His staggering feet, but fell flat on the flore,
 Upon the slimy mud and sacred gore:
 Yet mindefull of the love he ever bore
Euryalus, he *Salus* doth oppose,
 Trips up his heels, just as himself up rose.
 Who groveling on the sand, *Euryalus*
 Starts forward, and by's friend, victorious,
 Gat the prime place, vvith acclamations high,
 And joyfull shouts, and 'fore them all doth flie.
 After whom *Helym* hastes; and in third race
Diores ran. Here in the open face
 And huge concourse of plebeians and of peeres,
 Supplanted *Salus* mightie clamours reares,
 And claims his prize, forc'd from him by deceit.
 But bashfull teares and partiall favour great,
 And vertue in faire forms most gracious,
 Plead and prevail for young *Euryalus*:
Diores also with loud exclamation
 Craves his reward, and feares his fames frustration,
 In the last prize, if *Salus* have the first.
 But grave *Aeneas* soon his feare off burst,
 And sayes, Brave youths, your prizes are your own,
 Your promis'd palmes shall altered be by none:
 Yet let me moan my innocent friends fate.
 This said, his *Salus* he did munerate
 With a faire lions skin, vvith haire most rough,
 And goldy claws: vvich *Nisus* took in snuffe,

And

And said; If vanquisht shall be thus rewarded,
 If foil'd be favoured; vvhat shall be afforded?
 VVhat proper prize to *Nisus* will you yeeld,
 VVho did deserve first honour of the field,
 Had not fierce fate, as *Salus*, thwarted me?
 And at these words he stoutly lets them see
 His dirt-bedawbed cloaths, besmeared face.
 VVhich made *Aeneas* loudly laugh apace.
 Then straight he called for the stately targe,
 VVhich *Didymaon* made, both rich and large,
 VVhich once the *Greeks* to *Neptune* consecrated,
 And was hung up: And then remunerated
 The noble youth with that most noble prize.
 The race thus run, the palmes dispos'd likewise,
 Now sayes *Aeneas*, If there's any here
 Strong and couragious, let him now appeare,
 And his club-armed arms advance and lift;
 To whom he did allot a twofold gift.
 The conquerour awarded was to have
 A bull aray'd with gold and garlands brave;
 The conquered, a gallant helm and sword,
 To him vvell beaten comfort to afford.
 Delay laid by, *Dares* dares first come forth,
 A mighty man, whom for his strength and worth
 The people much applaud: for single he
Antagonist to *Paris* us'd to be.
 And he victorious *Bute* in gigantine,
 (Who from *Bebrycian Amycus* great line
 Deriv'd his race) him he at *Hectors* grave
 Did fell and foile, and's curelesse death-wound gave.
 Such dauntlesse *Dares* him i'th' forefront shows,
 Advancing both his big arms, as he goes,

And shoulders broad, jerking the aire with blows.
 His like they look for, but not one they finde
 In all the troops, to fight with him inclin'd,
 Or take the club in hand triumphant then,
 Hoping to beare the prize from all the men,
 Plac'd at *Aeneas* feet, scorning delayes,
 The bulls horn held in's left hand, thus he sayes;
 Great Goddesse sonne, if none dares fight the field,
 What meansthis stay? why to me don't you yeeld
 The prize? and bid me beare the palmes away?
 And all the *Trojan* troops the same did say.
 Then grave *Acestes* calls *Entellus* great,
 Who next him fate on a green grassly seat,
 And chides him thus; *Entellus*, once esteem'd
 The stoutest of our peeres, in vain so deem'd,
 Canst thou be patient, and without one blow
 Suffer such palmes so eas'ly hence to goe?
 VWhere's now great *Eryx*, our warre-master stout,
 Vainly renown'd? vwhere is thy fame, spread out
 Through *Sicilie*? and house adorning spoiles?
 To whom he said; No love of land recoiles
 In me, nor thirst of fame, enforc'd by feares:
 But my chill bloud and dull declining yeares,
 VWhereby my youthfull powers exhausted be.
 But were it now as it was once with me,
 And as 'tis with this Braggadocia bold,
 VVere I so young again, nought should with-hold
 Me from the fight, no prize should prick me on,
 No beauteous bull; gifts I'd not stand upon.
 This said, two clubs he threw down in their fight,
 Heavy and huge, wherewith in such like fight,
 Fierce *Eryx* us'd to combat with strong hand.

At fight whereof amaz'd they all did stand,
To see them stuf't with lead, and lin'd besides
With iron plates, cover'd with seven bulls hides.
Amongst the rest *Dares* being damped most,
Stiffely refus'd them (maugre former boast)
Yea great *Aeneas* poyse'd with his hands
Their weight, and up and down rowl'd their huge bands:
Whereat the aged champion thus did say;
What if you all had seen that furious fray
Fought in these parts, vwith great *Alcides* arms,
And these our clubs? vwherewith in fierce alarms
Thy kinsman *Eryx* formerly had fought,
Stain'd still thou seest with bloud and brains dash't out.
Wherewith he haughty *Hercules* vwithstood:
Which I my self have us'd in youthfull bloud;
VWhen yet gray haire in emulous old age
Did not my head o'respread, nor valour swage.
But if *Troyes Dares* these our arms denie,
And good *Aeneas* and *Acest* complie
Me to excuse, who me first mov'd thereto;
Let's match our weapons, I remit to you
Eryx his clubs: feare not, and lay you by
Your *Trojan* clubs. This said, immediately
He doffs his double coat from's shoulders wide,
And his huge bodies bulk: all present ey'd
His mightie bones, strong sinews naked be:
Thus giant-like, most tall and stout stood he.
Then grave *Aeneas* equall clubs chose out,
And vvell-mach't vveapons; bound their hands about.
Straight hand to hand, and foot to foot both stand,
And fearelesse, each aloft lifts up his hand,
And banging blows make each ones head bend back:

Fiercely they fight, and each gives thwack for thwack.
 He nimbler skips about in youthfull heat;
 This keeps his standing with his limbes most great:
 Yet moves his trembling legs, but faint and slow;
 And like one sick, he thick doth breathe and blow.
 Thus (though in vain) with might and main they fight,
 VVith toyling, foiling cuffes each other smite,
 And beat and bang about each others hides,
 And make redoubled thwacks sound on their sides:
 About their eares their hasty hands do flie,
 Whose thumps their chaps make chatter gnashingly.
 Thus great *Entellus* stiffely stands it out,
 VVith watchfull eyes observes the blows about,
 And viewing, voids. *Dares* industriously,
 Like one which scales a town with engines high,
 Or with stout troops begirt, a castle strong,
 Now this way, that way, every way doth long
 By fraud or fierce assaults a breach to make:
 But all in vain he all this toile doth take.
 For strong *Entellus* roused up doth lift
 Aloft his rough right hand, which *Dares* swift
 Foresees, and shuns the furious falling blow,
 And with a nimble skip avoids it so.
 Whereby *Entellus*, frustrate, beats the winde,
 Whose mark thus mist, his heauey corps inclinde,
 Prone to the earth with furie of the stroak,
 Much like a hollow, great, and o're-grown oak
 In *Erymanth* or *Ida's* wood most great,
 Even by the roots o'returned from its seat.
 The *Trojans* and *Trinacrian* lads in zeal
 Start up hereat, and raise a clamorous peal:
Acestes first to's fallen old friend doth hic,

Grieues,

Grieves, gets him up. Th' old champion speedily
Rear'd, nothing fear'd with this his sudden fall,
Flies to the fight more fierce, rage feeds his gall.
Disgrace gives fire to force, and foreknown might:
And fiercely he doth *Dares* headlong smite,
And bang about the field with both his hands,
Redoubling boystrous blows; nor quiet stands,
Nor takes least rest: but as thick showers of hail
With ratling noise do houses tops assail:
Even so this chafing champion thrashes out
With both his hands young *Dares* stomach stout.
Then grave *Aeneas* hastens to allay
Entellus furious rage, his wrath to stay,
And ends the fight, gives tired *Dares* rest,
And comfort in kinde words he thus exprest:
Unfortunate! what phrenzie blindes thy minde?
Feel'st thou not mightier force and fates unkinde?
Submit to God. This said, the combat ended,
But him (alas!) his faithfull mates attended,
Dragging his feeble feet, and to and fro
His weak head dangling, vomiting also
Much gore-bloud from his mouth, his teeth dasht out,
Thus to the ships they bore him from the rout:
Bidden to take the sword and helm away,
Entellus had the praise and prize o'th' day.
He victour, vantage of his bull for joy,
Sayes thus, Faire prince, and you rare troops of *Troy*,
Ye now may see what strength my young yeares had,
And how ye sav'd *Dares* from death most sad.
This said, against the bull, his prize he stands,
Ties it, and takes his club in both his hands,
And 'twixt the horns gives it a blow so fierce,

As made the broken bones the brains to pierce.
 The beast is slain, lies groveling on the ground.
 Whereat these words he vents from's heart profound:
 This fitter soule, then *Dares* death, to thee
 Great *Eryx*, I being victour, offer free,
 And now my club and art relinquisht be.
 Then straight, *Aeneas* those that would invites
 To shooting games, and them with gifts incites:
 In *Sergest's* ship erects a mightie mast,
 To th' top whereof he ties a pigeon fast,
 Hung by a dangling rope, their mark, or white.
 The archers come, and int' a helmet bright
 The lots are cast, and with a joyfull voice,
Hippoc'on had the first affected choice.
 Whom *Mnestheus* follows next, at sea-fight best;
Mnestheus his brows with olive-branches drest.
 The third *Eurytion* was, thy brother kinde,
 Rare *Pandarus*; who bidden, with brave minde
 Didst first, once charg'd the truce to terminate,
 Through thickest *Greeks* thy dart make penetrate.
 The last and lowest in the harnesse-cap,
 Fell out to be noble *Acestes* hap;
 Even he himself would venture valiantly
 With those brave sparks this shooting-task to try.
 Then with stiffe strength they bend their crooked bows,
 And each for's use shafts from his quiver choose.
Hippoc'on first made from his clanging string
 His arrow cut the aire, and flying, sing;
 And singing, pierce, and stick fast in the mast.
 The mast was shook, the fluttering foule agast,
 And through them all loud acclamations past.
 Next *Mnestheus* stout stood with his bow full bent,

His

His eye and arrow aim at high intent,
 But yet (good man) he could not hit the white,
 And yet the coard he did in sunder smite,
 Wherewith the dove by's feet was ty'd to th' mast:
 Straight with the winde through th' aire the dove flies
Eurytion then already readie prest (fast.

With bow and shaft, let to, to shoot addrest,
 His brother invokes for aid auspicious:
 In th' open aire spies the dove most conspicuous,
 Cheerefully sporting with her wings for joy,
 Whom his quick shaft did nimbly pierce, destroy.
 Under a cloud the dove i'th' aire thus dead,
 Falls down, and fallen, the shot-shaft rendered.

Acestes onely fails of's palmes desert,
 Yet into th' aire he shot his whistling dart,
 Proud of his expert art, and clanging bow.
 But here behold, a most prodigious show
 And anxious augurie came soon in sight,
 As the strange issue did demonstrate right,
 And *omens* great which frightening prophets write.

For ith' cleare aire the flying dart did flame,
 Which gliding on, a fire consumes the same,
 And waistes ith' fanning windes: just as we see
 The falling starres, when as they gliding be,
 To beare long fiery streams. Amaz'd they stand,
Trinacrians, *Trojans*, lift up heart and hand:
 And wise *Aeneas* marks the *omen* right,
 And sweet *Acestes* greets with great delight,
 Loads him with love-gifts, and (thus) to him said;
 Receive, grave sir (for thee great Jove hath made
 By this strange signe, though prizelesse, worthy praise)
 Receive this gift, in old *Anchises* dayes,

Bestow'd

Bestow'd on him by *Cisseus* king of *Thrace*,
 A pledge of his great love and friendly grace,
 A goblet great, engraven with figures faire.
 This said, he bindes his brows with garlands rare,
 And doth *Acest* prime conquerour declare.
 Nor did *Eurytion* kinde this honour grudge,
 Though he alone (as all might justly judge)
 The pigeon fell'd from skie: The next reward
 He therefore had, for he 'twas cut the coard:
 He had the last, whose dart the mast did cleave.
 But brave *Aeneas*, e're the sport they leave,
Epitides Ascanius guardian there
 And mate, he calls, and whispers in his eare,
 And sayes, Go quick, bid my sonne come away
 (If all the childrens troops be in aray,
 And horse-race ready) with his bands to goe
 Unto his grandfire, and in Martiall show
 To shew himself: *Aeneas* self mean space
 Commands the folk, flocking about the place,
 To gather in a ring, the plain to cleare.
 And now the lively striplings all draw neare
 Before their fathers, on bright bridled steeds,
 Which in the *Trojans* and *Trinacrians* breeds
 Great admiration, exultation great.
 All had their haire (as custome was) cut neare,
 And helmets on their heads: in's hand each kept
 A paire of horny speares with steel well tipt.
 Some at their backs wore quivers, dainty, light,
 About their necks: gold chains their breasts bedight.
 Three coronets of horse three captains have,
 Twelve children glistring in their arms most brave,
 Attending them, and masters, them to guide;

One brave battalion, which with Martiall pride
 Thy noble sonne *Polites*, (*Priam* faire)
 VWho did his kingly grandfires surname beare,
 And must the bounds of *Italie* advance;
 VWho on a stately *Thracian* steed did prance,
 All partly colour'd with faire specks of white,
 His forefeet so, his proud head born upright,
 A white starre on his brow, a comely sight.
 Another band young *Atys* lively led:
 From whom the *Romane Atyan* race was spread:
 Young *Atys*, to *Iulus* young most deare.
 The last and best for beauty without peere,
 VWas faire *Iulus*, on a courser brave
 Of *Carthage*, vvhich to him queen *Dido* gave,
 A signe and symbol of her love to him;
 The rest being grave *Acestes* yonkers trim,
 Come on *Trinacrian* steeds. The *Trojan* rout
 Receive them, full of fame-affecting doubt,
 VWith great applause, and taking great delight
 In sweet conceipt of grave ancestours sight.
 Their stations (now) with joy all view'd about,
 And much affected vwith this friendly rout.
Epitides seeing them all addrest,
 VWith a loud lash and sound the signe exprest.
 Straight all break out, and three by three disperse,
 And back again revoked their reverse:
 And at there breasts their nimble speares they set,
 Fetching careeres, and thence crosse courses met:
 And with crosse distance fetch crosse compasse round,
 Rushing on aduersé rings, like vvarre profound
 In hottest skirmish; now turn backs to flight.
 VWhereat enrag'd, their darts they at them smite;

And

And yet (anon) in peacefull wise shake hands.
 Much like the Laborynthick maze which stands
 In *Creet*, enclos'd with walls most intricate,
 With thousand anxious wayes to ambulate,
 Whose unfound paths do wearie walkers tire,
 And in and out, Meanders all admire:
 Even so the *Trojan* striplings skip about,
 And flights and fights by sporting in and out
 Neatly contrive: like Dolphins in the main,
 Whose frisks and skips much sport i'th' waves maintain.
 These courses, combats, and this custome rare,
Ascanius first did found, and new repaire,
 When spacious *Alba* he with walls did frame,
 And taught old *Rome* to celebrate the same:
 As he a childe, as *Trojan* lads had shown,
 The ancient *Albanes* they to theirs made known.
 This pretty sport from them the *Romanes* old,
 Long after did forefathers honour hold:
 This children (now) call *Troy*, *Trojan* troops name.
 And thus farre (now) unto his fathers fame,
 These pleasant sports perform'd and celebrated,
 Here fortune her faire face first transmuted.
 For whiles they sport about his fathers tombe,
Juno send *Iris* in a pelting fume,
 Unto the *Trojan* fleets, and gives her winde,
 Much mov'd, and (still) old grudges born in minde,
Iris i'th' rain-bows thousand colours speeds,
 Unseen of any, virgin-like proceeds
 With expeditious haste, huge troops doth meet,
 Sees the forsaken shores, ports, naked fleet.
 But yet the *Trojan* wives farre off did keep
 In private banks, and for the losse did weep

Of old *Anchises*; weeping as they stood,
 They all beheld the mightie ocean floud,
 Crying, Alas! what sea-toiles yet remain
 To us tyr'd soules; all sighing, in one strain
 Wishing a citie, loathing more sea-pain.
 Dame *Iris* 'mongst them flilie thrusts in place,
 Suspectlesse of abuse, her Goddesse face,
 Gesture and vesture, from her laid aside,
 She's now *Berœe*, *Doryclus* old bride,
 Mother of children, late of note and fame:
 And thus amongst them, like a *Trojan* dame,
 Speaks to the *Trojan* wives: O wofull we,
 Whom *Grecian* power might not massacred see
 In bloody warre under the walls of *Troy*!
 Unhappie nation! kept from more annoy.
 This now's the seventh yeare since our land was lost,
 Since we strange seas, lands, rocks, and sands have crost,
 And stormie starres have scapt, whiles through vast
 And tumbling waves, we follow flying dreams; (streams
 We flie to fleeting *Italie*: yet here
 Our kinsman *Eryx* borders do us cheere,
 And kinde *Acestes*. Who'le us then deny
 T'inhabit here, a town to edifie?
 O countrey, O in vain sav'd deities!
 Shall no town yet old *Troy* rememorize?
 O shall I ne're *Hectorean* rivers see?
 No *Xanthus*, *Simois*? no? come on with me,
 With me come burn these ships inauspicate:
 For I *Cassandra's* ghost in sleep saw late;
 Who gave me these incendiarie brands,
 And said, Here seek your *Troy*, here in these lands
 Fix your abode: now's time the work to ply,

Why

Why stay we, since we see so great a tie?
 Foure flaming altars unto *Neptune* great,
 And fates themselves give fire, and valours heat.
 Thus speaking, she ran first, and snatcht a brand
 Of furious fire, which flaming in her hand,
 Into the fleet she flang it furiously:
 The *Trojan* wives much startled were hereby,
 And 'maz'd in minde: whereat one 'mongst the rest,
 Grave *Pyrgo*, *Priams* nurse, who had exprest
 Much loyaltie and love to's children deare,
 Said, Trust me (matrons) I dare boldly sweare
 This is not *Beröe*, our late neighbours wife:
 For I see signes of sacred Godhead rise:
 Mark you her glistering eyes, her spirit divine,
 Her looks, her voice, her state and gate most fine:
 And I my self left *Beröe* sick of late,
 Much griev'd, that she was so unfortunate
 Not to be present, honours due t'have paid
 To old *Anchises* tombe. This though she said,
 Yet at the first the women doubtfull be,
 As blinde in eyes as minde, their ships to see,
 And held with deep desire of this lands rest,
 And fate-assigned realms, which should be best.
 But when they saw the winged *Goddesse* flie,
 And flying cut the cloudie bow in skie,
 Provok'd by this prodigious accident,
 With rage transported, they loud clamours vent,
 And fires from forth their tents and chimneys snatch:
 Some th' altars teare, some boughs and branches catch,
 And ought combustible, and firebrands throw
 Into their ships: *Vulcan* the flame doth blow
 Of fierce unbridled spoile on planks and oares,

Hatches

Hatches and painted decks. At these uproares
Emelus posteth to *Anchises* grave,
To beare sad tidings to those bands most brave,
Of this combustion: and the gamesters spie
Black smoak and sparkling flames flie up to th' skie.
And as first horse-careeres *Ascanius* led,
So fiercely first to th' troubled tents he fled:
Nor could the mazed masters make him stay,
But on he comes, and thus to them doth say;
O what strange wrath is this? what mean ye now,
O wretched women? gainst whom do ye vow
This mischief great? Here is no adverse foe,
No *Grecian* tents; your hopes you'le burn up so.
O see me your *Ascanius*, your delight!
Whereat he pulls off's helmet in their sight,
Wherewith in field his Martiall sports he ply'd:
To whom *Aeneas*, all the *Trojans* hy'de.
But all the wives pursu'd with feare and dread,
To th' woods and groves all straglingly were fled,
And michingly to caves and rocks they run,
Hating the light, sham'd of their work begun:
And chang'd in minde, in grief their friends they know,
And hate great *Juno*, cause of all this woe.
But what of this? hereby they quench no fire,
For flames increase with most repressleffe ire,
And pitch and tow, kindling a smothering heat,
Sly fires increase, and raise combustion great.
Through th' ships great bulks, nor by the peeres best
Or force of flouds, do flames cease to devour. (power,
Then good *Aeneas* rent his cloaths with grief,
With stretcht-out hands implores the Gods relief.
And thus he prayes; Great *Jove*, if *Trojans* all
Thou

Thou hast not yet quite cast off, left to thrall:
 If long devotion helps mens miseries,
 O free our fleet from flame-calamities:
 And now from ruine raise *Troyes* tottering state,
 Or else (great fire) if it be my due fate,
 Strike me (all left) to death with lightning fierce,
 And let thy hand my heart profoundly pierce.
 Scarce had he spoke, when mightie showres of rain
 Most thick, most quick, came powdring down amaine:
 A mightie storm, and ratling roaring thunder,
 Making earths most obdurate creatures wonder:
 All o're the skie the furious tempest grows,
 And plenteous streams into the vessels throws,
 Which washt the half-burnt wood, stints all the flame,
 All's ships but foure being saved by the same.
 But grave *Aeneas* damp't with this dire chance,
 His thoughts now here now there in minde do glance;
 Musing, unmindfull of the fates decree,
 Whether 'twere best in *Sicil* still to be,
 Or bend his courses now for *Italie*.
 Then aged *Nautes*, whom most expertly
Tritonian Pallas made an artist rare,
 Resolves him thus; both what great *Juno* faire
 Enrag'd would act, and destinies dispose,
 He kindly thus t' *Aeneas* doth disclose:
 Faire Goddessie sonne, where fates us call, re-call,
 Thither let's go, what ever us befall:
 Fortune by sufferance best is overthrown.
Trojan Acestes is thy kinsman known,
 Make him of counsel with thee, to him cleave,
 Thy burnt-ships surplusage of people leave
 Unto his care. Such as thy high designs

Do disaffect, whose heart to ease inclines,
 Feeble old men, sea-tyred maids and vvives,
 All that are faint, and fearfull of their lives,
 Select them out, a town here let them frame,
 And, from *Acestes*, it *Acesta* name.
 Encourag'd thus by his grave friends advise,
 Yet still one care doth on another rise,
 And now nights curtain black the skies did vail,
 VVhen from the heavens his fathers image pale,
Anchises ghost, came down, and suddenly
 Said thus to him; Deare sonne, to me more nigh,
 More deare then life, (whiles life vvith me did last)
 Deare sonne, on various *Troy*-fates long time cast;
 I come to thee from *Jove*, who quencht the flame
 Of thy fir'd fleet, pitying thee in the same.
 Obey old *Nantes* wholsome exhortations,
 And take vvith thee in thy perambulations
 To *Italie*, choice youths of courage stout:
 For vvith fierce people thou must fight it out,
 A nation hard to tame. Yet before this,
 Thou must descend the dungeons dark of *Dis*:
 Yea thou, deare sonne, must passe *Avernus* lake
 To come to me: yet no abode I make
 In torturing *Tartar*, or in darknes sad:
 But in *Elysium*, where delights make glad
 Sweet troops of sacred soules: hither, I say,
 Faire *Sibyl* shall thee by much bloud convey
 Of sacrific'd black beasts. Whence thou shalt know
 Thy citie sought, and race from thee to flow.
 And now farewell, moist midnight hastes away,
Sols puffing steeds begin to breath out day.
 This said, like smoak he flies i'th' fleeting skie.

To whom *Aeneas*; Whither dost thou flie? (flight?
Why hastes thou hence? From whom dost thou take
Or, who does thee from our embraces fright?
Which spoke, he stirres the embers, rakt up fire,
And worships with a reverend hearts desire
His *Trojan* Gods, and to them consecrates
Pure floure and frankincense. Then calls his mates,
But chiefly grave *Acestes* speedily,
And *Joves* command to them doth signifie,
And his deare fathers charge, what he design'd,
And now resolv'd. Whereto *Acest* inclin'd.
And counsel straight they take, and measure forth
Towns for their vvives, and men of meanest worth,
Whose most ignoble mindes regard not fame.
But they new sailing barks begin to frame,
And half-burnt ship-planks, oares and ropes repaire;
In number, few; in vvarre, for service rare.
Meanwhile *Aeneas* vvith a plough sets out
The cities scope, 'points houses round about:
Here *Iliums* towers, there he sets *Troyes* faire gates:
Thus his new realm *Acest* congratulates.
Then courts and laws he gives the fathers grave,
And neare the starres, on *Eryx* high would have
A temple founded unto *Venus* faire,
A sacred grove, and priest, vvwhose speciall care
Should onely be, *Anchises* tombe to tend:
And novv the nations nine dayes feast had end;
And on their altars offerings all vvwere made,
And fanning gales upon the ocean play'd,
And frequent puffing blasts to sea invite.
Then on the shore at their departing fight,
Full floods of teares are shed, and night and day

In mutuall kinde embraces still they stay.
 And now those wives, those folk effeminate,
 To whom the sight of sea was frightfull late,
 That toile intolerable; now most fain
 Away they would to sea, all toile sustain.
 Whom good *Aeneas* with kinde vvords doth cheere,
 And vveeping leaves t' *Accest* his kinsman deare.
 To *Eryx* then three calves he bids them kill,
 And to the storms a lambe he offer vvill.
 Bids them the cables loose, and order right,
 Himself with olive-boughs his head bedight,
 In's hand a bowl, aloof on ship-board stood,
 Flasht out pure wines, spread entralls on the floud.
 A whisking gale puffs on them as they sail:
 His men rowe close, and thrash the flouds with flail.
 Meanwhile faire *Venus*, full of tender care,
 To *Neptune* speaks, doth thus her plaints declare:
 Fierce *Juno's* wrath, and quenchlesse indignation,
 Force me (great *Neptune*) to prest supplication.
 Which rage of hers no length of time, or dayes,
 Nor piety or pity stops or stayes:
 Nor *Joves* command, or fates decree can still
 Her most unbrideled rage: nor *Troyes* great ill,
 Bespoil'd of towns and nation, vvith strange spight,
 Can satisfie, but with all rancourous might
 She plagues poore vvafted *Troyes* (as yet) remains;
 Yea their dead bones and ashes she disdains.
 The cause of so great wrath her self can tell,
 And how she lately rais'd, thou know'st it well,
 Strange sudden storms o're all the *Libyan* seas,
 Confounding heaven and sea with rough disease:
 All by her friend *Aeolus* puffs most vain,

All this she durst in thy vast realm, the main.
 Behold, beside the *Trojan* vvives (foule fact!)
 VVith rage enflam'd, foulely (by her compact)
 Fired their fleet, forc'd them, their ships decay'd,
 In a strange land to be detain'd and stay'd.
 This then remains; I pray thee let them sail
 Thy vvatrie soil in safety, with smooth gale
 Let them arive vvhere *Tybers* stream doth flow:
 If our desires thou grant, if fates also
 Grant us our promis'd realms, then speak, I pray.
 Then *Neptune*, seas great soveraigne, thus did say;
 Faire *Venus*, thou mayst in my bounds be bold,
 For thence thou dost thy bloud and lineage hold:
 I alwayes also have been kinde to thine,
 And heavens and seas joynt wrath, vvhich did combine,
 And fury fierce, I have restrain'd for thee,
 Nor have I (*Xanth* and *Simois* vvitnes be)
 Of thine *Aeneas* had lesse care on land:
 But when *Achilles* fierce with furious hand
 Did prosecute and execute with might
Troyes troops, and from safe vvalls forc'd them to flight;
 When thousands dead did fall, when floods did groan,
 Fill'd vvith kill'd bodies; when no way was known
 For *Xanthus* course to sea, being dam'd with dead:
 I then in misty clouds quite covered
Aeneas, chaled by *Achilles* strong,
 VVhen fates and force left him to hostile vvrong:
 Even then vvhen I could vvell have found in heart,
 Mine own built faithlesse *Troy* quite to subvert.
 Then feare not, for I have the same minde still:
 He and they all desir'd, shall safely fill
Avernius port; one onely shall be drown'd,

VWho fought for in the sea, shall not be found:
 His life the rest shall ransom. Thus most kinde
 He stroaks and cheeres the Goddesse cheerefull minde,
 Then yokes his horses to his chariots drift,
 And gives the foamy reins to's coursers swift,
 The bridle laid most loose: and thus he slides
 In his blew chariot o're the surging tides:
 Down winde the vvaves, low the rough billows bend,
 Under his thundring wheels clouds quick descend.
 Then various troops appeare above the main,
Leviathans most huge, old *Glaucus* train,
 Mankinde *Palemon*, nimble *Tritons* thick,
 And foamy *Phorcus* his attendants quick.
 The left hand *Thetis*, and the *Mermaids* keep,
Nisæe, *Spio*, all sea-nymphs that sleep,
 And love to live in waves. *Aeneas* here
 His drooping thoughts with joy doth now re-cheare,
 And bids his men their masts to raise with speed,
 To stretch their sails. Whereto they all proceed,
 Their feet and force, their hands and heart conjoyn
 To th' larboard, or to th' starboard to incline:
 Their sail-yards then they winde, unwinde again:
 All things concur to make them sail amain.
 But primely *Palinurus* guides them all:
 All bend their course to his least beck or call.
 And now was midnight neare, when all took rest,
 Spread on hard hatches thus, from toyling ceast;
 VWhen as soft sleeps slipt down from starrie skies,
 And glancing through th' aires darknes way discries
 To pitch on thee, poore harmlesse *Palinure*,
 On thee to force sad sleep who sat't secure,
 Presenting to thee thy friend *Phorbias* face,
 And speaking thus to thee in dreaming case;

See *Jasian Palinure*, the very tide
 Makes thy ship sail, faire gales it friendly guide.
 Here's time to rest, lay down thy head and sleep,
 And I for thee thy stern will carefull keep.
 To whom vvith drowfie eyes sayes *Palinure*;
 Wouldst thou me make in calme seas secure?
 And in faire streams fallacious dreams to trust?
 And great *Aeneas* on false blasts to thrust?
 With skies faire face have I so oft been gull'd?
 For this? This said, his helm more close he pull'd,
 Keeps fast his hold, on's starres fast fixt his eyes.
 But now behold, this God of sleep from skies
 Whisks a vvet branch of soporiferous dew,
 Whose *Stygian* strength he o're his eye-brows threw:
 Which soon his rowling eyes with sleep o'relaid. }
 Whose first loose lids on sudden nod scarce made, }
 When to himself the helm too closely stay'd, }
 He pulls the poop aside, the rudder brast,
 And over-board i'th' sea he's headlong cast,
 Crying for help unto his mates in vain,
 And then this sleep-god flies to th' skies again.
 The fleet, for all this, sails in safety
 By *Neptunes* promise, in security.
 And now *Sirenes* rigid rocks drew neare,
 VVhich with huge heaps of bones did white appeare:
 And then farre off the rocks rough roares they heard,
 VVhen grave *Aeneas* from his sleep up-rear'd,
 Perceiv'd their master lost, the fleet to stray, }
 Himself by night the pilots part did play, }
 Lamenting much his old deare friends decay. }
 Ah too too credulous of sea and skie!
 Deare *Palinure* in unknown sands must lie.

An end of the fifth book of
Virgils Aeneids.

THE ARGUMENT

of the sixth book.

*Aeneas safe at Cuma's lands,
By Sibyll strange things understands:
Misenus found, and buried there,
From whom the hill its name doth beare.
The Gods appeas'd, a branch of gold
He beares along: His course doth hold,
By Sibyls guide, t' Avernus lake;
Knows Palinure, great care does take
To comfort Dido, there being found.
Sees Deiphobus cruell wound.
Sibyll him shows the pains of hell,
Anchises meets him, knows him well.
Rare things of Rome to him relates:
Which done, he thence returns to's mates.*

Hose weeping words so uttered, swift he
fails,
And gets to Cumas coasts with prosperous
gales.

Foredecks they winde from sea, sharp anchours tie
Their settled ships, which 'bout the shores do lie:
Out leap their nimble youth, with high desire
Of *Latium* land. Some seek for sparks of fire
Hid in hard flints; some range the woods about,
The wilde-beasts dennes, fresh springs and foulds finde
But good *Aeneas* to the towers did hie,

(out
Where

Where great *Apollo* hath supremacie,
 The dungeon dark and cells of *Sibyll* grave,
 To whom a heart and minde *Apollo* gave
 Inspir'd with wisdome, future things to know;
 Then to *Diana's* groves, guilt rooms, they go.
 Fame sayes, when *Dedalus* from *Creet* did flie
 On wax-swift wings, he boldly flew i'th' skie,
 To the cold North gliding by uncouth way,
 On *Cumas* turrets he at last did stay.
 Here first ariving safe, great *Phæbus*, he
 Offered his wings, built temples faire to thee.
 Upon whose gates *Androgens* death doth stand:
 And how (oh woe!) th' *Athenians* by command
 Seven sonnes and daughters yeare by yeare did slay:
 There pots for drawing lots behold we may.
 Above the sea, their *Candy* countrey's seen,
 And there was pourtray'd *Pasiphæe* the queen;
 And by her stood her loathsome love, a bull;
 With whom by art her lust was serv'd at full:
 Whose monstrous mixture foulely did produce
 A two-form'd *Minotaure*, of base abuse,
 A monstrous monument. That house was here,
 Whose *Labyrinthick* labour did appeare
 In its amazing maze. But *Dedalus*
 Pitying the queens love most notorious,
 Found out the houses sleights; Meanders strange,
 Led by a threed, through all the crooks did range.
 And thou, O *Icarus*, hadst had great share
 (Had not grief hindred) in this work so rare:
 Twice he assay'd thy fate in gold to paint,
 And twice i'th' work thy fathers hand did faint.
 Yea all those famous facts they had survey'd,

Had not *Achates*, sent before, them stayd,
 And with him *Deiphobe* brought, no lesse,
Apollo's and *Diana's* Prophetesse:
 Who thus sayes to the king; This time requires
 No pleasing spectacles to th' eyes desires:
 But now out of thy droves seven heifers faire
 Go sacrifice, and seven good sheep prepare,
 According to old wont. This to him said,
 Her holy hefts *Aeneas* straight obey'd.
 The *Trojans* then she to th' huge temple calls,
 Into a cave cut out o'th' mightie walls
 Of *Cumas* mount: an hundred wayes most wide
 Leading thereto, an hundred doores beside,
 Where hundred voices roare *Sibylls* replies.
 To th' porch they came, when as the virgin wise
 Sayes, Now's the time the fates decrees to know:
 Here's God, ah see the God! who saying so,
 Her visage straight was changed at the doore,
 And her complection was not as before:
 Her haire did stare, her heart did pant with feare,
 Strange extasies her swelling thoughts did reare;
 She greater personage seems, no voice humane
 She seems to have, since she did neare remain
 Unto the Gods great power, therewith inspir'd:
 And stand'st thou still (sayes she) when prayer's requir'd,
Trojan Aeneas? stand'st thou still, I say?
 Shall not these fearefull rooms (till thou dost pray)
 Ope their wide mouths? This having said, she ceast.
 Straight on the *Trojans* trembling feare increast.
 Then thus the king humbly did supplicate;
 Great *Phœbus*, who dost still commiserate
Troyes tedious toiles, who *Paris* hand didst guide,
 And

And mad'st his shaft to pierce *Achilles* side;
 By whom so many land-enclosing seas
 I entred have, and passed with sweet ease;
 And through most farre remote *Moroco* lands,
 Through many deep and dangerous quick-sands;
 And now at last in shrinking *Italie*
 Have safe ariv'd, and hitherto past by
 The various fortunes which have us still tended:
 O now 'tis time, your indignation ended,
 Great Gods and Goddeses, whom *Ilium* brave,
 And glorious *Dardan* much provoked have:
 And thou, most sacred priest, which dost foresee
 Future events, grant (for I ask of thee
 But kingdoms due by destinies consent)
 Us *Trojans* rest in *Latiums* continent,
 And to *Troyes* wandring Gods, who with us went.
 Then I'le to *Phæbus* and *Diana* raise
 Faire marble temples, and t' *Apollo's* praise
 Make dayes of triumphs; and within our state,
 Thee as our God, we all will venerate.
 And here thine anxious oracles I'le place,
 Thy secret sacred rhymes, my nations grace.
 To thee, faire priest, choice men I'le consecrate;
 Onely in leaves do not thy rhymes relate,
 Lest pufte with windes, they fluttering flie away.
 And thus he ends; Speak thou thy self, I pray.
 But here the priest pelting impatiently,
 Wrathfully rag'd at *Phæbus* deity
 Within the cave: if she could from her breast
 Shake off the Gods great power, which her suppress,
 And which so much the more did curb and tame
 Her madding mouth, her fierce heart fitly frame.

And

And now the temples hundred mightie doores
 Ope of themselves, by orizons; the roares
 Of *Sibylls* answers thus the aire do beat;
 O thou who hast escapt seas dangers great!
 Yet still on land farre greater thee attend.
 The *Trojans* shall (then let this care here end)
 Into *Lavinus* realms arive, but there (feare,
 They'le soon repent: warres, warres full fraught with
 And *Tyber* foaming streams of bloud I see.
 Ah *Simois* and *Xanthus* there shall be,
 And second *Grecian* camps: there thou shalt finde
 A new *Achilles* of as fierce a minde,
 Born of a Goddesse great: yea *Juno* fierce
 Will still the *Trojans* with much anguish pierce.
 When thou in straits shalt be, what nations great,
 What *Latian* towns shalt not thou lowly entreat?
 A nother harbour'd wise will cause this smart,
 A forrain wedlock on the *Trojans* part.
 Yet shrink not for these ills, but stouter be:
 For the first hope (thou'lt scarcely credit me)
 Of comfort, wherewith fortune will thee crown,
 Shall surely issue from a *Grecian* town.
 Thus from her cell *Cumean Sibyll* sings
 Ambiguous ambages, the cloyster rings
 With the shrill sound thereof, in most dark strains }
 Wrapping up truths with such o'reruling rains, }
Apollo's spurres her furious stirres restrains. }
 As soon as ere her rage began to cease,
 And her mad mouth began to be at peace,
 Noble *Aeneas* thus begins to say;
 Faire virgin, no new stirres thou dost display,
 No strange unheard-of change, unknown to me,

All

All these in heart long since I did foresee.
 This one thing I desire (since men relate,
 That hard by is th' infernall kings wide gate,
 And *Acherontine* darksome plashie lake)
 O may I enter, for my fathers sake,
 To see his lovely face. Open, I pray,
 Those dreadfull doores, and lead me the right way.
 Him I through flames and thousand fluttering darts
 Bore on my back, and sav'd from hostile smarts:
 With me he went, with me all seas he sail'd,
 All storms, wherewith skies, seas, shores, us assail'd,
 Beyond his strength, and lot he feebly bore.
 He when I hither came, charg'd me before,
 That humbly I should pray for free accessse
 Into thy courts: faire ladie, now expresse
 Compassion to the father and the sonne:
 For by thy power what ere thou wilt is done.
 Nor thee in vain hath *Hecate* set thus
 Over *Avernus* groves: If *Orpheus*
 With's *Thracian* harp and rarely sounding voice
 His wifes soule could regain, with longed choice:
 If *Pollux* could by death alternately
 His brother free, go, come most frequently:
 What talk I now of *Hercules* most strong?
 Of *Theseus* stout? even I my self belong
 To mightie *Joves* high race. This being said,
 He held the altar: then the priestly maid
 Did thus reply; Brave *Trojan*, born most high,
 The way to hell is found most easily:
Pluto's black gate stands open night and day:
 But to return, and thence finde heavens hard way,
 O here's the toile, this is a work indeed;

few can do this, and they of heavenly breed,
 And such as are belov'd of *Jove* most just,
 Whose vertues rare to th' skies exalt them must:
 Dark woods, black flouds, the midwayes overspread:
 Yet if thy minde be with such longing led,
 To swimme twice over *Styx*, twice to behold
Tartars dark dennes, and that thou art so bold,
 So hard a task, so free to take in hand:
 Then what thou first must do now understand:
 In huge wood shades there is a golden tree,
 Whose leaves and tender twigs all golden be,
 To faire *Proserpina* being consecrated,
 Which by the whole thick wood is obumbrated,
 And with dark dikes and banks immur'd about:
 But none can under earth get in or out,
 Till he a branch of that gold tree obtain,
 Which must to faire *Proserpina* remain,
 As her choice gift. A first branch pull'd away,
 Another sprig springs out of gold most gay:
 Then search it seriously, which when you spie,
 Carefully crop it; for if destinie
 Intend thee to befriend, 'twill follow faire,
 With a slight slip; if not, no toil or care
 Can break the branch, no ax it loose or lop.
 Besides, there lies upon the earths bare top,
 Thy friends unburied corps (alas, thou sure
 Knowest it not) whose smell none can endure
 Through all thy fleet: then whiles thou here dost stay
 To ask deep counsell, take his corps away,
 And lay him in his grave, and with thee take
 Fat beasts, thy first black sacrifice to make.
 So shalt thou *Styx* in groves behold at last,

And

And hard-found courts, which (yet) no mortals past.
This said, to silence she her lips confin'd.
Aeneas, he goes on with carefull minde,
His eyes fast fixt on ground, the cave forsaken,
By thousand thoughts of strange events o'retaken.
With whom his trustie kinde *Achates* went,
To share with him in all hard straits full bent.
Thus as they passe, much various talk they finde;
What corps t'interre she meant; what dead friend kinde:
And going on, they on dry-land did spie
Misennus good, slain most unworthily:
Misennus nobly born, then whom was none
A braver bolder trumpeter ere known.
With expert art t'inflame mens hearts to fight,
In whom great *Hector* rarely did delight,
Made him his mate; for in his battells brave
With speare and trump he did him well behave.
But when *Achilles* victour vanquished
His *Hector* deare, he forthwith followed
Trojan Aeneas, as his noble mate,
To no lesse fame himself t' associate.
But (once) when on an hollow rock, by chance,
He unadvise'dly did his trump advance,
And with shrill notes did seem to vindicate
The sea-nymphs; *Triton* him did emulate,
And (if we may beleieve it) in disdain
Precipitately in the foamy main
Drown'd him amongst the rocks. They all therefore
About the corps his fatall end deplore,
Chiefly *Aeneas*: then without delay
They *Sibylls* charge to discharge haste away,
And weeping went to work, to fell down trees,

Agrave pile to erect, which by degrees
 Should touch the skies. To an old wood they go,
 Where fierce wilde beasts did lurk: there down they }
 Firre-trees, and beech resounding hatchets blow, (throw }
 Ash-trees and oaks they cut and cleave with wedges,
 And from the hills huge elms they rowl on sledges.
Æneas chiefly all their works o'reviews,
 Prayes them to ply it, nor doth he refuse
 To work with them; yet whiles in his sad breast
 He ruminates these things, his eyes addrest
 To the huge wood, thus haply prayed he;
 O that in this wide wood, that golden tree
 So hard to finde, it self would to me show,
 For surely all the prophets said (I know)
 Is too too true of thee, *Misenus* deare!
 Scarce said he thus, when to him did appeare
 A paire of pigeons, flying 'fore his eyes,
 And on the grasse alighting from the skies.
 The noble prince his mothers birds did know,
 And joyfull prayes, O be my guides, and show
 The way if any be, and through the aire
 'Point me a path by which I may repaire
 Into the wood, and finde the fertile ground,
 Which with that rare rich golden branch is crown'd.
 And thou deare mother, do me not forsake
 In such anxieties: as thus he spake,
 He steady stands, watching the doves aright, (flight.
 What signes they'd show, which way they'd take their
 They onely pecking meat flew fast away
 As farre as e're mans sight could after stray.
 Thus flying o're *Avernas* stinking lake,
 They swiftly hovering up, their way do take

Through

Through the transparent aire, and gliding fit
 Each on a tree, upon their branches fit.
 Whence on the boughs gold glistering glimpses lay,
 Like as when on a pinching winter day
 The mistle-tow doth flourish fresh and gay
 With new sprung leaves, which ne're grew from the tree,
 On which it hangs, whose yellow berries be
 'Bout the tall trunk thereof, a clinging shade:
 Even such a shew the golden branches made,
 On adverse oaken boughs, which a soft blast
 Made dangling leaves a twinkling lustre cast.
 At it straight leaps *Aeneas*, pulls it quick
 Greedily, thinking it too long did stick.
 Which to the *Sibylls* cell away he bore.
 Meanwhile the *Trojans* did lament on shore
Misennus dead, and his neglected dust
 They now adorn with funerall rites most just.
 And first, fat-heart of oak in shivers cut,
 And pitchie chips of wood together put,
 They built a mightie pile, and thereto adde
 In gracefull wise his arms and cypresse sad.
 Some get warm water, some set on the flame
 Brasse boyling cauldrons, some with ointments came,
 And wash and 'noint his frozen body there,
 And weeping much his wofull corps they beare
 Unto the bed; then over him were thrown
 His purple robes, rich vestures throughly known.
 Some on their shoulders beare the mightie beere
 (Sad piece of service) as to parents deare
 Young men do use; their torches turn'd behinde,
 Their frankincense and oyles, given with free minde,
 They heap together, and together burn.

Thus

Thus when his corps and all to ashes turn,
 And the flame flakes; vvhhat ever did remain,
 His unburnt bones, hot cinders, up were ta'ne,
 And washt vvith wine, and by *Chorineus* laid
 Into a brazen coffin, by him made:
 And thrice pure water on his mates he threw,
 And with an olive-branch sprinkles sweet dew.
 And thus due expiation makes for all,
 And bids farewell, last knell, to th' funerall.
 But good *Aeneas* the sepulchre raises
 To a huge height, and to the mans due praises
 Layes on his arms, his oare, and trump of fame,
 Upon the skie-top mount, which from his name
 Was call'd *Misennus*, aye to beare the same.
 This done, he speeds to do the *Sibylls* charge.
 There is a dungeon deep, with mouth most large,
 Lined with stones, fenc'd with black pools, boughs thick,
 O're which no fowl dares flie, though ne're so quick,
 Without destruction; such foul stinks arise
 Out of its mouth, and putrifie the skies:
 Whence *Greeks* that place *Avernus* nominate.
 Here foure fat heifers he did ordinate,
 Upon whose front the priest pure liquor threw,
 And pul'd the haire, which 'twixt their horns thick
 And cast them in the fire, first expiation; (grew,
 Making to *Hecate* due invocation,
 Whose soveraignty in heaven and hell was great.
 Some kill the beasts, and in their basons neat
 Save the warm bloud: *Aeneas* self also
 A black-wool'd lambe to th' dam of haggess below,
 And her great sifter, vvith his sword did slay;
 And unto thee, sacred *Proserpina*,

A barren cow. Then to the *Stygian* king
 He built night-altars, and to them did bring
 Fat flesh of bulls, to sacrifice i'th' flame,
 Pouring on fatty oyle t' increase the same.
 But now, behold, before *Sol's* first arise,
 Under his feet the ground made muttering cries,
 Wood-mountains mov'd, dogs seem'd to howl i'th' shade,
 Just as the Goddesse came, foule stirre was made:
 The priest cries out, Avaunt, be gon, profane,
 And cleare these groves, not one must here remain.
 Force thou thy way with naked sword in hand,
 Be strong, *Aeneas*, stoutly to it stand.
 This said, her self into the cave she cast
 Most furiously; he stiffely follows fast,
 So good a guide, at heels, and thus he pray'd;
 Great Gods, which rule each ghost and silent shade,
Phlegethon, *Chaos*, rooms dark, dumbe and deep;
 O let me not of these things silence keep:
 O let me with your leave speak what I heare,
 Disclose hid secrets, vvhich do here appeare,
 Deep under ground, and in black darknesse drown'd.
 Then in dark night, black shades, they ramble round
 Through *Pluto's* palaces, and regions void:
 Much like, when men (the moon with clouds being cloyd)
 Walking in woods but by a glimmering light,
Jove having hid with fogs the skies cleare sight,
 And colours faire being damp't by darksome night. }
 Before the porch, in the first gape of hell,
 Foule mournings and tormenting cares did dwell;
 Deadly diseases, old-age anguishes,
 Feare, faultie famine, vvents lean languishes;
 Affrighting-forms, fierce death, and deadly toiles,

Deaths

Deaths kinsman, sleep; false filthie joy, that soiles
Mens soules. On th' other side were deadly warres,
The Furies beds of steel, and desperate jarres,
Her viperous haire tide up with bloody bands.
Ith' midst a mightie shadie elm there stands,
With weather-beaten boughs and aged arms:
Where usually (they say) vain dreams and charms
Made their abodes, and 'bout the leaves did 'bide,
And many furious fierce vvilde beasts beside.
Two natur'd *Scylla's*, *Centaur's* stabled were
About the doores, monsters of hideous feare:
Briareus hundreth-handed, *Hydra's* ire,
Teeth-gnashing *Chimæra's* arm'd with flames of fire;
Gorgons, and *Harpyes*, haggas with shapes three-fold.
Here sudden fright *Æneas* forc'd to hold,
And shake his naked sword to all he met:
And had not his vvise guides advisement let,
And made him from those corps-lesse soules to fly,
And passe in peace, those thin shapes subtiltie
He had assail'd, but vainly beat the aire.
Thence then he to the right path did repaire,
Which leads to th' *Acherontine* filthie floud:
Whose troublous stream boiles up vvith mire and mud,
And from *Cocytus* sands evaporates.
Charon, hells frightfull ferryman, there vvaites,
And plies the passage o're this filthie floud,
VVith crabbed countenance, hoare haires, which flood
Most roughly over-grown o're all his chin,
His gogling eyes star'd, as they flames had bin;
In ragged robes and tattered old attire.
Thus, a strong long pole thrust into the mire,
He drives his boat, assisted vvith one sail,

And, as his charge, in's barge soules o're doth hale.
 Much grown in yeares, yet lusty for his age;
 To whom to th' shore soules flock for their passage,
 Women and men, yea all whom death destroyes,
 Great potent peeres, unmarried maids and boyes,
 Compt youths, vvhich die before their fathers face,
 Like leaves in vvhoods, falling from trees apace,
 Pincht off by autumnes chilling, killing cold:
 Or like conglomerated birds that hold
 And flie together, forced o're the main,
 By vvinter vveather, to some pleasant plain.
 Thus stand they striving, first, to be past o're,
 With hands and hearts longing for th' other shore.
 The fuming ferryman takes these, leaves those,
 And others fiercely farre from shore o'rethrows.
Aeneas (with this noise much mov'd, amaz'd)
 Sayes to the priestly maid, Pray, vvhence is rais'd
 This flocking to the floud? vvhat seek these soules?
 What strange adventure to these banks them toules?
 And why do those the livid waves vvith oares
 So swiftly sweep, to get unto yon shores?
 To whom the aged priest sayes briefly thus.
Anchises, and *Joves* off-spring generous,
 This is *Cocytus* deep black *Styxes* lake,
 By which to sweare, forswear, Gods conscience make.
 Unburied soules, that ragged-rabble be,
 And he the boatsman, *Charon*, whom you see.
 Those vvhom he rowes in's boat, due buriall have;
 Now may they, till their bones do rest in grave,
 O're those rough streams, those banks have transporta-
 But make about those shores perambulation, (tion,
 And wandring walks, at least, an hundred yeares,

Then

Then passe they o're those ponds, which them re-cheeres.
Aeneas then with fixed feet stood still,
Full of deep thoughts, pitying their case most ill:
There he beheld *Leucaspis* 'mongst them all,
And brave *Orontes*, his fleets admirall,
Mourning their vwant of honourable graves,
Whom boystrous blasts o'rewhelmed in the vvaves,
And sunk both ships and men, sailing from *Troy*.
Behold, he now beheld, vvith more annoy,
His ship-master, his *Palinure*, perplext:
Who sailing *Sicils* seas, his eyes fast fixt
Upon his starres, fell over-board, was drown'd;
Whom scarce for mists, his sad friend having found,
Thus he sayes to him; My deare *Palinure*,
What God our losse of thee did thus procure?
And drench thee in the deep? I pray thee tell,
For ne're till now did falshood with him dwell:
Apollo with this one unsure reply,
Did much deceive my vain credulity;
Who told me, thou seas safe shouldst passe, and see
Faire *Italie*, and there shouldst landed be:
And is this (now) the faithfull promise made?
But he on th' other side repli'de, and said;
Brave *Trojan* prince, nor *Phæbus* thee deluded,
Nor any God me to the seas obtruded:
For I my self holding my helm too fast,
Where I sat pilot, did me headlong cast
Into the sea, guiding the ship. I sweare
By all rough seas, nought did me so much feare
As thy great ships and ship-masters decay,
Lest on thy bark rough swelling seas should prey.
Three vvinter-nights, fierce vvindes me blew about

The ocean vast; the fourth day I found out,
 VVith much adoe, the banks of *Italie*,
 Keeping my head still 'bove the waves on high:
 At last, by small degrees I got to land,
 And thereon safely I a while did stand,
 And so had staid, but for a barbarous crew,
 VVho to me (dropping vvet) in fury drew:
 And as I crawled up on hands and feet
 A craggy bank, vvith swords they did me meet,
 Slew me, and of me hop'd to make a prey:
 Now vvindes and vvaves me neare the shore do lay,
 Yet keep i'th' sea. Wherefore by heavens light cleare,
 By this faire aire, and by thy father deare,
 And young *Iulus* hopes, I thee intreat
 Free me from this ill state, thou captain great;
 And either put me (as thou mayst) in ground,
 (For I in *Velmes* haven may be found)
 Or else, if means there be, if Goddesse great
 Have shewn thee any supernat'ral feat,
 (For I beleeve, not vvithout heavenly aid
 Thou swam'st this floud, this *Stygian* lake didst vvade)
 Lend me poore wretch thy hand, and help me o're,
 That I, at least, may rest in yon sweet shore.
 Thus he; and thus the priest her minde exprest;
 Whence, *Palinure*, comesthis thy rash request?
 VVouldst thou unburied, *Styxes* stream passe o're?
 The furies flouds, unbidden, leave thy shore?
 Cease to expect by prayers to change heavens fates.
 But heare and mark what thy case consoles.
 The nearest neighbours, bordering 'bout those parts,
 By heavens prodigious signes perplex in hearts,
 Shall take thy bones, and vvith solemnities

Interre

Interre, entombe thee: from which grave shall rise
 Unto that place an everlasting name
 Of *Palinure*. Hence he more glad became,
 His care had cure, his grief in part was past,
 That that land should his name retain at last.
 Then on they passe, and to the pool draw nigh,
 Whom *Charon* straight on *Stygian* streams doth spie,
 How sily they the wood walk, haste to land:
 Thus he with checks and taunts them takes in hand.
 Who e're thou art, that arm'd wouldst sail this way,
 Say, what's thy will? why com'st thou? thou shalt stay.
 These be foules seats: here night and sleep do sit:
 In *Styxes* boat live bodies 'tis not fit
 To carry o're, nor did it me well please
 To carry *Theseus*, or great *Hercules*,
 Or *Pirithous*, though they were heavenly bred,
 For strength and stomach most unconquered.
Alcides bound fierce *Cerberus* in bands,
 Hells great grim-porter, and with his strong hands
 Him quaking drag'd from *Pluto's* princely seat;
 The rest did plot our king of's queen to cheat.
 To whom th' *Amphrysian* priest reply'd again;
 Trust me, here's no such tricks; from rage refrain;
 Our weapons wound not, *Cerberus* may bark,
 And ever fright poore soules in's dungeon dark:
Proserpina may keep her uncles bed;
 For this our *Trojan* prince much honoured
 For piety and prowesse, but intends
 To go to's father, to deep hell descends.
 If so great goodnesse in the man moves not,
 Yet know this branch of gold, which he hath got:
 (Which she pul'd forth, being hid under his gown)

Whereat his rage and wrath of heart sank down.
 Silent, that sacred gift he did adore,
 The fatall branch not seen long time before,
 And shoves to shore the blew boat them to take,
 And other soules which sate beside the lake
 He thrusts aside, and layes the hatches fit,
 And great *Aeneas* fits ith' bulk of it.
 The joynted barge groan'd with their pondrous weight,
 And through the chinks took in much puddle straight.
 At length the priest and prince past o're the floud,
 And scapt the flaggy gray-grasse, myre and mud;
 Hells porter *Cerberus*, through his triple throat
 Through all those regions rais'd a barking note.
 Couching, huge curre-like, in his kennell by,
 Whose snake-like swelling neck the priest did spie,
 And casts to him a soporiferous sop,
 With drugs and honey mixt, which he did stop,
 And through his treble throat it quickly snaps,
 In dogged-hunger, with his meager chaps.
 Whereat his mighty back croucht, down he lies,
 And spreads himself ith' cave, with slumbring eyes.
 The porter laid, *Aeneas* whipt in brave,
 And got to shore from th' irregressive wave.
 Straight in's first entrance piteous cries he heares,
 And loud laments of infants 'bout his eares,
 Oft tender babes snatcht from their mothers breast,
 Depriv'd of longer life by deaths arrest.
 Next these, were those who by false sentence dy'd,
 Yet lot and law these to their place apply'd.
Minos th' inquisitour the lots doth cast,
 And spies and tries their lives and follies past.
 Next, they lie mourning, who with guiltlesse smart,

Hating

Hating their lives, their own hands pierce their heart:
 Then though they spilt their bloud, yet now'd be glad
 To suffer earths worst toiles, then hells pains bad.
 But fates forbid, and hells most loathsome lake,
 And *Styxes* nine-fold streams tie them to th' stake.
 Not farre from thence lie all the fields about
 (For so men call them) of the weeping rout.
 Here all, whom tyrannizing love did slay
 With piercing passions, these in by-paths lay,
 Hid under myrtle boughs, whose grief of heart
 Still stings them, and in death doth not depart.
 Here he beheld *Procris* and *Phædra* faire,
Eriphyle her sonnes wounds laying bare.
Euadne he, and *Phasiphe* did finde,
 And *Laodamia*, to her pheere most kinde:
Ceneus now a woman, once a lad,
 Yet re-transfigur'd for her follies bad.
 'Mongst whom he spi'de *Sidonian Dido* there,
 Wandring ith' wood her love-wound fresh t' appeare.
 Whō *Troyes* brave prince approaching near, scarce knew
 Through the thick shade: (like *Luna*, whose first view
 A man through clouds doth see, or thinks he sees)
 He weeps, and speaks such sugred words as these;
 Distressed *Dido*, ah, that sad report
 Was too too true, brought to me from thy court;
 That thou wast dead, and with a sharp sword slain.
 Alas! sweet lady, I did cause thy bane.
 Yet I protest by starres and deities,
 And by firm faith, if under ground it lies,
 I left thy land (faire queen) against my minde,
 And here the Gods commandments me do binde
 To traverse up and down these foggy shades

Through

Through thornie paths, and deep, dark, dumpish glades;
 Nor could I e're beleeeve that it could be,
 That my departure could so cruciate thee.
 Ah st y vwith me, fly not away so fast,
 Whom shun'st thou? since this talk must be our last.
 Thus spake *Aeneas*, thinking therewithall
 To swage their grief, and fouds of teares let fall.
 She frowning fixt her angry eyes on ground,
 Nor was more mov'd with all he could propound,
 Then is hard flint, or *Parnus* rock obdure.
 At last she from him breaks into obscure
 And bushy vwoods, flying most angrilie,
 VWhere her first spouse *Sichem* courteously
 Answered, her vvoes vwith equall love repayd.
 At this hard hap *Aeneas* vvas dismay'd:
 Yet vweeping follows her aloof, apace,
 Lamenting much her absent vvofull case.
 Thence on he goes, and at the last they came
 To th' utmost fields, where men of Martiall fame
 Did walk about: here he *Tydeus* meets,
 And *Mars*-like *Parthenopeus* kindly greets;
Adrastus gastly ghost: and here he spies
 Such *Trojan* lords as caus'd full weeping eyes:
 They being slain in warre, he knows them all
 In their rare ranks, and many a teare lets fall.
Glaucus, *Thersilocus*, *Medon*, all three
Antenors sonnes, he sadly there did see,
Polybetes, great *Ceres* priest most stout,
Idem still in's chariot drawn about,
 Still brandishing his blade: soules thick do flock
 On both sides, making him their gazing-stock.
 One fight sufficeth not: they stay, stand still,

Make neare approach, and know the cause they will
 Why, how he came. But *Greeces* peeres most stout,
 And those of *Agamemnons* warre-like rout,
 Spying the man, and his drawn glistering blade
 Through the thick mists, extreemly all afraid,
 Some flie away, as once to ship to get:
 Some gape to speak, whose gapes their speech do let.
 And here at last he saw in wofull case
 King *Priams* *Deiphobus* mangled face,
 And all o're wounded corps most cruelly,
 Yea, his faire face defac'd uncomelily;
 His broken brows, both hands, both eares, and nose,
 All quite cut off by his most barbarous foes.
 Scarce he him knew, trembling in wofull wise,
 Lab'ring to hide those dire deformities.
 Yet in a well known tone thus he cries out;
 Deare *Deiphobus*, valiant, stern and stout,
 Sprung from *Troyes* royall stemme, what savage minde
 To take such foule revenge in's heart could finde?
 O who had power to use, abuse thee so?
 Fame did report, and I nought else did know,
 But that in dead of night, thou wearied,
 With slaying *Greeks* didst fighting fall down dead
 On heaps of them. Then I in vain did frame
 On *Rhetian* shores a tombe unto thy fame:
 And to thy soule sent three salutes most deep,
 And made that place thy name and fame to keep:
 Thy body there (faire friend) I could not see,
 Nor as I would (my countrey left) give thee
 A worthy buriall. *Deiphobus* here
 Sayes, Nothing's left undone, O friend most deare;
 To *Deiphobus* thou all dues hast payd,

All buriall rites: but here alas I'm stayd,
 And drown'd in this distresse by fates decree,
 And base *Lacena's* fatall villanie:
 She left me these sad monuments of woe.
 For as we all (you cannot choose but know,
 And too too well remember) that last night
 Did spend in frolick, but most false delight;
 When first that fatall horrid horse o'releapt
 Our *Trojan* walls, when from his paunch out stept
 His swelling troops of armed foot-men fierce,
 She feigning votes in *Bacchanalian* verse,
 Led up and down our quaffing *Phrygian* dames,
 And in her hand held forth bright burning flames:
 And from their camps call'd out the *Grecians* bold.
 Then cumbring cares and sleepinesse did hold
 Me prest to rest, in my unhappie bed,
 And sweet deep sleep had me (now) vanquished,
 And laid like one quite dead. This worthy wife
 (Meanwhile) my arms, the safegard of my life,
 And trusty sword, purloyn'd and stole away,
 Set my doores ope, call'd in without delay
 Her *Menelaus*, hoping (thus) to endere
 His love to her, and all past ills to cleare.
 What needs more words, they burst into my bed,
 Together with *Ulysses*, mischiefs head.
 Great Gods, repay those *Greeks* with vengeance due,
 If it be just which I request of you.
 But what strange chance hath brought thee (thus) alive
 To us? Tell me likewise; what seas did drive
 Thee to these parts? or was't the Gods decree?
 Or to these toiles hath fortune forced thee?
 To tread these sad and sunlesse wearying wayes?

Thus

Thus with this talk *Aurora's* radiant rayes
 Had guilded half-o're heavens huge axletree,
 And haply all their time thus spent might be:
 But that the *Sibyll* his most watchfull mate,
 Said, Good *Aeneas*, night doth properate,
 And we with weeping waste the time in vain:
 Here see the way divides it self in twain.
 The right hand way, which leads by *Pluto's* gate,
 Will bring us the right way t' *Elysium* straight:
 But the left leads to *Tartars* torturing cell,
 The place where damned soules are plagu'd in hell.
 Then *Deiphobus* said, Prime priest, be still,
 If I offend, I'le back; my number fill,
 And shelter me in shades. Go thou, O go,
 Thou glorie of our land, the heavens bestow
 Better good luck on thee. This having said,
 As soon as spoke away from them he made.
Aeneas quick lookt back, and soon espi'de
 A spacious castle on a rocks left side,
 With a strong threefold mightie wall surrounded,
 Which *Phlegethons* fierce fierie river bounded;
 And did thick ratling stones evaporate.
 Before it stood a mightie open gate,
 With adamantine pillars set in view,
 Such as nor Gods nor men could cut or hew
 By strength or art: a brazen towre stood high,
 Where *Tisiphone* fierce sate usually
 In bloudy robes, and night and day did guard
 And watch the way. From hence was eas'ly heard
 Great groans and moans of screeking smart and pains,
 And rumbling noise of shackling iron chains.
Aeneas stood amaz'd, dampt with that din,

And

And said, Faire lady, tell me, what's within?
 What damned soules? what plagues? what hideous cries
 Are those I heare? To whom she thus replies;
 Brave *Trojan* prince, no upright man may dwell
 In this nefarious nest of damned hell:
 But me, when as *Proserpina* me made
 Hells governess, she taught, and open layd
 The plagues which Gods inflict, shew'd me them all:
 Here's (sayth she) *Rhadamanthus* horrid hall,
 Where he corrects and findes out knaveries,
 Forcing confession of all villanies:
 And when they hope to scape with foolish joy,
 At last in death he plagues them with annoy.
 Then *Tisiphone*, in one hand a whip,
 Revenge fully makes guiltie soules to skip,
 With furious lashes, holding stinging snakes
 In th' other hand, which greater tortures makes,
 Calling for all her furious sisters aid.
 At last the sacred gates huge screeking made,
 And opened wide. Seest thou (sayes she to him)
 What looks look on us? what a guard most grim
 Sits at the porch? see horrid *Hydra's* feat,
 With fiftie snaky heads and gape-mouths great:
 Then hell itself, full twice as broad and deep
 Downward, as heaven, upward beheld, is steep.
 Here *Titans* youthfull troop, earths aged race,
 By thunder thrown down, sunk to th' deepest place.
 And here the bastard-giant twinnes I saw,
 Which with their hands meant heaven to scale, and draw
 Great *Jupiter* from his supernall seat.
 I saw *Salmones* suffering tortures great:
 For he *Joves* lightning needs would imitate,

And

And rattling thunder: being born in state
Upon foure horses, shaking flames of fire,
Making *Greek* towns and countreys him admire,
In triumph drawn, in frantick arrogance,
Himself with *Joves* due honour to advance;
Whiles he heaven, inimitable fire,
By sounding brasie, and horn-hoofc steeds desire
To counterfeit in their most swift careeres:
But mighty *Jove*, to whom this soon appeares,
Through thickest clouds dasht out a deadly dart,
(Nor could historches, nor bright fierie art
Assist) and headlong in a storm him slew.
There also might you mighty *Tityus* view,
Fructiferous *Terra's* sonne, whose body great
Stretcht out, in breadth nine acres is compleat:
A foule devouring vultures bending bill,
Gnawing upon his wastelesse intralls still:
Whose guts him ever glut with horrid pains,
Thus feeding on his breast it still remains,
And restlessely pulls his regrowing veins.
Why speak I of *Lapitha*, *Ixion*,
And *Pirithous*? on whom a huge flint-stone
Doth alwayes hang, and alwayes seem to fall;
Before whom stand rich lustfull beds most tall;
And costly cates to feed their luxurie,
Stand ready disht: but nestling o're them nigh
Stands the prime *Furie*, and them strict commands
Not once to touch the table with their hands:
And if they stirre, she starts up in great ire,
Rattles them up, bangs them with flames of fire.
Here brother-haters whiles they liv'd, I saw;
Parents despisers, cheaters of just law:

Rich churles who got great wealth, but for themselves;
 The greatest troops being of these impious elves)
 Such as for foule adulteries have been slain;
 And who injurious jarres do entertain;
 Who rob their masters, traitours are to th' state.
 All these with plagues hell doth incarcerate.
 Nor need'st thou ask, what pains and tortures fierce
 These various vitious men do sting and pierce.
 Some 'rowl huge stones, some hang fast ty'd to wheels,
 Thus wofull *Theseus* torments sits and feels,
 And e're shall feel. Thus *Phlegyas* most of all
 With hortatorie cries in hell doth yaull;
 Be warn'd, be just, the Gods do not despise:
 For gold of's countrey he made merchandize,
 And brought in an usurping powerfull lord,
 Old laws annull'd, made new laws for reward.
 Another did his daughters bed defile,
 Using forbidden copulation vile.
 All did foule deeds, and what they will'd, enjoy'd.
 Had I an hundred tongues to be employ'd,
 An hundred mouths, and iron elocution,
 I could not shew the diverse distribution
 Of all the kindes of hells impieties,
 And every plague which on them heavy lies.
 This when *Apollo's Sibyll* sage had said,
 Let's now go on (sayes he) all stayes evade,
 And our intended task begun conclude:
 Come, let's make haste; for I farre off have view'd
 The *Cyclops* shops, strong walls, high chimneys stand,
 Where we to leave our present, have command.
 This said, together they blinde paths passe by,
 Taking the midway, to the gates drew nigh.
Aeneas first rusht in, with water cleare

Sprinkles

Sprinckles himself, and on a post most neare
Unto the gate, the branch of gold sticks fast;
Which done, his gift given to the Goddesse, past;
They came at length into these pleasant places,
Those fragrant fields and groves of all the Graces,
Those sacred seats, where's larger, purer aire,
Bright light, true sense of starres, and *Phæbus* faire.
Where some delight in grassy plains to sport,
To skip and leap in sand in wrastring sort;
Some dance and sing, and trip it on their toes,
VVhiles *Orpheus* in his priest-like long gown goes
About, and playes on's seven-fold sounding lute,
And strikes the strings with quill and skill acute.
Here he beheld *Troyes* ancient noble race;
Her potent peeres, born in more blissefull case;
Ilus, *Assaracus*; first king of *Troy*,
Dardan; their arms put off with peacefull joy.
He uselesse chariots (wondring) sees set by;
Their speares fast fixt in ground, and carelessly
Their steeds let loose, feeding in pastures wide;
And look, what chariots love, what Martiall pride,
They living had, what care to feed and dresse
Their gallant coursers, now 'twas here no lesse.
Again, on's right and left hand he doth eye
Some, feeding on the grasse, sing merrylie
Rare panegyricks 'mongst sweet lawrell trees,
VVhere fluent *Poe* through groves to flow he sees.
Here patriots good, who for their countrey dy'd,
Here priests, who liv'd most modest lives, did bide;
Here pious prophets, who pure truths did preach,
Here expert artists, who rare arts did teach.
And here were they, who, mindefull of their state,

Made others their true goodnesse gratulate.
All these were crown'd with fragrant garlands gay,
By whom environ'd, thus did *Sibyll* say;
(But chiefly to *Museus* 'mongst them all,
For he vvas in the midst, and fatre most tall)
O say, sweet soules, and thou priest most divine,
What parts, what place doth old *Anchises* shrine?
For for this cause this toile we undertake,
Are hither come, have swumme hells mighty lake.
To whom this *Heroë* this reply did make;
No soule hath certain seat, here we all dwell
In shady groves, flower-beds, in fields that smell
Most fresh and fragrant, grac'd vvith rivers cleare:
But ye (if thereunto such joy ye beare)
Climbe o're this hill, your vway I'le easie make.
This said, by his good guide, their way they take:
And as they passe, he shows them fields most faire;
Thus high hills left, they to the plains repaire.
But grave *Anchises* vvas most closely bent
To see, observe in valleys excellent,
The soules reserv'd for more supernall places,
Recogitates all his own kindreds cases:
Their number, nature, fates, and fortunes all,
Their customes, courage, he to minde doth call.
And vvhen he saw *Aeneas* come to meet him,
Through the green grasse he joyfull runs to greet him;
Lifts up his hands, lets fall thick teares on's cheeks:
Yet thus unto his sonne he cheereely speaks;
And art thou come? by power and piety?
Hast thou (as I had hope) got victorie
O're this hard task? see I thy face again?
Shall I my sonne heare and reply most plain?

Thus

Thus truly I suppos'd, and cast in minde,
 Counting the times, and now all true I finde. (case!
 From vvhat strange parts (deare sonne) vvhat dangerous
 What seas turmoiles, do I thee now embrace!
 Ohow I fear'd thy harm in *Libya* land!
 Straight he reply'd; Deare father, thy command,
 And gaskly ghost in visions oft beheld,
 Hath, for thy sake, me to these parts compell'd.
 My fleet lies safe i'th' port, on *Tyrrhene* sands:
 Ah, grant good father vve may now joyn hands,
 Grant me: ah flie not from our sweet embrace.
 At vvhich words teares ran down his cheeks apace.
 Thrice 'bout his neck to clasp his arms he tries,
 Thrice from his frustrate holds his image flies,
 Like fleeting blasts, or flashy dreams by night.
 Meanwhile *Aeneas* had full in his sight,
 In a by-valley, an enclosed wood,
 With ratling boughs and sprigges, where *Lethe* floud
 Ran through *Elysian* fields; 'bout vvhich did stand
 People and nations, an innumerable band.
 Like bees, when summers sun-shine does them warm,
 Who in faire meads 'bout flowers and lilies swarm:
 So o're the field a muttering noise was rais'd,
 Whose sudden sight *Aeneas* much amaz'd.
 Being ignorant, he does the cause enquire,
 What floud that vvas, and vvhat so great desire,
 About those banks did cause such troops of men.
 Then old *Anchises* answered thus again;
 Those soules to whom new corps are due by fate,
 About the banks of *Lethe* floud do vvait
 To drink deep draughts of dull forgetfulness.
 Long since I long'd these things to thee t' expresse,

And our old stock to thee to numerate,
The more with me thee to exhilarate,
Latinum once found. O father deare (sayes he)
Can sacred soules from hence translated be
To heaven? and there resume dull corps again?
Can wretches such dire love t' earths light retain?
I'll tell thee sonne (sayes he) and cleare thy doubt.
And thus began *Anchises* to set out,
And punctually each circumstance t' explain:
At first one abstruse spirit did maintain
Heaven, earth and seas, bright moon and twinkling lights:
That spirit infus'd through all parts, moves, incites
The totall bulk; diffus'd o're the whole frame.
Hence men, beasts, birds, and all sea-creatures came,
And take life-feeding heat; and to their seed
Celestiall birth, if corrupt bodies breed
No obstacles, nor terrene tumours ill
The corps with dull and heavy humours fill.
And hence they feare, weep, have a longing minde,
Regard not heaven, clos'd in flesh prisons blinde.
Besides, when they their lifes last breath forfake,
Yet death from them (poore soules) doth not quite take
Each blot and blemish, or all corp'rall ills,
Which long i'th' body grown, it strangely fills.
Wherefore they purging punishment endure,
To make them from old evils clean and pure.
Some frisking soules i'th' whisking windes hang high,
Some in huge streams wash their impurity,
Or else are purged in refining flames:
Thus these our pains each soule here fits and frames.
Thence then we are to large *Elysium* sent,
Few are in those faire meadows resident,

Till

Till times long progresse quite expired be,
 And we from imbred, long-fed faults are free;
 Our soules all simply pure in due degree.
 And then all these (a thousand yeares full spent)
 In troops to *Lethe* flouds by God are sent:
 There made unmindefull of their former state,
 They long t' ascend corps to re-occupate,
 This said, *Anchises* his *Aeneas* brings
 With *Sibyll* into th' midst o'th' troop, which rings
 With ratling rumours: to a hill conducts him,
 Whence all now coming, he to know instructs him.
 And now go to (sayes he) I'le to the show
 Our *Albane* peeres, the glorie which shall flow
 In *Italie*, on our faire families,
 Th' imperiall princes which from us shall rise;
 Yea all thy fates and fortunes I'le declare.
 Seest thou (sayes he) that princely youth most faire,
 Which leans on's headlesse lance? He first shall spring
 From *Latines* bloud and *Thyne*, and be first king;
Sylvius an *Albane* name, thy posthume birth,
 Whom thy *Lavinia* to thy long-lifes mirth
 Shall in the woods bring forth a royall king,
 From whom a regall race of kings shall spring,
 From whom our line o're *Alba* long shall reigne:
 And *Procas* next *Troyes* glorie shall maintain,
Capys and noble *Numitor*, and he
 Whose name shall personate, re-pattern thee,
Sylvius Aeneas, rare for arms and arts,
 If ever he reigne o're those *Albane* parts.
 Behold, my sonne, those youths, what powers they show,
 Those which with peacefull oaken garlands go,
 These shall for thee *Nomentum*, *Gabii*, name,

Fidena faire, *Collatia's* towers reclaim;
 Towns famous for their chastities report:
 Potent *Pometia*, *Bola*, *Cora's* fort,
 And *Inuus* camp, towns once of noble fame,
 Now onely lands, but of no note or name.
 Besides, to's grandfire Martiall *Romulus*
 Shall be a prop, whom from *Assaracus*
 His mother *Ilia* shall produce at last:
 Seest thou not on his head two crests stand fast?
 And how great *Jove* on him his favours poures?
 Behold (faire sonne) his high emperiall towres,
 Renowned *Rome*, vvhoſe magnanimity
 Shall rule the earth, and raise their fame to th' skie:
 And on their vvall ſhe ſhall ſeven towres erect,
 Happie in famous peeres of high reſpect;
 Such as from *Berecynthia*, Gods faire queen,
 In chariot drawn through *Troy*, to ſpring were ſeen:
 Triumphant in her hundred God-births faire,
 All heaven-inhabitants, all ſtarre-kings rare.
 And now look this vvay, view this nation great,
 Thy *Romanes* rare, and *Romane* *Ceſars* ſeat,
Iulus royall race, the whole earths Keiſar.
 There's, there's the God-ſprung man, *Augustus Ceſar*,
 VVhom I ſo oft have promis'd unto thee:
 By whom the golden age *Latium* ſhall ſee.
 As once by *Saturn* 'twas the whole earth o're,
 His empire ſhall lie paſt the *Indies* ſhore,
 And *Garamants*, and where *Sols* prying eye,
 And the ceſtiall ſignes yet ne're paſt by:
 As farre as e're heaven-propping *Atlas* high
 Beares on his back the beauteous ſtarrie ſkie.
 At his approach all *Africk* ſoon ſhall quake,

And

And at his God-decrees great *Nile* shall shake,
Maugre his seven-fold mouth. Nor so much ground
As he shall win, could *Hercules* surround,
Though light-foot hinds as windes he could outflie,
And boares and beares in *Erymanth* make die:
Nor *Bacchus* that vine-victour with vine-chains,
Who tigris fierce to draw his coach constrains
O're *Nisa's* steeple tops. Now then shall we
To spread our fame by facts base cowards be?
Shall feare affright us from *Ansonia* land?
But what renowned prince doth yonder stand,
Crown'd with a sacred olive-branch? oh now
I know him by's gray haire on beard and brow,
Even noble *Numa* the first *Romane* king;
Who shall establish laws, and make *Rome* spring
From a poore land, by simple *Sabines* aid,
Unto a mightie monarchie, firm laid;
Whom *Tullus* shall succeed, his men to make
Their lazie lives to leave, arms up to take,
And wonted triumphs now again to gain.
Next him shall rise *Ancus* with ampler train,
Too much affecting popularity:
And, if thou wilt, hither reflect thine eye,
And see the kingly *Tarquines* haughty heart;
And *Brutus*, acting the revengers part,
Shall first accept the consuls dignity,
VVith bundles born, and axes fatally.
This father first his own sonnes shall destroy,
Raising rebellions to the states annoy;
And slay them, for his countrey liberty;
Unhappie, howsoe're posterity
May elevate and much commend the same,

O'recome with's countreys love and thirst of fame:
 See there where *Decii*, *Drusi*, stately stand,
 And fierce *Torquatus* with his ax in's hand,
 And brave *Camillus* stoutly doth regain
Romes ensignes lost. But that most royall twain }
 Whom thou seest glistering in like-arms most plain, }
 And now seem loving soules, kept in deep shades,
 Ah! what fierce warres, with slicing bloody blades,
 Shall they raise up, when once they rise to life?
 What battells shall they fight? what stintlesse strife?
 The fath'r in law passing th' *Alps* altitude;
 The sonne in law with's Eastern multitude
 In battell ray. Not so, deare sonne, not so,
 Use not uncivil civil-warres of wee,
 T'embrew your honour'd hands in countreys bloud.
 And thou, O thou *Cesarean* sonne, most good,
 Great seed of *Jove*, sprung from a sacred line,
 With such foule warres stain not those hands of thine:
 The *Capitoll* he shall triumphant take,
 And in his chariot make *Corinthus* quake.
 The *Grecians* slain, he *Argos* shall subdue,
 And trample down proud *Agamemnons* crew,
 And victour, vanquish *Pyrrhus* self most strong,
 Armipotent *Achilles* lay along:
 And thus old *Troyes* great wrongs revenge shall have,
 And *Pallases* polluted temple brave.
 And who can thee, grave *Cato*, here omit?
 Or of couragious *Cossus* silent sit?
 Of *Gracchus* great? those two rare *Scipios*,
 Warre-wondrous thunder-bolts, to *Carthage* woes?
Fabricius, mightie in his mean estate?
Serranus, plow-man, yet *Romes* potentate?

Why

Why am I try'd to tell of *Fabius* great?
 That mightie man, whose wisdom to retreat,
 And grave cunctation shall *Romes* wrack repaire.
 Some for their skill in brazen statutes, rare;
 Some able (I think) hard marbles so to cut
 And carve, as if they life had in them put:
 Some famous for facundous oratorie,
 Some for the Math'maticks deserving glorie.
 But thou, rare *Romane*, rule with might and right:
 Let this be thy chief art, thy choice delight,
 To plant good laws in peace, to use most kinde
 Good subjects; but to curb the haughty minde.
 Thus grave *Anchises*; and, to their more wonder,
 Behold (sayes he) mightie *Marcellus* yonder:
 How he with spoiles most richly loaded goes,
 And all transcending, him great victour shows.
 He, he shall *Rome* from ruines re-advance,
 Curb and crush *Carthage*, and subdue all *France*:
 A third time shall to *Jove*, in sacrifice,
 Hang up the captive arms, his Martiall prize.
 And here *Aeneas* (for he saw in's sight
 A lovely lively youth in armour bright,
 But with a heavy look and cast-down eye)
 Sayes, Father, pray, who's that in's company?
 His sonne? or some of his renowned race?
 What noise they make? see his most portly pace.
 Why do such dark black mists his head so hide?
 To whom *Anchises*, weeping, thus repli'de;
 Deare sonne, long not to know thy countreys woe:
 The fates this childe to th' world will onely show,
 And onely so: *Rome* (sure) seem'd too too great
 To you high Gods, if her imperiall seat

Had

Had been perpetuall. O what sighs and cries
 Shall by his death unto great *Rome* arise
 I'th' field of *Mars*! what frequent funeralls
 Shalt thou, swift *Tyber*, in thy fluent falls
 Behold, as thou dost by his new grave glide.
 Ne're shall a sprig sprung from our *Trojan* side,
 Exalt *Italian* ancestours so fairely,
 Nor *Rome* triumph in any race so rarely.
 Alas, for his connative pietie!
 Alas, for faith spread by antiquitie,
 And *Martiall* spirit! what do these avail?
 Who, unreveng'd, durst him in arms assail?
 And or on horse or foot durst him encounter,
 But he was ever found his farre surmounter?
 Ah prince to be deplor'd! if fates decree
 (Hard fates) thou scape, thou shalt *Marcellus* be.
 O give me (now) handfulls of lilies faire,
 And let me strew, with store of violets rare,
 Those odoriferous gifts about the grave
 (Though all in vain) of this our kinsman brave.
 Thus in these sad complaints they stray about,
 And prie and spie all in those fields throughout.
 And when *Anchises* all to's sonne had shown,
 And fire of future fame in's heart had blown,
 At last he shews what battells he must fight,
Latinus towns, *Italians* warre-like might;
 And how to beare, or forbear, hazards all,
 Which could or should i'th' future him befall.
 There are (sayes he) two dormitive great gates,
 Th'one made of horn (as fame to us relates)
 By which true spirits have a passage right:
 Th'other of elephantine ivorie bright:

But false and fictitious dreams soules this way send.
 When thus *Anchises* did his conference end,
 Both to his sonne, and to the *Sibyll* grave,
 Through th' ivorie gate he them free passage gave.
 He hastesto's fleet, revisits his old friends;
 And to *Carieta's* port his course he bends.
 Where they with joy their anchours all do cast,
 And there the fleet at shore is fixed fast.

*An end of the sixth book
 of Virgils Æneids.*



THE ARGUMENT of the seventh book.

*Caieta dead, here buried lies.
Æneas to Laurentum hies:
which he did plainly understand,
By his Ascanius, was the land
By fates assign'd. Then straight he sent
An hundred legates eloquent,
With presents to Latinus great,
A peace and pardon to intreat.
The king with peace doth them dispatch,
And for his daughter makes a match.
Juno displeas'd, Alecto's sent
From hell, i'th' peace to make a rent.
A wounded stagge breeds all the jarre:
Confederates fit themselves for warre.*



*And thy death, nurse Caieta, in this strand,
Eternally hath memoriz'd our land:
And now thine honour there, thy bones and
name,
Great Italie maintains. (If this thy fame
May ought enlarge) but her due obsequies
Rightly perform'd, her grave made high to rise,
Seas smooth and calm, Æneas hoyft up sails,
And left the port, with prosperous nightly gales.
Nor did dame Luna's light impeach their pace,
But made a shivering shine on seas surface.
Thus Circes next adjacent shores they slice,*

Where

Where *Sols* rich daughters daily songs entice,
 In groves unpassable: where she by night
 In her proud palace burneth fires most bright
 Of odoriferous cedar, watchfully
 With nimble spindle spinning curiously.
 Hence we might heare by night fierce lions roare,
 Strugling in rage against the bonds they bore:
 Wilde beares and bristly boares rage in their stie,
 And shapes of mighty wolves howl hideously:
 Whom furious *Circe* by her sorcerie
 And potent potions, metamorphis'd had,
 Of comely men, into wilde beasts most bad.
 Now that these honest *Trojans* might escape
 These havens, and such prodigious bestiall shape,
 And not approach that hurtfull hatefull shore;
Neptune with prosperous gales their sails up bore,
 Forc'd them from thence, them from those dangers have.
 Now *Thetis* breasts waxt red, *Aurora* brave
 I'th' azure skie with golden rayes shone bright,
 And suddenly the windes were calmed quite:
 The rocky seas their oares did nimbly smite
 And beat about. And here a mightie wood
Æneas spide, through which faire *Tyber's* flood
 With nimble goldie streams to sea did glide,
 And yellow sands the current beautifi'de:
 And various birds, which did those banks frequent,
 And the floods bubling falls such notes did vent
 Above, about, as did delight the skie,
 And in the woods with chirping chants did flie.
 And here he bids his mates their voyage stay,
 To winde the fleet to land: then joyfull, they
 Enter the shady river. Now relate,

Urania

Urania faire, what kings, what times, what state,
Old *Italie* retain'd, when this thy fleet,
Thy new-come armie brought to *Latium* sweet:
I'll all set forth, and warres first grounds recite.
Thou, O thou Goddessie faire, teach me to write
Those bloody broiles, fierce troops, warre-thirsty kings,
The *Tyrrbean* and *Italian* Martiall wings,
All in an uproare: here's new work indeed,
A mightie task, to which I now proceed.
Old king *Latinus* o're those realms did reigne,
And them in peace and plentie did maintain.
Faunus and *Marica* (old writers gather)
His parents were, king *Picus*, *Faunus* father;
And thou great *Saturn*, thou art said to be
The utmost *basis* of his progenie.
No sonne, or issue-male fates did him give,
Death on one scaz'd as soon as he 'gan live.
One onely marriageable daughter faire
Upheld his court and state: to whom repaire
Many *Italian* peeres and potentates.
All whom brave *Turnus* chiefly emulates
For's famous ancestours most eminent;
And him the queen with love most vehement
Did like and long to make her sonne in law;
But heaven-diverting prodigies she saw
Crossing her thoughts. A spreading lawrell tree
Grew in the midst o'th' court, whose branches he
Had many yeares preserv'd with reverend feare,
And which *Latinus*, when he first did reare
His stately towres, there found and consecrated
To great *Apollo* (as it is related)
And from it did the land *Laurentum* name.

A thick quick swarm of humming bees there came
(Strange to be spoken) out o'th' open aire,
And to this lawrells tops did all repaire,
And on the boughs close by their feet they hung,
All in a sudden swarm in clusters clung.
Their augur straight cries out, I plainly finde
A forrain prince t'approach; with him conjoyn'd
Are strong confederates, who with partners bold
From these same parts this towre shall take and hold.
Moreover, as lady *Lavinia* good,
In sacrifice, hard by her father stood,
Her haire (strange sight) was all on a light fire,
Whose cinging flames burnt all her rich attire:
Her locks were burnt; burnt was her diadem,
Beset with stones most rich, and many a gemme:
Up flies the fume, abroad the flame extends,
And *Vulcans* violence to th' roof ascends.
This was a hideous sight, hard to endure:
For fame and fates did glorious things assure
From her; yet that she should fierce battels breed.
But these strange sights the carefull king with speed
Brings to his father *Famnus* auguries,
In great *Albuna's* grove, there to advise:
In which wide wood a sacred spring did glide,
Misty *mephitis* with foule fogs doth bide.
Hither all *Italie*, *Oenotria* land,
Do still repaire, dark doubts to understand.
Here when the priest (the presents being paid)
On slain sheeps skins by night to sleep is laid,
And falls asleep, in sleep strange visions views,
Hears various voices, conference does use,
And speech to sprites from th' *Acherontine* lake.

Here,

Here, when as grave *Latinus* prayers did make
 For faire replies, and many sheep being slain,
 Prostrate upon the skins he did remain,
 And from the wood these words he heard most plain,
 Faire sonne, forbear thy daughter deare to wed
 To native *Latines*, shun their marriage bed:
 I have new forrain sonnes in law, whose race
 Our name and fame unto the starres shall grace:
 Whose noble seed each sublunary thing
 Which *Sol* beholds, shall to subjection bring,
 And rule and over-rule. These plain replies
 Of's father *Faunus*, and his counsel wise,
Latinus locks not up in silent sort,
 But of it flying fame makes loud report
 Throughout all *Italie*. And now at last
 The *Trojan* youths their fleet made firmly fast
 Against the grassy banks. *Aeneas* then,
 And faire *Iulus* flower of all his men,
 With his couragious captains in degree,
 Repose their bodies under a great tree.
 Then on the grasse they set their cheere, and cakes
 Made of good meal; whereof each one partakes:
 But (for so *Jove* by th' *Harpies* had decreed)
 Were fain at last on mountain-fruits to feed.
 And this food failing, they were forc'd to eat
 The crums and scraps of refuse bread and meat,
 And with their hands to break (all hungerbit)
 The sacred food, for other use more fit:
 Nor spared they their trenchers broad: whereby
Iulus said, See, sirs, strange penurie,
 Which even our tables hath devoured quite.
 Nor more did he allude: but with quick sight,

At his first words his father did foresee,
 Of all his travells now an end to be.
 And intercepted the first words he spake,
 And at his fates amaz'd, forth straight he brake
 Into these words; Faire fate-given land, all hail:
 And you *Troyes* Gods, whose faith ne're yet did fail:
 Here's, here's our countrey happy habitation,
 (For now I well remember) this relation
 Of these hid fates my father made to me:
 When thou deare sonne, (sayes he) arriv'd shalt be
 On a strange land, and famine thee shall force,
 Thy meat all spent, to have sharp-set recourse
 To sacred cates; then there thou mayst expect,
 To ease thy vvearie limbes, there to erect
 Safe seats, and with strong hand thy state protect.
 This was that dearth, that last affrighting ill,
 Which should all future feare and mischief kill.
 Be stirring (then) betimes by break of day,
 And scout about, each part and place survey,
 What houses and inhabitants you finde:
 Thus from the port all severall vvayes let's winde.
 And now full cups to *Jove* let's drink, and pray
 To old *Anchises*, and in goblets gay
 Set wine upon the board. Thus having said,
 With gallant garlands he his head aray'd;
 Then invokes *Apollo*, *Tellus* faire,
 The mother of the Gods, and nymphs most rare,
 And the yet unknown fLOUDS, and obscure night,
 And nightly rising starres, by solemne rite,
 And *Ida's Jove*, and's *Phrygian* mother faire,
 His parents both, in hell and heaven which are.
 And now all-potent *Jupiter* on high

From heaven thrice thundred, but auspiciously:
And in his hand a fierie cloud did shake,
VVhich did a radiant golden lustre make.
Here 'mongst the *Trojan* troops (straight) rumours rose,
That now's the time they cities should compose.
Busily therefore banquets they prepare,
And full of vvine by th' sacred signes they are.
Next day, when *Sols* light lamp had earth made bright,
They stray'd abroad, about them cast their sight,
To see what confines, cities, shores these were;
And straight they found the river *Numick* there:
Here current *Tyber*, there the *Latines* stout.
Anchises sonne then straight selected out,
Of all his troops, an hundred legates vvise:
Their brows with olive-boughs in most grave guise
Adorn'd, he to the kings great palace sent,
And gifts unto the king for to present,
And for the *Trojans* peace to mediate.
With this commission forth they properate.
Meanwhile *Aneas* meats his walls extent,
With shallow trenches fits its continent;
Most like a camp on first approached land,
VVith dikes, forts, bulwarks, makes his citie stand,
And now those *Trojan* youths so farre were past,
That they the *Latines* turret spi'de at last,
And then their houses tops, and quick they came
To the town walls, where they saw children game;
And lusty youths their prancing horses ride,
Some making chariots through the dust to glide;
Some were a shooting with their arrows swift,
Some slender lances brandish, tosse and lift:
Some were a wrastring, running-matches making,

All of their best affected sports partaking.
 Straight to the aged king a post reports,
 Brave strangers in strange cloaths came to his courts.
 He straight gave charge to entertain them all,
 Himself on's kingly throne sat in his hall:
 A hall most faire and large, born up most high
 With full an hundred pillars, anciently
 The stately palace of king *Picus* grave,
 For groves and parents piety, most brave. (take,
 Hence kings were wont their crowns and powers to
 This they their temple, court, and hall did make:
 Here, many sacred sacrifices slain,
 The peeres were wont constantly to remain.
 Besides, here stood rare statues carv'd in vwood,
 In solid cedar, of ancestours good:
 Great *Italus* and grave *Sabinus* king,
 Who first in *Italie* made vines to spring:
 Old *Saturn* also holding in his hand
 A crooked ficle, pourtray'd there did stand:
 And two-fac'd *Janus* at the entrie stood,
 And other kings sprung from most royall bloud:
 Who vvarres deep wounds did for their countrey beare,
 And on the posts rich spoiles there hanged were,
 And captives chariots, axes us'd in warres;
 And helmet-crests, huge bolts and iron barres,
 And shields and darts, and ships foredecks most faire;
 King *Picus* self, for horse-breaking most rare,
 Sate holding in's right hand his regal rod,
 In's left a shield, enthroniz'd like a God.
 Whom, led vvith lust, *Circes* his wife so charm'd,
 And with her golden rod and druggs so harm'd,
 That she into a bird transformed him,

And made a Jay with coloured feathers trim.
Latinus sitting in that sacred seat,
 And inmost parlours of ancestours great,
 Bad them the *Trojans* to him to bring in:
 Who entred, with these kinde words did begin;
 Tell me, brave *Trojans* (for we all do know
 Your land and linage, and heard long ago
 Of your sea-voyage) tell me what you'd have:
 Or what hard straits your barks to *Latium* drave:
 Whether y've lost your way, or weather-beaten,
 (For such like ills at sea do sea-men threaten)
 From other parts and ports hence farre remote,
 You safely now 'bout *Latium* banks do float.
 Shun not your safegard, know that *Latines* all,
 Of *Saturn* seed, were never yet in thrall
 To laws or leagues; but voluntarily,
 By our Gods pattern, we love equity.
 Indeed I think on't (time hath fame obscur'd)
 And *Italies* old men have thus assur'd,
 That *Dardan*, who did from our nation spring,
 Was first *Idean Troyes* victorious king.
 And *Thracian Samo's* streams did penetrate,
 Which *Samothracia* now men nominate.
 Whom now deceast, from *Corits Tyrrhean* seat,
 Heavens regal court, starre-canopie most neat,
 Enthroniz'd hath, and made a God most great.
 He ceast: And thus *Ilioneus* made replie;
 Great king, whose race did rise from *Faunus* high,
 No tempest fierce did force us on your land,
 Nor ignorance of starres, or unknown strand,
 Hath us misled; but vve deliberately,
 And vvith unanime votes did all apply

Our thoughts unto these parts, from realms expell'd,
 Which all that *Sols* broad eye beheld, excell'd.
 From *Jove* we sprang, *Jove* was *Troyes* joyfull fire:
 From *Jove* our king himself doth kin acquire.
Aeneas *Troyes* great prince us hither sent,
 O that stern storms did cruel *Grecia* vent
 On all our *Trojan* fields! what furious cloud
 Of angry fates did *Europe*, *Asia*, shroud?
 I know, fames trump these things hath sounded loud,
 To utmost lands, from sea the most remote,
 And where the torrid zone (as writers note)
 By *Sols* intemperate heat doth much displease
 Our obvious world, call'd the *Antipodes*.
 We, driven about by that vvarre-inundation,
 Humbly desire a peacefull petty-station:
 First, for our countrey Gods a seat secure,
 And for our selves free aire and waters pure.
 VVe'le to your kingdome bring no foule disgrace,
 Nor sleightly your deserving fame abase,
 Nor this faire fact in foule oblivion smother,
 Nor *Latines* grieve, that they did *Trojans* mother.
 I sweare by great *Aeneas* destinie,
 And by his Martiall hand, who e're will trie
 His vertue, valour, or by faith or flight,
 As many have, and many (do not slight
 This voluntarie tender of true peace,
 Or that we our submisse desires increase)
 Many, I say, to us have sought and su'de,
 'Twixt them and us like friendship to conclude.
 But sacred secret fates, and heavens command,
 Hath us enforc'd to seek out thy faire land:
 Hence *Dardan* sprung, hither doth us invite;

And grave *Apollo's* great commands incite
To *Tyrrhean Tyber*, sacred *Numicks* spring.
And here I thee present, from our great king,
With these small gifts, of better former fate
Remains, reserv'd from *Troyes* combustive state.
This bowl of gold *Anchises* sacred us'd:
This *Priams* princely robe, which still he chus'd
To weare, when he in counsels, laws wrote down,
A regall sceptre, sacred priestly crown,
And royall robes, the *Trojan* wives rare skill.
And thus *Ilioneus* ceast. The king sate still
With settled count'nance, eyes fixt firm on ground,
And rowling downward, full of thoughts profound:
Regardlesse of the gifts, the robes most rare,
Nor did the king for *Priams* sceptre care
So much as for his daughters nuptiall state,
And *Faunus* foretold fate to ruminare:
Strongly perswaded, this was he should be
His sonne in law, sent by the fates decree,
From forrain parts, to be his realms relief,
To raise a famous race, and be earths chief.
Here at he joyfull sayes, Heavens happifie
Our high intents, and their own augurie:
Thou hast (brave *Trojan*) what thou dost desire,
Nor do I sleight thy gifts: till life expire,
And whiles *Latinus* reignes, you shall enjoy
A wealthie soile, and farnessse of rich *Troy*.
As for your prince himself (if he desire,
And do our love and league so much require)
Let him come hither, nothing feare his friend:
To peace, in part, we soon shall condescend,
If he, your king, and I, kindly shake hands:

You therefore shew your king these our demands.
 I have a daughter, whom the whole consent
 Of our domestick oracles full bent,
 And many a fearefull heaven-shown prodigie,
 Marriage with any native prince denie:
 But that faire sonne in law, from forrain parts,
 (Thus writers say to cheere *Italian* hearts)
 Whose bloud and birth our name should stellifie.
 And this your prince (if e're with verity
 I ought could augurate) I hope and pray,
 May be the man. This said, without delay,
 Out of three hundred stately steeds that stood
 In faire-built stables, at their manger-food,
 To every *Trojan* he a choice horse gave,
 Most swift of foot, in purple trappings brave,
 With dangling rich embroidred breast-plates faire,
 And champing in their mouths gilt bits most rare.
 And to their absent prince he also sent
 A chariot, with two coursers excellent,
 Of heavenly breed, who breath'd out flames of fire,
 Engendred of that kinde, celestiall fire,
 Which quaint *Dædalian Circe* did contrive,
 On mortall mares bastardly to derive.
 With these rare gifts and sweet words of the king,
 They bravely mounted, peace t' *Æneas* bring.
 But now behold, still jangling *Juno* fierce
 From *Grecian Inachus* the aire doth pierce:
 And from *Sicilian Pachyns* parts espi'de
Æneas joyfull, all his fleet to 'bide
 In supine safety, all his men intent
 'Bout buildings faire, of confines confident,
 His ships forsaken. Hereat angrily

Shaking her head, in sharp perplexitie
 These words she thundred from her boyling breast;
 An hatefull brood! fates 'gainst our fates addrest!
 What, were not all in *Troyes* fierce battells slain?
 And were they captiv'd, yet could not be tane?
 And was *Troy* fir'd, yet could not burned be?
 Could they through thickest troops and burnings flee?
 Now (sure) my supreme power as tyr'd must lie;
 And must I rest, yet wrath not satisfie?
 Yet I have them pursu'de, quite chas'd from *Troy*,
 And on those vagrants brought all seas annoy,
 And on them spent my spleen by sea and lands;
 And yet, alas, what good do deep quick-sands?
 What's *Scylla* sharp? *Charybdis* vaste, to me:
 Since they in their wisht *Tyber* lodged be,
 In spite of seas and me? *Mars* had the power,
 The mightie *Centaures* nation to devoure.
Diana could obtain my *Joves* consent,
 On ancient *Calydone* her rage to vent.
 What so foule fact could *Centaures* perpetrate?
 Or *Calydone*, such plagues to tolerate?
 But I *Joves* mightie spouse, who all means try,
 Which angry I could use, or each way spie,
 Am vanquisht by *Aeneas*. If my might
 Be still too weak, I'le seek where-e're for right:
 If heaven refuse to heare, I'le rouse all hell.
 And since from *Italie* (I see right well)
 I cannot keep him, since fates firm decree
 Is, that *Lavinia* shall t'him married be:
 Yet I all rubs and *remoras* will use,
 Yet I fierce flames of discord will infuse
 Twixt both those nations. With this precious prize

The sonne and father in law shall sympathize;
 And *Trojans* and *Rutulians* bloud shall be
 The damselfs dowie, and *Bellona* she
 Shall be her bride-maid: nor fierce *Cissean* flames
 Shall onely be the birth of *Trojan* dames.
 But why may not dame *Venus* brat prove so?
 A second *Paris*, *Troy*-novant with woe
 To set on fire. This said she angriely
 To earth descends, and rais'd up instantly
 From deepest darks, the furies fearefull feat,
 The hag *Alecto*, hell woe-worker great,
 Whom bloody battells chiefly dodelight,
 And impious acts, snares, slaunders, and despight:
 Whom even her father *Pluto* loathes and hates,
 And all her hellish sisters, for debates;
 Such frowning faces and such mouths she makes,
 So serpentine she seems, full of foule snakes.
 Whose madnes *Juno* thus incites, and sayes;
 Great maid, black midnights imp, thy choice assayes
 And proper projects lend me straight thou must,
 Lest my renown sore shaken lie ith' dust;
 Lest *Trojans* work *Latinus* to a match,
 And all *Italia's* confines thereby catch.
 Thou canst belovedst brethren force to fight,
 And overturn whole families by spight,
 And cast from house to house combustious flames,
 Assume a thousand shapes, false, feigned names:
 And thou a thousand cheating tricks canst use:
 Then pump thy plenteous breast, break off abuse.
 Their peace compacted, sowe thick seeds of warres,
 Their youths do look, like, long for Martiall jarres.
Alecto straight swollen with *Gorgonean* spells,

And

And pest'lent poisons, flies to *Latiums* cells,
 And *Laurents* kingly court, and silent sits
 Close at *Amata's* doore, which place best fits.
 Whose breast began to boyle with discontent,
 With female feares and cares most vehement,
 That *Trojans* and that *Turnus* wooers came.
 The hag that quickly did observe the same,
 From off her head one of her blew snakes drew,
 And at her breast into her heart it threw:
 By which this hag the whole house might molest.
 The snake slips slily 'bout her tender breast,
 Roules up unfelt, and her with furie fills,
 And viperous venome to heart burning ill.
 Then like a chain of gold her neck he twists,
 And wreathes about her haire, like hairelace lists,
 And sliperily about her bodie frisks,
 But e're first power of pour'd-in poison had
 Soakt through her senses, kindled flames most mad,
 Or all her intellectualls quite posselt,
 With wonted motherly milde terms addrest,
 She spake unto her spouse, and much complain'd,
 About her daughter, that he entertain'd
 Those *Trojan* wooers. Must, great king, said she,
 Our daughter deare *Lavinia* married be
 Unto those *Trojan* vagrants? carest thou not
 For thine and mine, and her more noble lot?
 Whom that perfidious wretch will soon forsake,
 VVith the first windes that blow, and him betake
 To sea, and like a pirate false make prey
 Of our deare daughter? was not this the way
 That that base *Trojan* shepherd took, when he
 VVith *Helen* did from *Lacedamon* flee

To *Troy*? And where's thy faith so often plighted?
Thy wonted care of kindred? All now slighted?
Thy promise to our cousin *Turnus* great?
Say that the Gods bad thee from forrain seat
To seek a sonne in law; and say thou art
By *Favrus* his commands much toucht in heart:
Yet I suppose, each state from our state free,
May be held strange; and so it (sure) may be
The Gods did mean. And if you please t'enquire
For *Turnus* pedigree, you'le finde his sire
Acrisius and great *Grecian Inachus*.
Whiles all these words in vain she vented thus,
To trie *Latinus*, whom she found averse;
And that all o're wraths poison did her pierce:
Then full of monstrous furie, spight, and spleen,
She madly 'bout the streets to rage was seen.
Much like a scourged gygge, box-top, or ball,
Which boyes are wont to scourge about a hall
Or open yard, with lashes whipt about,
Which with quick spinnings windes, works in and out,
The boyes whip close, the top about doth flie,
And roundly frisks, and never still doth lie:
The lively lads make sport and wonderment,
From hand to hand to see it nimbly sent:
The more it spins, the more they whip it on,
And laugh and leap to see it comne and gon:
With such fierce flutterings up and down the streets
She rangeth, rageth, as she people meets.
Moreover, fiercely to the woods she flies,
Doth feigned feasts of *Bacchus* enterprise,
(Attempts more frantick mischief, playes mad pranks)
And hides her daughter in the woodie banks,

The

The *Trojans* nuptiall rites (thus) to protract:
 And, Ho, ho, *Bacchus* cries, with rage distract;
 Thou, thou alone, must wed thy virgine faire,
 For unto thee small ivie javelings rare
 They beare about: thou lov'st (they say) to dance,
 And sacred haire, thine altars to advance.
 Like-furious madnesse does possesse the waves,
 To leave their own, to seek new dwelling drives. (windes,
 Their dangling haire, necks bare, they spread to th'
 And some loud howlings raise, with trembling mindes,
 And clad in skins, vine-lances beare about.
 The queen her self, in mid'st of all the rout,
 Bearing a flaming pine-tree, tunes her voice
 To *Turnus*, and her daughters marriage choice:
 Yet suddenly, with frowning bloud-red eyes,
 Ho mothers, maids and wives, aloud she cries,
 Who-e're she be, that pity yet retains,
 When poore unhappie *Amata* complains,
 Who-ever tenders tender mothers grief,
 Unlace your head-attires, afford relief,
 Advance with me my *Bacchanalian* rites.
 Thus in the woods with madded frantick frights,
 Through damping deserts fierce *Alecto* had
 Stung and stirr'd up the queen with passions mad.
 Who, for this first time now, seem'd fir'd enough,
 To give all first contracts a counter-cuffe.
 The hellish hag therefore with frightfull wings,
 Straight to the walls of *Rutyls* kingdome flings:
 Which city first *Danae* was said to build,
 And with *Acrifion* colonies it fill'd,
 Driven there on land by tempests violent:
 Antiquitie did call that continent

Ardea, and still it is great *Ardea* nam'd,
 But once it was by fortune much more fam'd:
 Here great king *Turnus*, in his palace faire,
 In the dark night slept sweetly, void of care:
 And here *Alecto* doffes her frowning face,
 And is transform'd into an old-wives case;
 And her old brows with aged furrows plowes,
 And weares white haire, close coifs, and olive-boughs:
 Seems *Calybe*, great *Juno's* sexton old,
 And priest of her faire temple, to behold:
 And to the princely youth thus comes, and sayes;
 Brave *Turnus*, wilt thou suffer thy assayes
 And many labours to be spent in vain?
 Shall *Trojan* strangers thee supplant, and reigne?
 The king denies thee marriage, dowrie due
 By birth and bloud, seeks a successour new
 To rule his realms. Go thou thus laught to scorn,
 Now cast thy self on thanklesse dangers born;
 Go slay the *Tyrrbeans*, *Latines*, rule in rest.
 These things (since thou didst all in sleep digest)
 All-potent *Juno* bid me tell thee plain.
 Rise therefore quick, thy souldiers muster, train:
 Arm, arm them all, to all thy havens make haste,
 And let those *Trojan* captains all be chaf'd,
 And burn their barks, which 'bout faire *Tyber* lie:
 Thy warrant's good confirmed from on high.
 And let king *Latines* self (if he refuse
 To grant thee marriage, kindly thee to chuse)
 Feel thy fierce force, and utmost Martiall might.
 Here the brave spark the southsayer seem'd to sleight.
 And thus reply'd; I'm not (as you suppose)
 So unacquainted how this businesse goes:

Their

Their ships in *Tyber* left affright me not,
I know queen *Juno* hath us not forgot.
But over thee (old beldame) old-wives tales,
And doting doubts too much in vain prevails:
And kings affaires thee with false feares do flour.
There's work enough for thee to look about,
And tend thy temple, thy Gods image faire:
Leave peace and warre unto the warriors care.
These words *Alecto* made with rage to burn.
But whiles the prince did him to prayers turn,
A sudden trembling all his joynts posselt,
His sight grew dimme, fierce snakes much din exprest,
With raging hissings, frightfull visages,
Him staying, praying her, her wrath t'appease.
She forced back, with flames his eyes do stare,
And two choice snakes she plucked from her haire,
Lash't him therewith, and thus in rage she rails;
Behold thy beldame, with her old-wives tales,
Whom kings affaires do with false feares so flour.
Mark these thy words. See me come from the rout
Of hellish furies, bearing in my hand
Both warre and death. This said, a flaming brand
She at the prince with rage and furie flings,
Which in his heart with quenchlesse burning stings.
Fierce feare did straightd isturbe the princes sleep,
A sudden sweat o're all his corps doth creep.
Arms, arms, in rage he cries, and strives to finde:
Mad heat of warres and jarres enflame his minde:
Furie foams up: much like a cauldron great
Which makes huge bubling noise with boyling heat
By store of flaming sticks, whose crackling fire
The seething liquor swells, and boyles up higher,

The scumme about the cauldrons brims contends,
 And into th' aire black foam and froth ascends.
 Choice youths therefore unto *Latinus* came,
 Their peace-infringer, warres for to proclaim,
 To safegard *Italie*, t' expell their foes,
 Or else he would with potent power oppose
Trojans and *Latines* both. These words thus spoke,
 His Gods he did to his high votes invoke.
 Then straight the stout *Rutulians* to the fight
 Do one another readily incite.
 His beauty, brav'ry, this man stimulates;
 His kingly kindred that man provokes:
 His former famous facts a third doth spurre.
 Whiles *Turnus* thus to arms his men doth stirre,
Alecto lewd to th' *Trojans* flies full fast,
 For her new tricks fit place she spies at last,
 Where brave *Iulus* was about the shore,
 Busily hunting some wilde beare or bore.
 And here hells hagge a sudden foile insul'd
 Into the dogs, and much their sent abus'd,
 With fierce pursuit to prosecute that deere,
 Which did the first cause of much ill appeare,
 And to fierce broiles the rustick clowns did steere:
 A high-horn'd stately stagge was tamely bred,
 By *Tyrrhus* children from the damme so fed.
 This *Tyrrhus* from *Latinus* had the charge,
 To keep his deere in parks and forrests large.
 Their sister *Sylvia* deare that deere kept trim,
 And on his horns with flowres adorned him:
 And comb'd his locks, and kept him clean and slick,
 And he to hand would come, and meat would pick
 Out of his masters hand, and forth would stray

Into

Into the woods, yet finde the readie way
 Unto his masters house, though late at night.
Iulus dogs had of him sudden fight,
 And at him flew, as he was wandring there,
 Cooling his heat in woods and waters cleare.
Ascanius also, who did fame affect,
 A sharp shaft from his bow did straight direct;
 Nor did fate fail to help, the mark to hit:
 But through his paunch the whistling arrow split.
 The hart pierc'd neare the heart, homeward made haste,
 And with deep groans him in's known stable plac'd:
 And like one mourning, seem'd much to complain,
 And every room his bleedings did retain.
 Sad *Sylvia* first the sister beats her breasts,
 Cries out for help, the rusticks rude requests
 To come together. They (for yet i'th' wood
 The mischief lurking lay, not understood)
 Rashly run to her: this brings in his hands
 A knottie clubbe; that with bright fier-brands
 Is stoutly arm'd; each one what first he findes
 Snaps up: Wrath armeth peevish testy mindes.
Tyrrhus calls troops also, as he was cleaving
 Oaks in foure parts, them with stiffe wedges reaving;
 His ax snatcht up in furious puffe and snuffe.
 Here then the hellish hagge fate high enough,
 To spie this mischiefs opportunitie,
 And from the ridges of the stables high,
 A past'rall summons on her horn she sounds,
 Whose ratling noise i'th' trembling groves rebounds,
 And made the mounts and thickest woods to quake.
 Farre sounding shrill, even to *Diana's* lake,
 And *Nars* white floud, sulphurous streams it heard,

And

And *Velines* fount: And mothers much affear'd,
 Their tender infants hug'd close to their breast.
 Then to the call which the hags horn exprest,
 The rigid *Corydons*, unruly clowns,
 With snatcht-up weapons floekt from all the towns.
 The *Trojan* gallants also forth do flow,
 And from their camps to aid *Ascanius* go.
 Their armie they draw out, but not to fight
 With countrey clownish clubs, brands burning bright;
 But with their slicing swords: and all the lands
 Tremble to see their glistring blades, brave bands:
 Their brazen shields reflected lustre bright
 Against the sun, which seem'd the clouds to smite.
 Like as when waves seem white by windes first blast,
 But by degrees the sea swells up at last,
 The waves work from the bottome up so high,
 As that they seem fiercely to dash the skie.
 Here, at first on-set, *Tyrrhus* eldest sonne,
 A lusty youth, *Alimon* by name, begun
 To taste of death, by a swift arrows flight,
 Which stuck in's throat, and did him deadly smite,
 Stopping his vocall breath, locking up fast
 His vitall spirits, by much bloud forth cast.
 Many more bodies lay about him slain,
 And grave *Galesus*, striving to obtain
 And mediate peace between them; one well known;
 For's upright dealings, to give place to none,
 The richest landed man in *Italie*:
 Five flocks of sheep he kept most constantly,
 Five herds of cattell, and to till his land
 An hundred plows. Now whilest with equall hand
 The field they fought, and that the hagge did finde,

The issue answerable to her minde,
 The warre with both sides bloud initiated,
 And mischief firmly at first machinated:
 She *Italie* forsakes, mounts up to th' skie,
 And like a conqueresse, superciliously
 Speaks thus to *Juno*; See, great madam, see,
 With deadly discord they so fired be,
 That though thy self wouldst them reduce to peace,
 Yet they from mutuall bloudshed would not cease.
 So soyl'd are *Trojans* with *Italians* bloud.
 Yet this I'll adde, if so thou think'st it good,
 Th' adjacent towns I'll so incense to warres,
 By rumours rais'd, and to most frantick jarres:
 So move, promote their mindes, that all about
 To auxiliarie broyles they shall burst out.
 O no, sayes *Juno*, thou hast shown thy self,
 With art and smart enough, the furies elf.
 Warres seeds well sown, well grown already be,
 What chance had dipt, fresh bloud hath dy'd, I see.
 Such marriage matches may *Latinus* wise,
 And *Venus* godly off-spring solemnize.
 But as for thee, great *Jupiter*, heavens Lord,
 No longer liberty will thee afford
 To flie about the aire. Back to thy place:
 If any work remain in this like case,
 I'll see to it my self. Thus *Juno* spake.
Alecto then her forthwith did betake
 To her snake-fluttering wings, leaving the skie,
 And to *Cocytus* swiftly she doth flie.
 I'th' midst of *Italie* there is a place,
 On mountains high, of noble name and grace,
 Deep sacred valleys with huge leafy shades,

Which woody banks upon both sides invades:
 In midst whereof a rough swift stream did glide,
 Which did with ratling noise from rocks down slide.
 Here fearfull *Pluto's* gaping gulf was found,
 A dungeon dark, there 'twixt deep cleaving ground,
 Was a huge hellish hole, whose chaps most wide
 Did fierce *Alectos* hatefull presence hide;
 Where she, to heavens and earths content, did 'bide.
 Meanwhile queen *Juno* plies her helping hand,
 T' increase the furious warre throughout the land:
 Great troops of shepherds to the citie throng,
 And slain *Galesus* body bring along,
 And youthfull *Almons*; and their Gods for aid,
 And king *Latinus* urgently they pray'd.
Turnus was present at their exclamation,
 Ingeminating threats, makes protestation,
 With fire and sword to rinate them all,
 Since into league he did the *Trojans* call,
 And joyn himself unto the *Phrygian* race,
 But him rejected, with indigne disgrace.
 Those wives also, whom *Bacchus* frantick dance
 (For they queen *Amata* did high advance)
 Led in mad measures, through the woods most wide,
 Flocking in troops, would not be reconcil'd,
 But urge for arms, and instantly require
 VVith peevish spirits ('gainst the Gods desire,
 And former fatall *omens*) bloody fight,
 And thus hedge in the kings court with fierce might.
 He like a rock resistlesse, firm, stood out,
 Like a sea-rock, when stiffe blasts blow about,
 Making such mountain-waves with bellowing sound,
 And ratling stones, and boyling foam surround,

And wash and dash, in vain, the rocks hard sides,
 And floating flags and weeds about it glides.
 But when no might might their blinde wills subdue,
 And to her beck fierce *Juno* all things drew;
 The king to's Gods and emptie aire complains:
 Alas! (sayes he) we suffer piercing pains,
 We run to ruine, fatall storms us beat,
 But fierce revenge does you, vile wretches, threat;
 Your sacrilegious blood shall for it pay,
 And vvofull smart does for thee, *Turnus*, stay;
 And thou in vain unto thy Gods shalt pray.
 But I, at rest, my house, my haven, vvho thought,
 Am rob'd of rest, to woes sepulchre brought.
 Hereat he ceast, and him to's house betook,
 And publick rule and regiment forsook.
 The custome was throughout all *Italie*,
 Which custome *Albanes* towns kept sacredly,
 And now great *Rome* conserues, vvhen first they vvage
 Fierce vvarres, and *Mars* in battels brave engage,
 Either vvith *Scythians* or *Arabians* bold,
 Or eastern lands, or *Indies* fraught vvith gold,
 Or *Parthians* proud to purchase glorious fame:
 There are two vvarre-gates (for so is their name)
 Of sacred use, of Martiall terrour great;
 An hundred brazen locks and bolts most neat,
 And iron barres do shut them sure and straight,
 And two-fac'd *Janus*, porter, there doth wait:
 These gates, vvhen once the peeres do vvarre declare,
 The noble consuls self in robes most rare,
 In princely pomp, *Gabinian* garments tide,
 With mighty screeking noise doth open wide,
 And vvarre proclaims; then troops of youths do follow,
 And

And sound assent vvith brazen trumpets hollow.
Latinus thus vvas charged urgently,
 With furious vvarres *Aeneas* to defie;
 To ope those fatall gates; vvich he deni'de,
 And vvould not that offensive office 'bide
 But hid himself (good man) in discontent:
 In secret shades, vvould give no such consent.
 Then jangling *Juno*, gliding from the skie,
 With her own hands unlocked instantly
 The lazie doores, and breaks the iron barres,
 And turns the hinges, and sets open vvarres.
 Thus *Italie*, vvich lately lay at rest,
 Now unincited, is to vvarre addrest.
 Some flock as footmen to the field to fight,
 Some hasty horsemen make dust dim the light.
 All ask for arms, some take their speares and shields,
 And vvith fat tallow scoure them for the fields;
 And vvhet their bills and blades on whetstones strong,
 For ensignes spread, and trumps alar'ms, they long.
 Five powerfull cities do in forges frame
 New weapons for the vvarre: vvich five, by name,
 VVere potent *Atina*, and *Tybur* bold,
Ardea, *Crustum*, and *Antenna* old,
 Strong for its bulwarks brave. Some helmets make,
 And buckler bosses wreath, some corslets take
 Of strong-prooffe steel, light boots vvith silver lin'd:
 And now the plough, sicke and sythe declin'd,
 No love, delight in tillage, countrey toile,
 Their peacefull blades in fornace they reboyle.
 And now th' allarums sound, vvarres signe is given,
 This man, his helm from home in haste is driven
 To snatch away: that man his horse constrains

To weare his traces, foamy bit and reins:
 A third, his shield and treble coat of mail
 Put on, and weares his trusty sword, t' assail.

And now ye sacred nine, set ope, I pray,
 Sweet *Helicon*, and let my Muse display
 The mighty kings, heroick captains stout,
 And Martiall bands, these bloody fields that fought;
 VVith what most potent peeres and armies great,
 All *Italie* was fraught in Martiall heat.
 You ladies faire, you best can shew the same,
 For scarce fames whisperings to our knowledge came.
 The first that waged warre with Martiall bands,
 VVas fierce *Mezentius* from his *Tyrrhene* lands,
 A stout contemner of *Troyes* deities:
 And with him came *Lausus* his sonne likewise,
 A compt, accomplisht prince, without compare,
 Onely excell'd by *Laurents Turnus* faire:
Lausus, I say, famous great horse to ride,
 And tamelesse beasts to tame, of peerelesse pride,
 From *Agylia* unhappie troops he train'd,
 VVorthy o're's fathers empire to have reign'd,
 Unworthie to be call'd *Mezentius* sonne.
 Next these *Aventine* brave due honour wonne,
 Sonne of *Alcides*, victour-like proceeds,
 Drawn in his chariot with his conquering steeds;
 In's hand a shield with's fathers scutchion faire,
 VVherein an hundred poisonous snakes he bare,
 Environed with *Hydra's* serpentine.
 VVhom in *Aventine* mount, the priest divine,
Rhea, by bastard birth conceiv'd and bred,
 The victour being vvith the priest coupled.
 VVhen *Geryon* was deceast, and *Laurents* lands

Hercules had obtain'd with conquering hands,
 And *Spanish* spoils, fat beeves, had brought with him,
 And them in *Tyrrhene* streams had wash't most trim.
 His souldiers held in hand a *Romane* speare,
 And hacking halberts to the field did beare,
 And fought with rapiers and *Italian* dart,
 Himself (to strike more terroure to the heart
 Of his beholders) wore a lions skin
 Full of rough haire, whose fangs did seem to grin
 In manner of a helm above his head.
 Thus like his father fierce apparrelled,
 Feare-smiting *Hercules*, he stately staulks,
 And to king *Latines* court on foot he walks.
 Two brethren then, *Catillus*, *Coras* stout,
 Two gallant *Grecian* youths, went bravely out
 From *Tybur* strong, which from *Tyburtus* name,
 Their brother, was so call'd. They bravely came
 I'th' armies vanguard, hedg'd with weapons thick:
 Much like two cloud-begotten *Centaures* quick,
 Running in rage from some hills steepe height,
 Leaving *Thessalian* *Othrys*, *Homol* white,
 Whose rapid race makes trees and woods give way,
 Whose furious flight huge rattling boughs obey;
 Strong *Caculus*, *Præneste's* founder faire,
 Was also there, whom pristine times declare
 To be black *Vulcans* sonne, a king of kine,
 Found in the fire, with whom huge bands combine
 Of countrey *Corydons*, much men, beside,
 Of high *Præneste*, and of those which 'bide
 About *Gabinian Juno's* pleasant plains,
 And icie *Anio*, and the waterie trains
 Which *Hernicks* rocks inhabit. And the swains

Whom rich *Anagnia*, *Amasenus* fields
 Do feed: they had not all strong arms or shields,
 Nor rattling chariots; but the greatest part
 Fought with black leaden bags, with swinging smart:
 Some others strong two-handed slings did beare,
 And on their heads rough wolfs-skin hats did weare.
 Their left legs bare, raw skinnes their right did hide.
Messapus also, famous horse to ride,
 Great *Neptunes* sonne was there; whose furie great
 None could with sword or fire abate or bear.
 His peacefull people, unaccustomed
 To bloody broiles, he on a sudden led
 To battell, and to handle sword instructs.
 One from *Fescinium* mightie troops conducts,
 From just *Haliscus* and *Soractes* towers,
 And from *Flavinium* faire leads forth great powers,
 And from *Cyminus* mount and flowing spring,
Capenas woods, who in array did sing
 Their princeesse praise, as snowy swans do use,
 When in the aire themselves they broad diffuse,
 Flying from pastures, and with chattering shrill,
 Through their long throats with notes the skies they fill,
 And make *Cayster* and moist moores to sound,
 And *Asia* wide, nor could a man be found
 To think the arms of so great bands would fail,
 But that the airie clouds of swans prevail,
 Singing and swooping from the sea to shore.
 And now, behold, great *Clausus* addes yet more,
Clausus from ancient *Sabines* sprung, who brought
 Great troops, himself a mighty troop being thought:
 From whom faire *Clandias* stock and race arose
 In *Italie*, when *Romanes* *Sabines* chose.

With

With him came troops from *Amiternums* town,
 And antique *Sabines*, all to reap renown;
Eretums powers, *Mutuscas* might, where spring
 Olives great store: *Nomentum* bands did bring.
 And *Velines* roscan regiments were there:
 And hilly *Tetricus*, and high *Severe*:
 From *Foruli*, *Casperia* *Himell's* floud,
 From *Tybers* and *Fabaris* rivers good,
 From frigid *Nursia*, rigid *Hortines* bands,
 And many troops from utmost *Latines* lands.
 From *Allia's* odious streams great armies go,
 As thick as *Libyas* marble flouds do flow,
 When winter-waves do fierce *Orion* hide,
 Or standing-corne by parching sun-shine dry'de,
 Or *Hermus* flouds in field, or *Lycia's* lands
 Fruitfully overflown: So martiall bands,
 So clattering shields, and souldiers confluence fast,
 Make the ground grunt, and dusty clouds up cast.
 Again, great *Agamemnon's* *Halesus*,
 The *Trojans* ancient foe most furious,
 Drawn in a chariot, unto *Turnus* brought
 A thousand souldiers with warre-furie fraught:
 Who *Bacchus* his vine-bearing *Massica*
 With spades eradicate, without delay:
 And souldiers from *Arunca's* hills most high,
 From *Sidicinums* seas and *Cales* nigh,
 And from *Vulturnus* adjacent faire floud,
 And dwellers in *Saticulus* thick wood:
 And *Hoscies* powers, who with short darts do fight,
 Fitted with leather-holds, more deep to smite;
 Their left hand held a targe, their right a blade
 Or faulchion faire, much like a ficle made.

Nor

Nor may our lines in silence pretermitt
Oebalus, whom (as ancient times have writ)
 On *Sebethis* the nymph *Telox* begat,
 VWhen aged, king of *Caprea* he sat.
 But when this sonne his fathers throne rejected,
 And larger limits for his rule affected,
 He over-ran *Sarastes* people strong,
 And *Sarnus*, which lies sea-ward all along;
 And those which *Ruse*, *Batulum*, do hold,
 And all *Celenna's* fields and fertile mould;
 Fruitfull *Abella*, and her walls and plains,
 VWho cast a kinde of dart much like *Germanes*;
 Their heads, for hats, cover'd with cork-bark light,
 Armed with swords and shields of brasse most bright.
 Great *Ufens* also to this warfare came,
 Mountanous *Nurfa* left, of matchlesse fame,
 And fortunate in fight: whose natives brave
 Themselves to arms, and hunt in forrests gave:
 Their *Equiculians* arm'd, would till their land,
 Delighted most, by furious force of hand
 To live by catching preyes and robberies vile.
 Moreover, from *Marrubia's* ancient isle,
 King *Archippus* renowned *Umbro* sent,
 A famous priest, who as along he went,
 VVore on his helm a branch of olive faire:
 He able was, by skill and cunning rare,
 Both with his hands and words to cast a sleep
 Vipers, and poisonous snakes from hissings deep,
 And tame their rage, and heal their stingings fierce.
 But when the *Trojans* lance his heart did pierce,
 He could not cure that wound, nor to that grief
 His soporiferous charms could yeeld relief,

Nor herbs that grow on *Marsian* mountains high.
 For thee *Angitia* woods weep wofully,
 For thee cleare fouds and lakes do mourn and crie,
Hippolytus brave sonne, young *Virbius* came
 Unto these warres, a man of Martiall fame:
 Whom full of glorie, nurs'd in savage woods
 Of faire *Egeria*, neare *Hymettia's* fouds,
 Where great *Diana's* full fraught altars are,
 With pleasing and appeasing offrings faire,
Aritia his most august mother sent:
 For thus 'tis said, after with ill intent
Hippolytus by's step-dame slaundersous train,
 Being by his father most unjustly slain,
 By horses drawn in pieces, through the care
 Of great *Diana*, and the cunning rare
 Of *Æsculapius*, was reviv'd again.
 But mightie *Jove* hereat took high disdain,
 That any mortall man such power should have,
 To raise a man to life from's fatall grave:
 With thunder-smart he smote the authors rare
 Of such great art. Whereat *Diana* faire
Hippolytus preserv'd, him closely gave
 To faire *Egeria*, him i'th' woods to save,
 Where he unknown, i'th' groves of *Italie*
 Spent his remaining dayes in privacie:
 Him now therefore they fildy *Virbius* name,
 As who should say, he twice a man became.
 Hence therefore horn-hoofe horses are deny'd
 About *Diana's* sacred groves to 'bide;
 For from those shores sea-monsters do affright
 Both horse and riders, putting them to flight:
 But yet his sonne that us'd great horse to ride,

In's chariot came to th' warres with Martiall pride.
 But chiefly *Turnus* self amongst the best,
 Of stately stature, him to th' warres addrest,
 Arm'd *Capape*, by's head then all more tall,
 Upon whose hairie helm did seem to crawl,
 A fierce *Chimera*, breathing flames of fire.
 The more it rag'd, and flashes did expire,
 The more the field was fill'd with bloody mire.
 Upon his shield in gold was pourtrayed
Io into an ox transfigured,
 O'regrown with haire, but no horns on her pate.
 The storie would be tedious to relate
 Of her and *Argus*, with his hundred eyes,
 Her keeper, who did o're her tyrannize:
 And now her father *Inachus* pour'd out
 A floud from's golden pitcher all about.
 A cloud of clustring footmen followed fast,
 Whose armed armies clouds of dust up cast:
 With them brave *Grecian* youth *Aruncus* bands,
Rutulus powers, ancient *Sicanus* hands,
Sacrana's troops, *Labicians* all proof shields,
Tybers banks dwellers came into the fields:
 And they which dwell by *Numacks* sacred shores,
 And on *Circean* hill, and all the *Borcs*
 Which plough *Rutulian* tops, and *Anxur's* train,
 Where mightie *Jove* doth ever *Patron* reigne:
 Woody *Feronia*, where *Satyra* lyes
 With blackish streams, where *Ufens* swiftly hies
 And hides it self in sea. And with these came
Camilla queen of *Volscia*, of rare fame,
 Leading strong troops of horse, and footmen brave
 Gliftring in arms: her self she did behave

Most like a warlike woman stout and stern:
 Nor did she of *Minerva* list to learn
 To handle flax and distaffe, but was strong
 Warres to endure, and in swift races long
 T'outstrip the rapid windes, and nimbly she
 On tops of untoucht standing corn could flee,
 And ne're presse down the tender eares i'th' race:
 Or o're the swelling waves could run a pace
 In midst o'th' sea, yet scarcely should her heel,
 Or sole o'th' foot seas superficies feel.
 All men and maids ran forth of doores to see,
 And with amazement to behold, how she
 In most majestick and most Martiall guise
 Riding about her troops, most bravely ties
 Her royall purple robes on shoulders light,
 And with gold buttons did her haire unite:
 And at her back a *Lycian* quiver wore,
 And in her hand a strong steel speare she bore.

*An end of the seventh book
 of Virgils Æneids.*

THE ARGUMENT of the eighth book.

*King Turnus from Laurentums tower
Sends warres alarm: sends for more power
To Diomed by Venulus,
Who shews the cause most hazardous.
Æneas by advise divine,
With King Euander doth combine:
Who lends him aid, and sends his sonne,
By angrie fates, in fight undone.
And now Æneas fitted faire
For warre, and with a harnesse rare,
Procured by his mother deare,
His fates and fortunes do him cheere.
His arms do much delight his heart,
Chiefly his shields admired art.*



*As soon as Turnus from Laurentums fort
Flags of defiance hung forth, made report
Of open warre, with trumpets trembling
sound:
As soon as horse and foot fierce arms had
found:
Their hearts forthwith are flam'd, all Latium strong
In hot spurr'd hasty troops together throng.
Th'unbridled youths with hairebrain'd rage are led:
Captain Messapus, Ufens first makes head,
Mezentius great, God-scorner, next makes haste,
Collects his powers, layes all the countrey waste:*

Venulus

Venulus to great *Diomedes* was sent,
To ask his aid to shew their discontent:
Namely that *Troy* built nests in *Italie*,
Æneas and his conquered deitie,
With all his fleet, was on their borders brought,
And must (forsooth) *Italia's* king be thought;
And that, by fates decree. To which effect
Great power to th' *Trojans* do themselves connect,
That his great fame o're-spread all *Latinus* land.
And what strange structure may he take in hand,
If fates befriend him? what event may he
Expect from this great warre? 'tis plain to see,
That he through *Turnus* and *Latinus* lands,
At *Diomedes* crown spreads forth his hands.
And these were now *Italia's* faire affaires, (cares,
Which *Troyes* brave prince o'rewhelm'd with floods of
Soundly surveyes, his thoughts here, there, revolving,
Distractively thinks this, that, nought resolving.
Like as the quivering shadow of the sunne,
In a brasse pan of water quick doth run,
By sunnes or moons most radiant rayes inspection,
And flutters all about with quick reflection.
Now high i'th' aire it nimbly leaps and skips,
And suddenly to tops of houses whips.
And now 'twas night when toile-repelling rest,
O're all the earth, men, birds and beasts possess;
When grave *Æneas* in the open aire
Lay on a bank perplext with his warfare:
Whom thus repos'd, and laid in slumber sweet,
Faire *Tyber's* God himself doth kindly greet.
And from the poplar leaves the aged fire
Seem'd to ascend, cloath'd in gray grave attire.

Of a sail-vail, his head array'd with reeds
 Thus courteously to comfort him proceeds.
 Great offspring of the Gods, by whom old *Troy*
 And everlasting *Pergame* we enjoy,
 From foes preserv'd. O thou long lookt for peere,
 To all *Laurentums* land and *Latines* deare;
 Here's thy sure seat, here thou thy Gods shalt place,
 Depart not hence, nor feare foes threatening face.
 Heavens former furie now is laid aside,
 And now (think not vain dreams do thee deride)
 Thou shalt the mightie white sow great espie,
 With thirrie pigs under the oak-roots lie
 Upon the ground, sucking the sowes teats white,
 And there's thy cities seat, thy toiles delight.
 And hence 'tis sure that thy *Ascanius* shall
 Within these thirtie yeares build *Alba's* wall,
 And from that noble name, that countrey call.
 I speak but what I know: now by what course,
 What yet remains, thou victour mayst enforce,
 Observe it, and I will it briefly show.
 Th' *Arcadians*, who from *Pallas* race do grow,
 Following their king *Euanders* ensignes faire,
 Did in these parts a place select prepare;
 And built a citie on the mountains small,
 Which they, from *Pallant*, *Palanteum* call.
 These with the *Latines* warre continually;
 Make these thy mates, link in confederacie.
 Myself will thee right through my streams conduct,
 And with thine oares all stops to shun, instruct.
 Then rise faire Goddess's sonne, by peep of day
 So gentle *Juno* then discreetly pray,
 With submisse votes and treats her threats and rage

Endeavour

Endeavour to evince or to assuage:
 Having thy hearts desire, pay me my rite:
 I am even he, whom there thou seest in sight
 O'reflowing fertile meads, by banks, smooth fleeting
 Skie-colour'd *Tyber*, vvhom vvith kindly greeting
 The Gods embrace: Here's my large habitation,
 Here to high towers my head hath first foundation.
 This said, the river in the pool is hid,
 Sunk to the bottome: night and sleep are slid
 From grave *Aeneas*. Up he starteth straight,
 And *Sols* brave shining face doth contemplate:
 And from the stream his dipt hands lifting high,
 These words he vented to the azure skie; (spring,
 Faire nymphs, rare *Laurents* nymphs, whence springs do
 And thou deare *Tyber*, rivers sacred king;
 Accept *Aeneas*, all his dangers end,
 Where-e're thy pitying spring her streams extend,
 Where-e're thy beauteous billows flow apace,
 Ever, oh ever shall my gifts thee grace.
 O thou horn-headed *Italies* faire floud,
 Onow propitious be, streams guider good,
 And make thy power appeare. This having said,
 Two ships out of his fleet he ready made;
 His friends he fits with oares, and arms his men.
 But here, behold, in sight appeared then
 A sudden and an unseen prodigie,
 A white sow with her white piggs there did lie
 Upon the shore, under roots of a tree:
 Which good *Aeneas* kill'd, and said, To thee,
 To thee, great *Juno*, this I sacrifice,
 And all the brood bring as thine altars prize.
 Kinde *Tyber* all that night his flouds allay'd,

Q

And

And all their swelling stirre most calmly stay'd;
 And like a lake, or standing-water faire,
 Was a still sea, fit for their oares affaire.
 Away they therefore haste with joyfull notes,
 And by the banks the pitcht bark smoothly floars.
 The waves and woods unus'd to such rare fights,
 Admire the glistring shields o'th' *Trojan* knights,
 And such rare carv'd and painted ships to see
 Float on the floud. Thus day and night they be
 All tyr'd with rowing, and the reaches large
 They swiftly passe, and boughs oft hide their barge,
 And thus they slice calm seas, and passe woods green:
 And now i'th' midst of skie hot *Sol* was seen
 Swiftly ascend: and now they gladly spie
 Walls, towers, and tops of peeping houses high,
 And *Romane* power, vvhich now should equalize
 The starrie skie: but now in most vveak vvhile
Euanders realm and regal state did stand.
 They nimbly vvinde their vessels to the land,
 And to the citie haste. By chance that day
Euander unto *Hercules* did pay
 His honours due, a solemne sacrifice,
 In a great grove, vvhich 'bout the citie lies:
Pallas his sonne vvas there, and there were more,
 All their choice young men, and a senate poore,
 Offring their incense, and hot steaming bloud,
 Upon the altars in amaze they stood,
 Fearefully frighted at the sudden sight
 Of such tall ships entring their harbours right,
 With silent stroaks of oares, and with great dread
 They in a fright, all from their tables fled.
 Whom valliant *Pallas* did prohibit straight

Those

Those sacred rites not to contaminate.
Himself with his drawn sword to shore doth flie,
And from the bank aloud aloof doth crie;
Young men, what forc'd you to this unknown vway?
Where vvould ye land? vvhat is your nation? say,
Where do you dwell? What? bring ye peace, or warre?
Then grave *Aeneas* in his ship, a farre
Shew'd forth an olive peacefull branch in's hand,
And friendlily thus answered his demand;
Thou seest, brave sire, *Trojans* and weapons bent
Against the *Latines*, vvhom they insolent
Have forc'd to flight, by proud and unjust vvarre.
VVe seek *Euander*: Favour us so farre,
As to relate and tell him what I say,
That *Dardan* peeres are come his aid to pray.
Pallas amaz'd, to heare that famous name,
Sayes straight, Come forth who'ere, whences'ere ye came;
And speak your self before my fathers face,
A vvelcome guest you are unto this place,
And to our Gods. Then hands they shake and greet,
And on the shore with kinde embraces meet.
The river left, into the wood they vvalk,
And thus *Aeneas* to the king did talk;
O thou farre best of all the *Grecian* train,
To whom my fortunes do me now ordain
Thy humble suiter, with faire boughs of peace
To seek to thee: and sure all feare did cease,
Although I knew thou wast a *Grecian* lord,
And that in kindred thou didst ne're accord
With both th' *Atrida's*, *Troyes* two deadly foes;
Yet on mine own vvorth I did me repose,
And oracles divine of destinie,

And ancestours true consanguinitie,
 And thy renown throughout all countreys found,
 Have me to thee vvith vvisht good fortune bound.
Dardan Troyes founder first, and first great king,
 (As *Greeks* relate) did from *Electra* spring,
 Great *Atlas* daughter, and to *Trojans* came,
 Yea that most mightie *Atlas*, who heavens frame
 Props on his back, begat *Electra* faire.
Mercurie was your sire, whom *Maia* rare
 On *Cyllens* frigid tops did generate:
 And (if we may beleeve what men relate)
Atlas, even that same *Atlas* which doth stay
 Heavens twinckling starres, begat faire *Maia*.
 Thus from one stemme our branches both do sprout,
 With these strong reasons arm'd, I thus came out,
 Sent not embassadours, nor us'd quaint art,
 To filch affection from thy friendly heart:
 But I, even I my self unto thee came
 In mine own person, submisse suits to frame.
 The same *Rutulian* bands which thee infest
 With cruell vvarres, do us as much molest:
 If us they vanquish, then they think all sure,
 To make all *Italie* their yoke endure:
 And all the seas that East or West do lie.
 Then take, and give us interchangeably
 Firm faith and furth'rance: We have valiant hearts,
 Stout stomacks, and brave sparks to act their parts.
Aeneas ceast. The king with stedfast eye
 Observ'd the speakers count'nance curiously,
 His eyes, and totall parts; and briefly thus
 Replies; O thou the most magnanimous
 Of *Trojans* brave, O how I thee embrace!

How glad I bid thee welcome to this place!
 O how thou dost thy parents personate!
 And great *Anchises* amply imitate
 In face and feature, in thy words and voice!
 For I remember, and therein rejoyce,
 How when king *Priam* in his progresse went
 Unto his sister *Hesions* continent,
 To visit her, from *Salamina* past,
 To cold *Arcadia's* confines came at last.
 My youthfull chin that time began to bud
 With hairie down, and then I wondring stood
 To see your *Trojan* peeres, yea I admir'd
 Great *Dardans* self, and was with joy even fir'd,
 To see *Anchises* taller then the rest.
 Youthfull affection boyled in my breast
 To talk with him, and hands with him to shake.
 I to him went, and joyfull did him take
 Along with me to my *Pheneum* faire:
 And he bestow'd on me a quiver rare,
 At his departure, fraught with *Lycian* shafts,
 And a faire mantle wrought with curious crafts,
 Richly in gold, two faire guilt bits with reins;
 Both which my young sonne *Pallas* yet retains.
 The peace therefore desir'd, I ratifie:
 And here's my hand for firm confederacie.
 And when to morrows sun renews earths light,
 I'llc you dismisle, and aid with means and might.
 Meanwhile these annual rites (since here you are
 So friendly come) t' omit I may not dare.
 Pleaseth you them with us to celebrate,
 And at our tables us t' associate?

This said, he bids bring back the cups and cates, ;

And on grasse seats, sets down the *Trojan* states.
 Chiefly *Aeneas* on a bed he seated,
 Spread with a lions skin, and him entreated
 Unto a stately throne. Then youths selected,
 Yea and their altars priest their charge effected;
 And busily brought in their bull-beef drest,
 Baskets of vvell bak'd bread, vvine of the best.
Aeneas and the *Trojan* peeres did dine
 Upon those entralls, and bull-beef divine.
 Their stomacks staid, and hunger qualifi'de,
 Thus king *Euander* to them testifi'de;
 This annual feast, and this accustom'd cheere,
 This great Gods altar, vvhich we yeare by yeare
 Observe, is not through silly superstition,
 Or errour of our antique Gods condition;
 But we do this (most noble *Trojan* guest)
 And yearely these due honours are exprest,
 Because we were preserv'd from dangers great.
 For proof whereof, behold this rockie seat
 Hanging vvith craggy nooks, whose ruin'd waight,
 Of an old mount seems to precipitate.
 Here vvvas a huge and large retiring cell,
 Wherein inhumane *Cacus* us'd to dwell,
 VVhose filthie face vvvas in so black a plight,
 As that *Sols* rayes could ne're afford it light:
 Fresh murthers still lay reaking on its flore,
 And heads of murdered men besmear'd in gore
 VVith gasty looks hung on the odious gates.
 Black *Vulcan* father vvvas (as fame relates)
 Unto this monster belching fumie fire (higher.
 From his foule mouth, vvho seem'd then mounts much
 At last, as we desir'd, heaven sent us aid,

And

And time thereto most fitly for us made:
For why? *Alcides* that revenger great
Having perform'd his conquering retreat
From treble-formed *Geryons* dire decay,
Enricht with spoiles, his beasts all brought away,
And 'bout our fields and foulds scarce had they fed,
But *Cacus* with his theevish furie led,
Whereby no fact most foule, no cunning cheat
He fear'd t' effect, by force or fly deceit,
Foure of his fatted oxen stole from's stall,
And foure faire-horned heifers therewithall:
And lest their feet the way to's den should show,
By th' tails he pul'd them backwards to and fro,
Into his den: the caves mouth with a stone
He shut, whosoe way could by no search be shown.
Mean while, when from those stalls great *Hercules*
To move his full-fed herds of kine did please,
To other parts, the beasts going on along,
Began ith' woods to bellow loud and strong.
Where at the caves, beasts lowed loud again,
And *Cacus* craft was thereby made most plain.
Hereat *Alcides*, full of furious gall
And griping grief, doth to his weapons fall:
His tough and knotty club he fiercely takes,
And with swift pace way to the mountain makes.
Where first our men saw *Cacus* full of fright,
Swiftlier then winde to's den to take his flight.
Feare wing'd his feet. When he himself had clos'd
Within his cave, and the strong chain unlos'd,
The mightie stone fell down, which by the chain
And *Vulcans* art, before did fast remain,
And with strong bolts the gate did fortifie.

Behold, great *Hercules* did thither hie;
 V With rage inflam'd, observing every nook,
 He this way, that way, up and down did look,
 Gnashing his teeth, hot with intestine hate:
 Thrice through *Aventines* mount he doth lustrate,
 Thrice at the stonie gate in vain he beats,
 And from the hill, thrice tired, he retreats.
 A flintie rock, cut sharp on every side,
 With concave back, rais'd high, hard by he spi'de;
 'Bout which were holes, and rav'nous vultures nests.
 This on the streams left side, he fierce infests,
 As it lay bent unto the mountain side,
 To loose it on the right, he strongly try'd;
 And shoving with his shoulders strenuously,
 At last it shook: whereat he by and by
 Put forth his strength, and rous'd it from the root,
 And it remov'd: whose movall with loud shout
 Did fill the echoing aire, the rivers bank,
 Leapt up and down, and fearefull backward shrank.
 And then the den, and *Cacus* court most wide,
 Lay ope, and all her duskie deeps were spide.
 Much like the earth, enforced deep to cleave,
 His bowels dark do yawn, in sunder reave,
 And shew their shadie cells, irksome to light,
 And upward seems of horrid hell full sight:
 And foules, the light let in, are sore affright.
 By this unlookt for light *Cacus* thus caught,
 And suddenly shut up ith' stonie vault,
 And made to breathe and bray with unus'd waight,
Alcides still more loads doth congregate,
 And all the trash and trump'ry there about,
 And boughs and blocks, and mil-stones huge seeks out.

He then (for hope of flight was quite expell'd)
Belcht from his throat (most strange to be beheld)
Huge smothering smoak, which fill'd the rooms with
And from their eyes all light did quite absume, (fume,
And made the cave throughout as dark as night,
Thick mists being mixt with fierie flashes bright.
Which *Hercules* himself could not abide,
But through the flame in rage he headlong hi'de,
Where thickest flakes of fume, dark clouds of smoak
Did belch and boile, all in the den to choke.
Thus *Cacus* in his cave evaporated
Vain flashie vomits, fast incarcerated,
Was by *Alcides* bound in griping bands,
His fierie eyes squeez'd out with his strong hands,
And cloddie bloud his chimney-throat did choke.
Then straight the dens black doores being open broke,
All the stolne cattell and base theeveries
VWere open laid to *Sols* all-seeing eyes.
The uglie carcasse was by th' heels drawn out,
And people ne're had done to prie about
His odious eyes, foule face, and beastlike breast,
O'regrown with haire, with flames his chaps opprest.
E're since our joyfull youths did celebrate
A day of triumph for this happie fate.
Potitius was first founder of the same,
And keeper of *Pinaris* sacred frame,
And for him did t' *Alcides* sacrifice,
And in this grove this altars edifice
Did fairely frame, thus stately as you see,
VWhich is our best, and so shall ever be.
Therefore brave youths, such honours due to pay,
VWith boughs dresse all your brows, shunning delay,
Take

Take your full bowls in hand, poure wine most free,
 And let our Gods in common call'd on be.
 This said, he with *Herculean* poplar boughs,
 Faire, double-colour'd, decks his head and brows:
 Whose branches dangled down, and wine in's hand,
 In sacred bowls, all suddenly do stand
 About the altar, pouring plenteous wine,
 And joyfull votes vent to the powers divine.
 Meanwhile the evening drew on duskie skie,
 And now the priests, *Pottius* specially,
 Went (as they're wont) in skins apparrelled,
 With tapers in their hands, and ordered
 The banquets brave, with second courses meet,
 And load the board with store of juncates sweet.
 The singing *Salii* then stood round about,
 With poplar boughs their heads adorn'd, set out:
 The young men here, the old men there were seated,
 And *Hercules* his praise in songs repeated,
 And all his famous facts: First, how with ease
 His stepdames snakes he with both hands did squeeze,
 And strangle dead: And how he did destroy
 Brave cities strong, *Oechalia* and old *Troy*:
 How in king *Eurystheus* troublous land
 A thousand toils, by *Juno's* fierce command,
 He underwent. How thou, unconquered knight,
 Didst ruinate, by thy resistlesse might,
 Those cloud-begotten mongrell *Centaures* great,
Hylas and foule *Pholus*, and didst bear,
 Yea kill the *Cretan Minotaure* most fierce,
 And a huge lion mortally didst pierce,
 Upon *Nemea's* banks. Thou hideous hell
 Didst make to tremble, and hells porter fell,

Lurking in's bloody den, on bones half gnawn,
Who by thy might was from his kennell drawn.
Nor could mis-shapen shapes thee once affright,
No nor *Typhæus* self with armed might.
Nor wast thou then of wit and worth devoid,
When *Lerna's* dragon fiercely thee annoy'd
With horrid heaps of heads. All hail therefore
Thou sonne of *Jove*, with Gods, whom we adore,
Accept us and our gifts: propitious be.
And thus his praise in layes they sang most free.
But *Cacus* den they chiefly memorize,
And how from *Cacus* mouth the fire out flies;
And all the woods, and hills and dales resound
This famous fact of *Hercules* renown'd.
These sacrifices done, all now retreat
Unto the town, the king in state compleat,
Full of grave yeares, went on, and on each side
Æneas and his sonne with him abide.
And thus he past, and past the time in talk.
And good *Æneas* wonders, as they walk,
And glanc'd his eyes about on every sight;
Affected with each place full of delight,
He questions every object, and must know
How every ancient monument did grow.
Then king *Euander*, *Romes* great founder, said,
In these woods *Fauni* and faire wood-nymphs stay'd,
And kindes of men, of trunks of trees begot,
And of hard oaks, whom nature did allot
No nurture good, nor customes commendable,
And working oxen how to use, unable:
Riches to get, or got to keep, unskill'd;
And heps and haws and hunted cheere them fill'd;

Old *Saturn* first came from *Olympus* high,
 Shunning *Joves* power, banisht from's emperie.
 He those untutour'd people, stragling wide
 About the woods and mountains, beautifi'de:
 He gave them laws, call'd their land *Italie*,
 For there he liv'd in long securitie.
 Under whose rule and regiment most sage,
 Was then (as men report) the golden age:
 In such sweet peace he did them regulate
 Till by degrees times did degenerate,
 And a more vitious age began to reigne,
 And bloudie broiles, and greedinesse of gain.
 Then came *Ausonia's* powers and nations strange,
 And faire *Saturnus* lands name oft did change.
 Then kings came in, and *Tybers* torrent main,
 From whose surname, the river did retain
 That name, by us *Italians* having quite
 Lost the true name of *Albula* most white.
 I exil'd from my land, did float along
 In seas extremities, till fortune strong,
 And fierce resistlesse fate did fix me here,
 Mov'd by monitions of my mother deare,
 Goddesse *Carmenta*, and *Apollo* wise,
 Whose oracles thereto did me advise.
 Scarce said he thus, when walking on in state,
 He shew'd her tombe, and *Romes* *Carmentall* gate;
 Which men in honour of *Carmentis* faire,
 A Goddesse nymph, and prophetesse most rare,
 Erected had, who first did sing the praise
 Of famous *Trojans*, to ensuing dayes,
 And noble *Pallanteum*. And shew'd us
 The mightie wood, which warlike *Romulus*

Made a safeguarding sanctuarie faire,
 And on a rock the *Lupercall* most rare,
 Of *Lycean Pan*, unto him consecrated,
 And in th' *Arcadian* custome dedicated.
 Beside, he shew'd *Argilets* cursed grove,
 And 'gainst the place, disgrace (protest by *Jove*)
 Of faithlesse *Argus* his injurious guest.
 Hence to *Tarpeia's* towre he us addrest,
 And the now rarely gilded *Capitol*,
 Which once with shadie shrubs being covered all,
 Excessive feare of that affrighting place
 Did terrifie the hearts o'th' *Bores* most base;
 Even then they gave the rock and grove great grace.
 This grove (sayes he) this bushie hill so steep
 Some God (but who, uncertain 'tis) did keep.
 Th' *Arcadians* think they *Jove* himself did see,
 When oft fierce storms and crackling thunder he
 Made flie about the skie. Besides, behold
 These two demolisht towns, the fragments old
 And rude remains of ancient men of fame:
 Old *Janus* this, *Saturn* did th' other frame.
Janiculum was this, *Saturnia* that.
 And thus along they past with this kinde chat,
 To poore *Euanders* buildings, where they view
 About the *Romane* courts a scattered crew
 Of cattell, 'bout the edifices faire.
 Thus when they did unto his court repaire,
 This court (sayes he) great *Hercules* did hold,
 This palace him receiv'd. Brave guest, be bold
 To spurn at worldly pelf, thy self to show
 Like a great God, not scorning fortunes low.
 He ceast: and brave *Æneas* he brought in

Into

Into his court of princely state most thin,
 Plac'd him upon a leasie quilted bed,
 With a fierce *Libyan* beere-skin overspread.
 Dark night rusht down, whose black wings earth did
 But *Venus*, as a mother, terrifi'de, (hides
 And at *Italia's* troops sorely perplext,
 And with *Laurentums* threats in minde much vex't,
 Thus from her golden bed to *Vulcan* speaks,
 And in love-charming words thus silence breaks;
 Whiles *Grecian* kings with warres well wasted *Troy*,
 And for mens fires did her faire towres destroy,
 I sought no succour for those wofull men,
 No arms nor art of thine to help them then,
 Nor thee (my dearest love) could I in vain,
 Nor thy rare skill, to exercise constrain,
 Though much I ought to *Priams* sonnes relief,
 And my *Aeneas* toiles cost me much grief.
 Now *Rutuls* land by *Joves* command him holds,
 Me therefore now (sweet heart) thy love embolds
 To supplicate: I onely arms do crave,
 A mother for her childe: Dame *Thetis* brave
 And faire *Aurora* could thee move with teares.
 My dearest heart, see, see, what frightening feare,
 What troops are mustred, cities up are shut,
 Sharpning their horns, at me and mine to but.
 She ceast: and with her snowie arms most white
 About the neck she clasps him soft and light.
 He seems to shrink, she clings and toyes the more:
 He on a sudden felt loves honey-rore
 Soak in, and wonted flames to heat his heart,
 And to o'respread his bones and every part:
 Much like fierce thunder from clouds rumbling ripe,
 When

When flashie flames through th' aire have nimbly skip-
 She gladlie found her fraud and face most faire
 Th'ave pierc'd her husbands heart, and cur'd her care.
 Then father *Vulcan* bound in loves sweet chains,
 Reply'd, and said, Sweet soule, what thee constrains
 To use such farre fetcht phrases unto me?
 Sweet Goddesse, where's thy trust 'twixt me and thee?
 Alas deare heart, had former care been so,
 Even then we might have armed *Troy* from wo.
 Nor *Jupiter*, nor fates *Troyes* blisse deny'd,
 But *Priam* might yet other ten yeares 'bide.
 Now if thou wilt to warre, if here th'art bent,
 What e're my art can adde for adjument,
 What steel and iron, brasse or silver plate,
 What fire and blasts can best consolidate,
 (Cease needlesse prayers) distrust not thine own strength,
 'Tis all for thee. This having said, at length
 He gave her long embraces, loving greets,
 And on her bosome tasted all loves sweets.
 Thus when sweet midnights rest was past and spent,
 Like a good hufwife, thriftie, provident,
 Who timely rising closely cards and spins,
 Her cinders builds, to make her fire begins,
 Blows the quick coals, working, turns night to day,
 And makes her maids their bones to work to lay,
 With toying tasks, her self well to maintain,
 And all her charge and children to sustain:
 Even so, uxorious *Vulcan*, iron-tamer,
 Ignipotent, most excellent arms framer,
 Earely starts up, his basking bed forsakes,
 And him to's iron instruments betakes.
 Neare *Sicilie* an isle aloof there lies,

Lipara

Lipara and *Æolia*, whence there flies
 Much fire and winde, much fume and furious din:
 Under which lies a cave and deep within:
 The *Cyclops* *Ætnaan* forges grown i'th' rocks,
 Do through the chimneys vent such thundring knocks,
 And bouncing blows upon the anvils smit,
 And tinkering strokes with nimble hammers hit,
 As loudly echo out with clanging sound
 Of steel and iron, batter'd long and round
 Upon the anvils shrill, into broad plates,
 The forge-fire sputtering puffs evaporates.
 Here's *Vulcan's* house, here's vaste *Vulcania* town,
 Hither from heaven this fire-fierce god came down.
 In this large cave the *Cyclops* iron frame;
 There brangling *Brontes* fast does file the same:
 There streporous *Steropes* makes sparks to flie,
 Naked *Pyræmon* does at th' anvil lie.
 A yet unfinished fiery work they wrought,
 But in some part, to some perfection brought,
 Some thunderbolt, which *Jove* from heaven did smite,
 (As on the earth do many of them light)
 Some part unpolisht was. Three clattering showres
 Of winter-hail upon the work he poures,
 And three of spring-tide rain, three flashes swift
 Of summer flames, three puffs of autumn drift.
 Thus at their work fierce frightfull flashes flie,
 Bright rapid lightning rage, and by and by
 With fearfull rumbling, thumping thwacks of art
 They beat about. Then on another part
 A chariot with swift wheels for *Mars* they made,
 Wherewith he town and townsmen makes afraid,
 A coat of arms for angry *Pallas* they

With

With snake-like scales and gold did overlay:
 And in the breast-plate of the Goddesse faire
 Serpentine *Gorgons* heads in wreaths there are,
 Chopt from the neck, whose gogling glarie eyes
 Rouling in rage, beholders stupifies.
 Away (sayes *Vulcan*) lay away with speed
 All other works, you lads of *Ætnean* breed,
 And hither bend your thoughts, rare arms to frame,
 For a renowned prince of matchlesse fame.
 Now shew your strength, your nimble hands, rare art,
 Come, come, make haste. This said, each playes his part;
 And fast they fall to work, each takes his place,
 Gold, silver, brasse, steel-mettals, boile apace:
 And being melted, run like streams about.
 And first a goodly targe they forged out,
 Even one 'gainst all the aduerse *Latine* shafts,
 With fourteen folds and crosse-barre turning drafts:
 Some at the bellows put in, puff out blasts;
 Some hissing hot-iron into th' water casts:
 The whole shop rings with thick quick anvile blows,
 And each his arms in order fiercely throws,
 To give his stroke, and with the tongs to turn
 The massie mettall, which red-hot doth burn.
 Whiles *Vulcan* in *Æolian* puffy plains
 Thus busie was, the rising sun constrains
Euander from his palace poore to rise,
 Wakned by morning chanting birds in skies:
 Who gravely risen, and apparell'd meet,
 And *Tuscanes* sandals laced on his feet:
 Then his *Arcadian* blade he hangs by's side,
 Which on his left hung by a panthers hide.
 A lease of lusty dogs did on him vwait,

R

Guarding

Guarding their master from the palace gate.
 Thus to his guest *Aeneas* lodgings went
 This *Heroë* brave, mindfull of's high intent,
 And of his promis'd aid. With no lesse care
Aeneas in the morning doth prepare.
 With *Pallas* young the king associated,
Achates kinde *Aeneas* comitated.
 Met, they shake hands, and down together sit,
 And having time for talk, and leisure fit,
 The king thus first began; Great prince of *Troy*,
 I ne're shall think (whiles thou dost life enjoy)
Troyes crowns and comforts to be brought to thrall.
 Our forces, I confesse, are too too small,
 To give so great a prince aid competent:
 On one side we by *Tuscane*s stream are pent,
 On th' other side troops of *Rutulians* stout,
 With clattering arms our walls do hedge about:
 But I am mustring for thee mightie bands,
 A people strong, and very rich in lands:
 VVhich happy hap, unlookt for luck hath given,
 And thou art come, by fates decree, from heaven.
 Not farre from hence the citie *Agylla*,
 An ancient stony *basis* doth display,
 Once *Lydia* call'd, famous for battels bold,
 Which once did all *Etruria* mountains hold.
 This land, which fairely flourisht many yeares,
 Proud king *Mezentius* rul'd with cruell feares.
 Why should I mention all his murthers fierce?
 Or why this tyrants facts most foule rehearse?
 The Gods repay it on his impious head!
 Besides, he bound live bodies unto dead,
 Coupling them hands to hands, and face to face,

(Ah horrid torment) in which foule embrace,
 Them all-besmeare'd with putrefaction ill,
 He with a lingring death thus us'd to kill.
 His people tired with this tyranny,
 At last in arms him and his familie,
 Plotting more impious pranks, they close surrounded,
 Slew all his mates, with fire his house confounded.
 He in these broiles to *Rutuls* realm did flie,
 To *Turnus* harbour, for securitie.
 Then all *Etruria* in just furie came,
 Their king with arms, for due revenge, they claim:
 Thou great *Aeneas*, of these thousands brave
 The leading and the Martiall guide shalt have.
 For all their ships stand ready ridg'd at shore,
 And fluttering flags do hang the decks before:
 An aged southsayer singing secret fates,
 Does them with-hold, saying, O choice *Lydian* mates,
 Of pristine potentates the cream and flower,
 VVhom just revenge incenseth with strong power
 Against your foes, and whom *Mezentius* base
 Hath stimulated, with just wrath to chase:
 No native of *Italia* may such bands
 Conduct; then seek a captain from strange lands:
 These things did all *Etruria* much dismay,
 Yet still in field their ensignes they display:
 And troubled at these heavenly destinies,
Tarchon himself sent oratours most wise
 To me, with regal robes and presents rare,
 Desiring I would to their tents repaire,
 And of great *Tuscans* state take tutelage:
 But me, my feeble and congeal'd old age,
 And faint unfines to activity,

Denies that profered state and soveraignty.
 My sonne I would have sent: but mixed bloud
 With's mothers faire *Sabella*, thus withstood,
 By whom part of those parts to him enclin'd.
 But thou, whose yeares, and whose heroick minde
 The fates do favour, and the Gods provide:
 O thou *Troyes* and *Italia's* valiant guide,
 Do thou assume this charge. And here my boy,
Pallas my sonne, my hope and future joy,
 To thee I vwill commit, to thee commend,
 On thee his Martiall master to attend;
 VVarres burthen great with thee to undergo,
 Rare feats of arms from thee to see and know,
 And from his childehood thy rare parts t'admire.
 And (as the present case doth now require)
 Two hundred brave *Arcadian* horsemen strong,
 All chosen youths, I give to go along:
Pallas in's own name likewise does the same.
 Scarce to an end of's words the king yet came,
 And that *Aeneas* and *Achates* kinde,
 Their eyes fixt on the ground, their troubled minde
 Full of afflicting thoughts: vwhen suddenly
 Faire *Cytherea* in a serene skie,
 Gave them a signe: for why, a sudden light
 In th' open aire of wondrous glistring light,
 VVith rushing ratling noise, quick o're them came,
 And seem'd to shake the universall frame:
 And they suppos'd the *Tuscane* trump they heard,
 And more and more the ratling roare was rear'd.
 And then between the clouds in pleasant skie
 Bright-shining and loud-sounding arms they spie,
 VVith thundring noise, which did the rest affright:

But *Troyes* brave prince discern'd the sound aright,
 And thought on's sacred mothers promise made:
 And therefore to them thus at last he said;
 Kinde hoste, feare not, nor seek what accident
 These signes fore-show, for me heaven hath them sent.
Venus, divine *creatrix* of each thing,
 Promis'd she would this signe upon me bring,
 If warres were wag'd: and that for my protection,
 She'd bring me *Vulcans* arms, with sweet affection.
 Alas! vvhat woefull warres are imminent
 Unto *Laurentums* nation turbulent!
 What vengeance on thee, *Turnus*, shall I take!
 How many helms and targets shall I make,
 And bodies of brave captains, to be rould
 About thy banks and brims, faire *Tyber* old!
 Thy armies making, yet still marring peace:
 This said, from farther talk he now did cease,
 And from his seat himself he raised higher;
 And first of all he kindled the sleep-fire
 On *Hercules* his altars, and renews,
 With joyfull heart, yesterdaies sacred dues,
 Unto the petty Gods, and both the king
 And *Trojan* youths, slain sacrifices bring.
 This done, his ships and mates he goes to see:
 Amongst whose troops, those whom he found most free
 VVith active hearts his warres to undertake,
 He chose to him; those that would him forsake,
 Down the declining river thence he sent,
 VVho without sails homeward most smoothly went.
 To carry to *Ascanius* future news
 Both of his father and his facts issues.
 Then horses to the *Trojans* given were,

To *Tyrrhene* territories them to beare,
 But to *Aeneas* they a choice one gave,
 Clad with a lions skin, with gold claws brave.
 Fame quickly flew o're all the citie small,
 That to the king, through *Tuscan* horsemen tall,
 Did posting ride. Women with extream feare
 Did double their designs: in men appeare
 Doubts of the worst, and warres more open face.
 Then grave *Euander*, with a kinde embrace,
 Teares gushing out, his parting guest held fast,
 And lovingly into these speeches braist;
 O if my yeares of youth *Jove* would restore,
 (As once when at *Praneste* heretofore
 I routed my foes ranks, and victour stout,
 Burnt heaps of captains targets all about.
 This hand king *Herils* foule sent under earth,
 VVhose mother, faire *Feronia*, at his birth
 Infus'd in him three foules (horrid to tell)
 By which three weapons he could handle well:
 And therefore must be three times vanquished,
 Thrice slain, and thrice of's arms disfurnished.)
 O then, sweet sonne, I'd ne're disjoyn'd have been
 From thy sweet greets, nor have endur'd t' have seen
Mezentius proud, my bloody borderer,
 Such vaunts and villanies 'bout me t' inferre,
 Such murthers to have made, a town so good
 By husbands losse to weep in widow-hood.
 But oh great *Jove*, and ye the Gods on high,
 Pity *Arcadia's* kings great miserie;
 And heare a parents prayers, and your great love
 Let me in my poore *Pallas* safety prove:
 And if I live to see him safe again,

Life thus I crave, for this I'll beare all pain.
 But if, fierce fates, you threaten dire distresse,
 Now, oh now end these dayes of wretchednesse,
 Whiles thoughts are doubtfull, hope of hap's unknown,
 Whiles thee, my childe, my sole, sure joy alone,
 I yet may clasp in these mine aged arms,
 Before sad news my heart pierce with thy harms.
 Thus this good father these sad words pour'd out,
 At parting; and his tendants round about,
 Him, fainting, falling, carried in with care.
 And now *Aeneas* on his courser rare
 Mounted, rode foremost forth, *Achates* kinde,
 With all his *Trojan* peeres, with cheerefull minde,
 And princely *Pallas* in the midst of all
 In rich-wrought arms, conspicuously tall,
 With a short coat: like *Lucifer* most bright
 Shining upon the oceans waves at night,
 (Which *Venus* loves above each ignean starre)
 Whose lustrous beams are the most bright by farre.
 The women on the walls stood fearefully,
 And clouds of dust, and glistering arms did eye.
 The next way they through bush-paths armed ride,
 The field even quake with horse-hoofs prancing pride.
 Neare *Carits* floud a mightie wood doth lie,
 Which ancients farre and neare religiously
 Held in great honour, clos'd on evey side
 With hollow banks, 'bout which thick firre-woods 'bide.
 Fame sayes, the ancient *Greeks* did sacred yeeld
 Unto *Sylvanus*, God of beasts and field,
 The grove and solemne-day, that in old time
 That they first held the *Latines* lands and clime.
 Not farre from hence brave *Tarchons* armie stout,

Of his *Etruria* troops lay campt about:
 And from a high hill he might see their bands,
 How they lay spread about their fields and lands.
 Hither *Aeneas* with's choice youths addrest,
 And there their wearie selves and horse they rest.
 But beauteous Goddesse *Venus* through the skies
 With her rare gifts unto *Aeneas* hies,
 And in a separate valley by a brook,
 As soon as on her sonne she cast a look,
 She to him comes, and these words uttered;
 See here, deare sonne, the gifts I promised,
 By my kinde husbands art thus perfected:
 Now feare no *Laurent* strong, nor *Turnus* stout,
 In field to fight with, and to single out.
 This said, faire *Venus* did her sonne embrace,
 And under an oak the glistering arms did place.
 He overjoy'd, and wondrously affected
 With such the Goddesse gifts to be respected,
 And highly honour'd, gluts his gazing eyes,
 And with strange wonder every parcell spies,
 And turns and windes betwixt his arms and hands,
 The horreur-striking helm, like flaming brands
 Vomiting fire, and the death-wounding blade,
 A brazen breast-plate very richly made,
 Big, and bloud-red of hue: like *Sols* bright rayes,
 When its faire shine abroad it self displays
 Upon some rain-bow cloud, full opposite.
 Then he admires his silver-boots most light,
 With gold and amell wrought, and well refin'd,
 His lance and shield most strangely stuf and lin'd.
 For here *Italian* facts, *Romes* victories,
 Fire-furious *Vulcan*, seen in prophecies,

And

And future strange events, had graven faire:
And here *Ascanus* issuing offspring rare,
And all his famous fights, were pictured brave:
How a great she-wolf in stout *Mars* his cave
Brought forth her young, and how two chopping boyes
At mothers dugs lay dandling, mothers joyes;
Who did her fearelesse twins, most loving, lick,
And with her tongue make necks and bodies slick.
Hard by stood *Rome*, and ravisht *Sabine* dames
By troops assembled at *Circean* games.
And how new warres did suddenly arise
Unto the *Romanes*, *Cures*, *Tatius* wise,
And how (at last) contentions laid aside,
Those armed kings about *Joves* shrine did 'bide,
With bowls in hand, and having slain a swine,
As kinde confederates, did in league combine.
Not farre from thence *Metius* was pictured,
By horses torn, and quit dismembered;
(But thou *Albanus* stoodst not to thy word)
And all the bowels of that lying lord
Tullus tore out, and drag'd them through the wood,
And all the briers besprinkled with his bloud.
How king *Porfenna* charg'd *Rome* to re-take.
Their banisht *Tarquine*, and how for his sake
The citie with a hard siege he did crush,
When on their swords, for freedome, *Romanes* rush.
There you might see him rage, and threat and fret,
'Cause *Cocles* durst the bridge break down and get.
How captiv'd *Chlalia*, having broke his bands,
Swamine o're the river stoutly with her hands.
How on the top of high *Tarpeia's* tower
Brave *Manlius* stood, and with undanted power

The

The temple and the *Capitol* defended,
And all the reed-thatcht palace that ascended,
Did tumble down, and the white-feathered goose
In the guilt gallery, cackling, fluttering loose,
Frighted the *French*, and their approach discried,
Whom clambering up, thick bushes did so hide,
And benefit of black night, aid therein,
That they got up, and to the towre did win:
Whom goldy locks and golden garments decks
With purple jackets, and their milk-white necks
With bracelets grac'd, in hand two *Alpine* speares,
A long shield o're his corps each souldier beares.
The dancing *Salii*, *Paus* priests, naked quite,
V Vool-wearing *Flamines*, *Numa's* target slight,
V Which fell from heaven, were curiously set out,
And how the modest matrons bare about
In easie coaches, their most sacred rites:
Aloof from these were horrid hells affrights,
Black *Pluto's* gates, and damned soules dire pains:
And thou, base *Catiline*, hungst there in chains,
On a steep tumbling rock, with *Furies* jaws
Frighted: But *Cato*, giving wholesome laws,
Sate 'mongst the good: in a sequestred place
Betwixt both these, sea-waves with golden face
Did run abroad, and boyl'd-up froth most white;
About were dolphins grav'd in silver bright,
In circles with their tails the billows sweeping,
And cutting through the waves, their courses keeping.
In midst of whom you guilded ships might see:
How Martiall sports yearely solemniz'd be:
How all *Lencates* with fierce warres did sweat,
And waves of seas like gold to glister neat:

And how *Augustus Caesar* by warres might
 With *Latinus* peeres and people ruled right,
 His small and great Gods his tall ship ascending,
 From his faire brows two glistring flames extending,
 And o're his head his fathers starre most bright.
 On th'other side, *Agrippa* with great might
 With friendly Gods and gales his armie led,
 His Martiall ensignes being bravely spread,
 Sea-conquest garlands garnishing his head.
 How with *Barbarian* aid *Antonius* great
 In various conquests did *Romes* foes defeat,
 And 'mongst the *Indies* black and *Egypt* long,
 By red-sea shores, and orient forces strong,
 T'increase his strength, all *Asia* to him drew,
 Whom *Cleopatra* (shamefull) did pursue.
 All rusht together, the whole sea did seem,
 Wrought up with winding oares, thick froth to steam;
 The foredecks one another dashing fast:
 And to the ocean thus they get at last.
 Thou'dst think the isles rous'd up did swim and meet,
 That mightie mountains did high mountains greet.
 With so great strength men strenuously did strive,
 Their towering vessels close to force and drive.
 Wild-fire from hands, steel-shafts from bows are sped:
 New broiles on *Neptunes* soiles do die seas red.
 The queen i'th' midst her troops with trump doth cheere,
 As yet her fatall snakes do not appeare.
 But all the rout of monstrous Gods, meere fiends,
 Yea barking *Anubis* his weapons bends
 Against great *Neptune*, *Pallas*, *Venus* faire.
 Amidst their troops mad *Mars* doth stamp and stare,
 Carv'd in a garbe of steel, and horrid haggas

Sent

Sent by great *Jove*, and Discord in torn rags
Skips jocand 'mongst them:whom *Bellona* fierce
Follows with bloudie whips their hearts to pierce.
Actian Apollo these things well did eye,
Straight bent his bow,at them from heaven let flie.
Whereat in terrour all th' *Egyptian* rout,
Arabians, *Indians*, and *Sabeans* stout,
Turn'd backs and fled: the queen herself also
Was heard to wish for windes, hoise sails, and go,
Yea flie full fast,slackning the ropes and sail.
The black-fire furious God with Western gale
And tydic-waves,her,looking gashly white
With feare of future death, amidst the fight,
Did drive along:but yet against the same
With mightie body weeping *Nilus* came,
Opening her bosome,calling back again
Her thus surprised and quite conquered men
Into her livid lap and unfound springs.
But *Cesar*,conquerour of these adverse things,
Thrice born in triumph 'bout *Romes* royall walls,
His everlasting vow to minde recalls,
To his *Italian* Gods doth sacrifice,
And through the citie with great joy likewise
Three hundred temples built: the streets throughout
Do ring with sports and peoples joyfull shout:
Each temple fill'd with dancing matrons faire,
About the altars singing songs most rare,
And every altar fraught with heifers slain.
Cesar himself i'th' temple did remain
Of pure *Apollo*, in the porch most white,
And of the nations gifts taking full sight,
Fits the rich posts with choice of royall spoiles.

The captives conquer'd in the warres turmoiles
 Are led along, in speech as different,
 As in their habits, arms and ornament.
 Here mudling *Mulciber* had cast in brasse,
 Fierce *Scythians* and black *Moores* in gowns to passe:
 Here *Careans*, *Lelages*, *Gelonians* stout,
 Skilfull in casting darts, he pictur'd out.
 And here *Euphrates* streams did smoothly glide,
 And *French Morinians*, who remote reside:
 Two-corner'd *Rhine*, undanted *Daians* stout,
Araxes swift o're his bridge swelling out.
 These rarities of *Vulcan* in his shield,
 His mothers gift, cause of much wonder yeeld:
 The things unknown, the figures him affect,
 Friends fame and fates he beares with choice respect.

*An end of the eighth book
 of Virgils Æneids.*

THE

THE ARGUMENT

of the ninth book.

*Whiles on both sides the state thus stands
Of their affaires, Juno commands
Turnus to hasten 'gainst his foe,
The Trojans ships to overthrow,
By flinging fire into the fleet:
But Jove does with their project meet,
And turns the ships into nymphs shapes.
Two friends go forth, but neither scapes.
Trojans their camps do bravely hold,
Ascanius kills Numanus bold.
Pell-mell they fight, but Turnus stout
Bitias and Pandar puts to rout,
And Trojans from their trenches beats:
But tyr'd with troops, he thence retreats.*



*And now, whiles thus th' affaires on both
sides stand,
Juno from heaven sent Iris out of hand
To supine Turnus, who took up his seat
I'th' sacred dale of Pileus grove most
To whom Thaumantias with faire face thus said; (great
Turnus, behold, what none o'th' Gods, though pray'd,
Durst ere have promil'd, time now profers free.
Aeneas leaving all behinde for thee,
Camp, mates, and fleet, to king Euander's gon:
Yet rests not so, but farther is past on,
To Corits utmost confines, Lydians strong*

With

With rustick wrath in arms to lead along.
What fear'st thou? 'tis high time, leave all delay,
With horse and chariots now to make thy prey
On their confused camp. Thus having said,
With well-poyl'd wings to th' heavens her way she made;
And in her flight she cuts her mightie bow
Under a cloud. The young prince did her know,
And lifting both his hands up to the skies
After her, flying, with these words he flies;
Faire *Iris*, heavens great grace, who did thee force,
Thus from the clouds to me to have recourse?
Whence is this sudden storm, so bright and cleare?
Me thinks I see heaven cleft i'th' midst appeare;
And stragling starres from proper pole declines:
Who e're me call to arms, so sacred signes
I'll follow fast. This said, to th' stream he hastes,
And of the water a deep draught he tastes,
Loading his Gods with prayers and protestations.
And now his troops to field made properations,
Rich of rare horse, embroidered cloaths and gold.
The valiant vanguard by *Messapus* bold,
The rereward by brave *Tyrrhus* youths was led,
The main battalion *Turnus* marshalled,
Advancing his brave arms farre 'bove the rest:
Like flowing *Ganges* with seven streams addrest,
And silent running; or like fertile *Nile*
O'reflowing fields, yet couching close the while.
A sudden black-dust cloud the *Trojans* spide,
Growing farre off, darknesse the fields do hide.
Whereat first *Caicus* from a crosse bank cries,
Faire friends, what cloud-like troop doth yonder rise?
Flie to your swords and speares, get up the walls:

Alas

Alas! our foe on us already falls,
Hereat the *Trojans* raise a piteous crie,
But close about the wall and gates they lie.
For so, at's parting, wise *Aeneas* had
His armie charg'd, if any fortune bad
Should them befall; and not in battell ray
In field to trie the fortune of the day,
But keep their camp with forts and trenches strong.
Though therefore shame and rage provoke them long,
Battell to joyn; yet they do fortifie
And guard the gates, and do obsequiously
As they were charg'd. Thus well prepar'd in arms,
They in their forts expect their foes alarms.
Now *Turnus* all his tardie troops out-riding,
Twentie choice knights about his body bidding,
Was on a sudden to the citie nigh:
Whom a white spotted steed most prancingly
Of *Thracian* breed did beare; upon his head
A golden helm with a crest beauteous red.
O who is he, brave sparks, amongst you all,
(Sayes he) with me first on our foes dares fall?
With that he cast a dart into the aire,
(The onset to the fight) with courage rare;
Entring the field himself, his mates in arms
Following him fast with clamorous loud alarms,
Wondring to see the *Trojans* cowardise,
(As they suppos'd) not daring t'enterprise
To fight the field, in arms to play the men,
But keep their camps: he in a furie then
Doth gallop up and down the wall about,
For fierce assaults, a fit place to spie out.
And as a ravening wolf all hungerbit,

Doth roave and rave, and 'bout the sheep-fold sit,
 At midnight dark enduring winde and weather,
 To watch and catch the prey; the lambes together
 Keep with their dammes, and do securely bleat;
 The wolf without rageth about for meat,
 Extreemly vext to see the sheep so pent,
 And he so long to suck their bloud so bent:
 Even so *Rutulian Turnus* hunts about
 The walls and trenches, extreame rage flames out.
 Hate heats his heart, to know by what means best,
 To finde a way the *Trojans* to infest,
 And flying out of their forts, compulsively
 To force them to the field: then does he spie
 Their fleet, which did behinde their camp lie sure,
 And which strong walls of waves did safe immure.
 This he assails, and all his mates desires,
 To bring in haste store of consuming fires:
 And first himself cast in a pine-board flame;
 And all his souldiers forthwith do the same.
 Their princes presence stimulates their hearts,
 Thus all the youth with fire-brands play their parts,
 And sling about fierce flames, and to the skies
 Made mightie fumes with pich and tarre arise.
 Tell me, faire Muses, what so mightie power,
 Permitted not such fierce flames to devoure?
 And turn'd to ashes all *Troyes* navy great?
 Though future times may former facts repeat
 With hard belief; this facts fame ne're shall die:
 When first in *Phrygian* isle most carefully
Aeneas did a fleet for sea prepare,
 The Gods great mother, *Berecynthia* faire,
 Is said, her sonne great *Jove* thus to intreat;

Deare sonne, since thou now rul'st *olympus* great,
 Grant thy intreating mother this request;
 A pine-tree wood long time I loved best,
 I'th' height whereof a gallant grove there stood,
 Whither were brought me sacrifices good;
 Shadow'd it was with firres and maples brave:
 These to the *Trojans* use I freely gave,
 When they to build them ships had speciall need:
 Now anxious feare much care doth in me breed.
 Of this feare free me: grant me this request,
 That by no nimble course they be distrest,
 Nor overthrown by fire or furious winde,
 Let all that thence do grow this favour finde.
 Her sonne, which rules the world and starrie skie,
 Unto his mother made this briefe replie;
 Whither (deare mother) wouldst thou fates incline?
 Or what request for them is this of thine?
 Can mortall things immortall states possesse?
 Or can *Aeneas* sail free from distresse?
 What God so great can in this case be free?
 Nay, when *Troyes* princes sailings finisht be,
 When *Trojans Latiums* ports and parts have gain'd;
 What's ever ships from storms shall have remain'd,
 I'll take from them their mortall shape and form,
 And them into sea-nymphs I will transform;
 Like *Nerean Clotho*, *Galatea* faire,
 Cutting the foamy waves with breast most bare.
 He said it, swore it, for more confirmation,
 By's brother *Styxes* foule floods inundation;
 By pichy streams, and *Pluto's* black gulfs banks,
 And nods, whose nods whole heaven affrights & blanks.
 The promis'd day wa. come, fates now fulfill

The due designed time to *Joves* great will;
 VVhen *Turnus* turbulent, injurious deed,
 Mov'd the great mother of the Gods, with speed
 To free her sacred ships from his fierce flame.
 Here first to fight a sudden brightnes came,
 A mightie cloud from th' Eastern skie did glide,
 And all th' *Idean* damselfs were discride.
 Then from the skies a thundring voice was heard,
 Deare *Trojans*, of my ships be not afraid,
 Nor struggle ye to shield them with strong arm.
 Ere *Turnus* does my sacred ships least harm,
 He sooner shall with fire burn up the seas:
 Go sea-nymphs, go (sayes she) swimme loose at ease,
 Your mother bids you. Straight at her commands
 Each ship from shore most nimbly brake their bands;
 And presently, like dolphins, duck and dive,
 And like so many virgins faire alive,
 (Strange to behold) in sea they all appeare;
 So many ships, so many nymphs were here.
 All the *Rutulians* hereat stood amaz'd,
Messapus self hereat with terrour gaz'd,
 And all his frighted horse: the stream stands still,
Tyber retreats, and vents out voices shrill.
 Yet for all this *Turnus* turns all to th' best,
 His courage and his confidence are prest:
 Boldly he cheeres them, boldly chides them thus;
 These monstrous signes are surely ominous
 Unto the *Trojans*: *Jove* himself, you see,
 Takes from them thus all hope and help, to flee:
Rutulians need not sword or fire t' infect,
 From sea-fight, sea-flight *Trojans* are distrest.
 Thus part of their protections from them ta'ne,

All the land-power doth in our hands remain.
 For many thousands arm'd in *Italie*
 We have: *Troyes* scarre-crows can't us terrifie.
 If *Trojans* of the great Gods answers boast,
 The fates and *Venus* have them given the most
 They can desire, *Latiums* faire land to see:
 On th' other side, are not my fates to me,
 That cursed stock with sword to ruinate,
 Which would a wife perforce praeoccupate.
 Nor *Agamemnons* kinne this sole concerns,
 Nor *Greeks* alone this grief due caution learns,
 To arm themselves: Enough one wrack had been,
 If they enough had held it, once to sinne.
 Should not all women to them hatefull be?
 What trust in triviall trenches can they see?
 Delayes by ditches, thus to pride their minde?
 Which they small distances from death shall finde.
 Have they not seen *Troyes* walls, by *Neptune* wrought,
 (Maugre their might) to ashes to be brought?
 But oh brave sparks! who of you will with me
 Break through their trenches, and most fiercely flee
 Upon their quaking camps? I have no need
 Of *Vulcans* arms, or thousand ships of speed
 Against these trembling *Trojans*: Let them get
 All their *Etrurian* mates with them t' abet:
 I'll seek no shades, no shelters of dark night,
 No theevish horses paunch, by *Pallas* slight;
 Let them not feare their watch-towers to be slain:
 For we by day most stoutly will maintain
 The battell brave, and girt their walls with fire.
 I'll make them know, that now with *Grecian* ire,
 Or *Greekish* spirits they do not contest,

VVhom

VWhom their great *Hector* ten yeares did molest.
 But now since more then half the day is past,
 VWhat yet remains, but that with sweet repast
 Every one fit himself to play the man,
 Bravely to end what he so well began?
 Meanwhile the care of keeping watch and ward
 By Sentinels, with vigilant regard
 About the gates, is to *Messapus* granted,
 VWho 'bout the walls with sword and fire is planted.
 Fourteen *Rutulian* captains were chose out,
 Each guarded with his hundred souldiers stout
 In glistring azure arms, adorn'd with gold:
 And these their quarters 'bout the trench must hold.
 They spread themselves, change turns, laid on the ground,
 And wine in bowls they all carouse profound,
 Making huge fires, in mirth and much delight
 Breaking their sleep, and wasting (thus) the night.
 These things the *Trojans* from their trenches spie,
 And armed, all do keep themselves on high:
 Yet with great care and feare the gates they guard,
 VWith bridges and strong barricadoes bar'd,
 Still arm'd: brave *Mnestheus* and *Serestus* stout,
 VWhom in all straits and cases of great doubt,
Æneas o're his youth chief guidance gave,
 And made commanders bravely them behave.
 Each band abode in watch upon the wall,
 And took his turn as dangers did them call.
 Courageous *Nisus* strongly kept one gate,
 VWhom *Ida's* huntresse sent, *Æneas* mate,
 By *Hyrtacus* his father bravely bred,
 At bow and arrows well experienced.
 Next him *Euryalus*, his faithfull friend,

VVhose beauteous countenance did him commend
 Past all the *Trojans*, but no arms did beare,
 For yet smooth unshaven down his chin did weare.
 Each lov'd alike, and each for other fought,
 Each kept the gate by course with courage stout.
 Thus then sayes *Nisus* to *Euryalus*;
 Deare brother, have the Gods enflamed thus
 Our hearts with love? or is mans genius high
 A God unto himself? Long time have I
 Been mov'd in minde, some fight or fact most great
 To enterprise; nor can I quench this heat.
 Thou seest those proud *Rutulians* hopes most high,
 Their various fires, how they even buried lie
 In wine and sleep, how all all-o're is still:
 Now mark, I pray, what doubts my heart do fill,
 And whereon now I muse and meditate:
 Does not our armie now expostulate?
 Both peeres and people, with a joynt consent,
 To call *Aeneas* home incontinent,
 Send men and messages of our estate,
 Him to enform. If they'le remunerate
 Thee for the fact which now I'le undertake,
 (For to my self fame shall requitall make)
 Me thinks I could break through our enemies,
 And by that bank a passage enterprise
 To *Pallanteum*. Faire *Euryalus*
 Hereat astonisht, yet most valourous,
 With love of land inflam'd, sayes with brave minde
 To his endeered friend; My *Nisus* kinde,
 Wouldst thou thy mate in great facts leave behinde?
 Should I in such great straits leave thee alone?
 No sure, my father (as it is well known)

Opheltes

Opheltes, well in warres experienced,
 Hath me not therein so absurdly bred,
 In all our *Grecian* terrours, *Trojan* toiles,
 Nor hath mine honour yet receiv'd such foiles,
 Following *Aeneas* brave in's utmost ill.
 I want not courage, no, I want not will,
 To scorn this light, yea life it self for thee,
 To welcome death, that thou mayst honour'd be.
 Surely, sayes *Nisus*, never did I feare
 Such things in thee: oh no, it impious were
 So to suspect. O may great *Jove* above
 So link me firmly to thy faithfull love:
 Or any equall-fighted deity,
 Observing herein my sinceritie.
 But if there should (as such things oft fall out)
 If there should happen any adverse doubt
 Or fatall danger; oh mayst thou survive
 Rather then I! worthier to rest alive:
 May one remain to snatch me from the fight,
 Or to redeem me to a funerall rite:
 Or, if this favour fortune me denie,
 Yet to me dead to frame an elegie,
 My herse with some death-dues to dignifie:
 Oh never may I to thy mother bring
 Cause of such woe, her wretched hands to wring:
 Thy mother deare, of many matrons best,
 Who durst for thee (faire youth) refuse sweet rest,
 Neglect the welcome of *Troyes* kinde *Acest*.
Euryalus reply'd, Thou ply'st in vain
 These vain excuses, constant I remain.
 Let's then (sayes he) make haste; and therewithall
 They stirre about, and the next watchmen call;

Who straight gave way, chang'd turns, and left their
And thus with *Nisus* he makes properation (station;
To call their king. Now all the rest took rest,
Their day-toiles (thus) with sweet sleep were redrest.
Now *Troyes* prime peeres, and youths of best respect,
In council sate, state-businesse to direct;
Consulting what to do, who news should beare
Unto *Aeneas*. Leaning on their speare;
They carefully do stand, in hand their shields,
Just in the midst both of their camp and fields.
Then *Nisus* and *Euryalus* most brave,
Hast'ned unto them, and admittance crave,
Saying they had a businesse great t' impart,
Delay whereof might turn unto their smart:
Ascanius first them carefull did receive,
And unto *Nisus* to begin, gave leave.
Thusthen he spake; Attend, brave *Trojan* peeres,
With moderate mindes, and judge not by our yeares
The motion we now make. Our *Rutule* foes
O'recome with wine and sleep, do them repose
All snorting on the ground: and we have spi'de
A place where we an ambush safe may hide,
Open to th' gate which to the two-paths guides,
The gate I say, neare which the sea resides.
Their scattered fires, huge fume and smoak up-cast,
Shew that this happy hap may not be past
Or pretermitted: and if you give way,
T' *Aeneas* to *Pallant'um* passe we may:
And this brave youth you'le see return again
Enricht with spoiles of foes defeated, slain:
Nor can we (by this means) misse of our way.
We saw and knew, by hunting every day

I'th' bottome of deep dales, the river faire,
And much o'th' town to which we would repaire.

Alethes, ripe in yeares, both grave and wise,

Said, O our Gods, who *Troy* do patronize,

As yet I see ye minde not to blot out

Poore *Trojans* name, since such brave youths, so stout,

Such valiant hearts ye still unto us raise.

Thus speaking, on their necks his hands he layes,

And holding both their hands, with teares of joy

He thus sayes on; What praise, what prize can *Troy*

Repay to you. brave youths, of so rare parts?

The Gods will best requite your due deserts:

And good *Aeneas* will not be behinde,

Nor ripe *Ascanius* blot out of his minde

Such meritorious deeds: yea and I will,

(Sayes young *Ascanius*) for my joyes ye fill,

In my deare fathers safe return to me:

By our great Gods (*Nisus*) I sweare to thee,

And thy kinde mate, by all our sacred kinne,

And by the aged *Vesta's* rites within,

That whatsoever fate or fortune's mine,

Into your bosomes it shall full incline:

Call back my father; let me see his sight,

And nothing then can me molest, affright.

Two silver bowls richly engraven and wrought,

Both which my father from *Arisba* brought,

When it was ruin'd by *Achilles* bold:

Two three-leg'd cups, two talents of pure gold,

A bason brave, given by queen *Dido* faire:

And if *Italia* chance to be our share,

And we by conquest do enjoy that crown,

And 'mongst us part the prey with high renown,

Thou

Thou saw'st what horse, what arms, rich *Turnus* had:
 All those thou saw'st, thy valiant heart to glad:
 Assure thy self, brave *Nisus* shall be thine.
 Besides, my father hath twelve matrons fine,
 And captives twelve, with all their ornaments,
 And all king *Latines* lands and continents:
 All these my father shall bestow on thee.
 For thee, faire youth, whose yeares come nearest me,
 Thee in my bosome of best love I take,
 Thee my companion in all states I'll make.
 No fame by facts will I without thee gain,
 In peace or warre thy counsel shall be ta'ne.
 To whom *Euryalus* made this reply;
 Faire sir, no time shall finde me falsifie
 My promise in such high designs as these:
 Yet fortune good or bad (as heaven shall please)
 May on us fall. But thee, this one thing I,
 'Bove all thy gifts, intreat most earnestly:
 I have a mother sprung from *Priams* race,
 Whom neither *Troy* through its now captiv'd case,
 Nor kinde *Acestes* realm (poore heart) could stay,
 But with me she hath travel'd all our way.
 Her I (alas!) now unsaluted leave,
 Ignorant what dire fate may to me cleave:
 By this dark night, and thy right hand I sweare,
 That I could not her tender weeping beare,
 Upon our parting. I thee therefore pray,
 In her distresse to be her staffe and stay,
 To help her in her need. If this request
 Thou to me grant, my heart will be at rest,
 And I the boldier shall all hazards trie.
 The *Trojans* hearts hereat melt instantly,

Who fell aweeping: but *Iulus* chief,
 Tought at the heart, between great joy and grief,
 At this rare copie of connative love,
 Which in's affection this reply did move;
 I promise and protest, all said and done,
 Is highly worthy such an honour'd sonne.
 Thy mother shall be mine, in all the same
 With my *Creüsa*, save alone in name:
 Nor such a sonne to have is honour small,
 What's ever issue do this fact befall.
 Now by this head I sweare, by which before,
 My father upon oft occasions swore,
 What I thee promis'd, safe return'd again,
 Shall to thy mother and thy kinne remain.
 Thus weeping spake he, and from's neck did take
 A rare gilt sword, which *Lycæon* did make
 With curious art, in ivorie scabbert rare,
 Which he bestow'd upon *Eurylus* faire.
 To *Nisus* *Mnestheus* gave a lions skin,
 Huge rough with haire, which had a conquest bin:
 Friendly *Alethes* did his helm exchange.
 And thus they armed, valiantly forth range:
 Whom to the gates the *Trojan* gallants guide
 Both young and old, and them with prayers plide;
 Chiefly *Ascanius*, grave beyond green yeares,
 Expressing wisely manly filiall feares,
 Follows them fast, with prayers and meslages,
 Unto his father in their passages:
 But all (alas! they spake) flew into th' aire,
 And to the clouds in vain they vented are.
 Thus (then) gone forth, they o're the trenches past,
 And by dark night to foes camp came at last;

To many of them (first) dire death to bring.
 There all-about neglected lies each thing,
 The men laid on the grasse, with wine and sleep
 O're whelmed all, no watch their carts do keep.
 Men 'mongst horse-harness lay: here wine-pots stood,
 There armour lay: nothing in order good.
Nisus hereat first to *Euryalus* said,
 Deare friend, our way must now with blows be made:
 This way we must; and lest assaults behinde
 Do us infest, have thou a watchfull minde,
 And keep a distance off, wide way I'll make,
 And all these vast impediments hence take.
 This said, he silent was; and instantly
 Upon proud *Rhamnes* he set furiously,
 Upon a rich wrought *Arras* carpet stretcht:
 Who in a deep-drunk sleep, his last breath fetch't:
 A king and southsayer, which king *Turnus* joy'd,
 But southsaying could not this great mischief void.
 Three of whose servants lying neare were slain,
 And *Rhemus* page and coachman quickly ta'ne,
 Under his horses. Both whom he left dead,
 Cut both their throats, cut off their masters head,
 Leaving his headlesse trunk tumbling i'th' mire,
 Soil'd with black bloud his soule and breath t'expire,
 And to sigh out: the beds and ground about,
 Reaking warm fumes, with gore that gushed out:
 Besides, *Lamirus*, *Lamus*, *Serranus*
 A brave young spark, that night most riotous,
 With *Bacchus* drunken bands his body bound:
 Happy, had he all night been playing found,
 Even untill day. But rav'ning lion-like,
 (For famine fierce made him the sheepfold strike)

Infesting

Infesting all the flock, he teares and spoiles
The silly sheep, and chaps with blood besoiles,
Whiles they lie mute for feare: no lesse also
Euryalus with slaughter on doth go:
And he in wrath raging, about him layes.
And numbers of the namelesse vulgars slayes:
Hebesus, Fadus, Rhætus, Abaris,
He unawares did caule deaths cup to kisse.
But *Rhætus* was awake, and all this ey'd,
And (base) behinde a huge bowl did him hide
From his fierce foe: who seen, was follow'd fast,
And with a fierce full wound his weapon past
Into his sheathing corps, with which deep blow
His crimson gory soule doth belching flow,
And flie away, mixing his blood and wine:
Thus hotly he by stealth doth on incline.
And now unto *Messapus* mates he came,
And found their fires lifting their latest flame,
And all their horse at grasie about them ty'd.
Then briefly thus sayes *Nisus* (for he spi'de)
Euryalus to too much wrath inclinde,
And nought but blood and slaughter still to minde)
Let's now surcease, sayes he, for tell-tale day
Hastens upon us, and we must away.
Enough revenge we now exhausted have,
And through our foes our passage purchas'd brave.
Much wealth they left behinde, silver and gold,
Rich arms, rare bowls, faire carpets to behold.
Euryalus had from king *Rhamnes* ta'ne
Rich gold-bost trappings, when he had him slain,
And golden girts, which wealthie *Cædicus*
At the league linking, sent to *Remulus*,

As

As friendly gifts; and which he dying gave
 Unto his nephew, after death to have:
 But he being dead, the *Rutuls* got that prey
 In warre: *Euryalus* took these away,
 And, but in vain, upon his shoulders strong
 With courage brave bare them with him along;
Messapus handsome helm, with comely crest,
 Fitting him well, he wore. Thus then addrest,
 They past the camp, and on securely went.
 Meanwhile a troop of horse, which forth were sent
 Out of *Latinus* town, whiles all the rest
 Of th' armed bands stayd in the camp addrest,
 Past on unto king *Turnus*, to declare
 The message sent: three hundred men there were,
 All bravely arm'd, *Volsens* their Generall.
 Who now drew neare the camp, approacht the wall,
 When those farre off did both those two perceive,
 Hastily them on the left hand to leave:
 And young *Euryalus* his helmet gay
 By the nights glimmering light did them betray.
 He most unmindefull of the glist'ring brightnesse,
 The helmet did reflect against least lightnesse.
 Which fairely seen, *Volsens* aloud did say;
 Stay, masters, stay, why passe ye on this way?
 Why are ye arm'd? and whither are ye bound?
 They answered nought, but swift away they wound,
 And scud into the wood, hoping dark night
 Would them advantage, thus to scape by flight.
 The horsemen 'bout known-turning paths do lie,
 And here and there each passage fortifie
 With a strong guard. The wood was wide, o're-grown,
 Full of great oaks and prickly bushes known,

And

And scratching briers and brambles: and thereby
VVayes were shut up, and paths most hard to spie,
And shade of trees and heavy weight of spoiles
Molest *Euryalus* with tedious toiles,
And ignorance o'th' way did him delude.
But *Nisus* got away, his foes eschew'd,
And unadvised had escapt that place,
(Not thinking on *Euryalus* his case)
Which afterward was call'd from *Alba* faire,
Albanus, where king *Latines* stables rare
Were situated. *Nisus* here made stay,
And (but in vain) finding his friend away,
O where (sayes he) *Euryalus*, have I,
Unhappie I, thee left in miserie?
O whither should I go to follow thee?
Straight hereupon, away he back doth flee
Through those perplexed paths, pries all about
The crooked woods false creeks and nooks throughout:
Observes each passage as he backward goes,
And through thick thickets, where no way he knows.
Horses he heares, he heares a noise at last,
And signes of some at heels him following fast.
Nor was it long ere clamours came to's eares,
Nor ere *Euryalus* poore case appeares;
VVhom all the band (through error of the place,
And darksome night, and coming-on apace,
Of th'enemie swiftly and suddenly)
Had now surpriz'd, yet fighting valiantly.
And what should he do now? what strength expresse?
What force to free the young man from distresse?
VVhat? should he dying rush i'th' midst of's foes?
By honour'd death make haste his life to lose?

Advancing

Advancing straight his arm, shaking his lance,
 Thus to the Moon he did his votes advance;
 Faire Goddesse, thou, thou seest our present woe,
 Help us this danger great to undergo;
 O thou starres state, woods warder, daughter faire
 Of *Titan* bright! if on thine altars rare
 My father *Hyrtacus* did e're for me
 Presents present; if I my self to thee
 In hunting have augmented thine oblations,
 And on thy scutchion hung due adornations,
 Great gracefull gifts on sacred posts made fast:
 Grant then, I pray, I may (at least) at last
 Vex and perplex this troop most turbulent,
 Do thou my darts direct to that intent.
 Thus having said and pray'd, with all his might
 He cast a dart, which pierc'd black shades of night,
 And flying, lighted on and brake in twain
 Great *Solmons* targe, piercing with mortall pain
 His vitall part, his heart, he's overthrown,
 And with a deep, and heart-string-breaking groan
 Disgorg'd a floud of luke-warm bloud, and straight
 He waxed cold, because inanimate,
 The souldiers diverse wayes do look about,
 And see a fiercer then the first flie out:
 For he by's eare levell'd another dart;
 Which, whiles they troubled stood, with fatall smart
 Whistlingly flying, *Tagus* temples twain
 Did penetrate, and stuck fast in his brain.
Volscens hereat grew violent and mad,
 Not knowing th' author of these facts so bad,
 Nor upon whom deserv'd revenge to take.
 But as for thee (sayes he) I'll surely make

Thy blood requite the death of both my friends:
 Thus at *Euryalus* his sword he bends.
 Straight noble *Nisus* thereat much molested,
 In rage cries out (seeing his friend infested,
 Himself not willing longer now to hide,
 Or so great sorrow in his friend to 'bide)
 'Twas I, *Rutulians*, I that did the deed:
 Here, here I am, against me, me proceed,
 And set your swords on me, revenge to take,
 My hand and heart did all this mischief make:
 He durst not do this deed, alas not he,
 Nor could he do it (by these heavens you see,
 And testifying starres, I truth protest)
 Onely his love he hath too much exprest
 Unto his friend, me his unhappy friend.
 These words he spake, but they their swords do bend
 With utmost force against *Euryalus*:
 And through his sides vvith rancour venomous
 They pierce his heart, and he falls down stark dead:
 Whose hearts gore-blood doth all his parts o'respread,
 His neck between his shoulders doubled lay:
 Even as the plow, to make his furrowed way,
 Cuts down a violet faire, which withering dies;
 Or like tall poppy, which by showres from skies
 O're-laid, from its weak neck hangs down the head.
 But *Nisus* nobly shaking off all dread,
 Burst into thickest foes, and singles out,
 From all the rest, their leader *Volsens* stout.
 With whom alone he would the combate trie:
 About both whom the totall troop doth flie,
 And neare at hand, still *Nisus* they molest,
 Who nimbly still stomach and strength exprest:

Thy

T

And

And bravely whist about his bloudy blade,
 Till this *Rutulian* crying loud, dismayd,
 He sheath'd his sword in's mouth, thrust down his throat,
 And made his soule sing a harsh dying note.
 Himself being wounded mortally also,
 O're his friends body he himself did throw,
 And so at last in pleasing rest expir'd,
 Both fortunate, both in their love admir'd.
 If my poore layes their praise could dignifie,
 No age should e're blot out their memorie,
 As long as brave *Aeneas* kin remain,
 And *Rome* her *Capirol* shall firm sustain,
 And *Romanes* o're the world have emperie;
 So long my lines their loves should magnifie.
 The sad *Rutulians* with their spoiles and prey,
 (Though conquerours) unto their camp convay
 Their *Volsens* slain, with many a weeping eye,
 And for king *Rhamnes* fatall destinie,
 And for *Serranus* and stout *Nama* slain,
 As they the first assault did well maintain:
 A mightie confluence of people came
 About the corps, flocking to see the same,
 To see their half-dead friends, the bloudy place,
 And streams of foamy gore flowing apace.
 They know the spoiles, *Messapus* helmet bright,
 The trappings faire re-gain'd with sweaty fight.
 And now *Aurora* rare relinquished
 Her earthly *Tithons* saffron-colour'd bed,
 And with fresh light the earth had garnisht gay,
 And *Sol*, now up, all hid things did display.
Turnus compleatly arm'd, his men incites
 To arms, and to fierce skirmishes invites.

Each souldier calls his mate, and various words
 Of those last facts whet both their hearts and swords.
 The heads besides (a woefull sight to see)
 Of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* fastned be
 To th' tops of two tall poles, and carried high
 With mighty clamours of the armies crie.
 The *Trojans* indefatigably stand,
 And on the citie-walls to the left hand
 They bend their armed bands (for on the right
 The river running hedg'd them in with might.)
 The ditches they defend, and on high towers
 In mournfull manner stood their Martiall powers,
 Before their eyes the mens two-heads being plac'd,
 (Sorrows too well known signes) both much defac'd
 With filth and bloud. Meanwhile doth winged fame
 Throughout the trembling town divulge the same,
 And to the mother of *Euryalus*
 Relates these things: she most calamitous
 Straight fell into cold sweats and shivering feares,
 Let fall her wheel and spindle, lets fall teares,
 And woefully flies out, cries out apace
 With womanish loud screeks, in piteous case
 Tearing her haire, and frantickly ascending
 The citie-walls, her hastie courtes bending
 To the first watch, regardlesse of what's ere,
 She neither men, nor darts, nor death doth feare.
 But thus she fills the heavens with plaints and cries;
 On thee, *Euryalus*, cast I mine eyes?
 And art thou he should'st be the staffe and stay
 Of mine old age? and could'st thou run away,
 (Hard-hearted boy) and leave me all alone?
 Might not thy woefull mother first have known

Thy parting hence, and ta'ne last sad farewell,
 Before such bitter dangers thee befell?
 Alas! thou unknown land, alas for thee,
 That thou a prey to birds and beasts shouldst be:
 I brought thee not to this sad funerall,
 Nor shed salt teares to rensh thy corps withall,
 Thy body in pure linen cloaths to lay,
 Which thriftily I wrought on night and day,
 My aged dayes and cares to passe away.
 Whither, deare sonne, shall I now follow thee?
 Tell me where thy dismembred members be.
 Where are thy parted parts, thy joynts disjoyn'd?
 Where, in what land may I thee buried finde?
 Bring'st thou (my sonne) this woefull news to me?
 Have I for this, through sea, land, followed thee?
 You rough *Rutulians*, if least love you have,
 Least pity you possesse, on me, I crave,
 On me, I pray you, showre out all your darts:
 Let all your swords end all my living smarts.
 Or else do thou, great *Jove*, now stand my friend,
 And vwith thy stroke, my hatefull life now end,
 Since I no otherwise can end these vvoes.
 From her great grief, o're all the camp arose
 An universall sorrow, loud lament,
 Their former courage now seems dull and spent.
 As thus her sorrows did incense their grief,
Actor, *Idæus*, two brave *Trojans* chief,
 Advis'd thereto by vvise *Ilioneus*,
 And sorely vweeping young *Ascanius*,
 Took her up straight, and in their arms her bare
 Into the house, and there of her took care.
 But now brasse trumpets sounded shrill alarms,

Cries flie to th' skies, and blustering stirre to arms,
 The *Volsicians* close their shields together knit,
 To hide their heads; and hastily them fit
 To fill the dikes, the trenches down to teare:
 For passage, some to th' valls their ladders reare,
 On that side vvhether the armie vvas not great,
 And vvhether their troops vvere thin, and not compleat.
 The nimble *Trojans*, on the other side,
 Accustom'd long besieged brunts to 'bide,
 Do all their engines and their arms retort,
 And vvith strong pikes thrust them from valls and fort.
 And vvith huge ponderous stones tumble them back,
 Thus, if they might, their pendhouse shields to crack,
 And break in sunder, they now having tride
 All hazards, under their thick shields to 'bide.
 But all too vveak: for vvhether most heaps collected,
 The *Trojans* there a poudering pile dejected:
 Which rouling, rumbling down, with vvondrous waights,
 Did beat and batter the *Rutulians* straight,
 Their targets tough and strong unbound and brake;
 Forcing *Rutulians* (maugre former crake)
 To feare, forbear fight under blind-fold shields:
 And leaving stratagems, i'th' open fields,
 With vvingy shafts, they now vvith courage stout
 Contend, and from their trench to beat them out.
 On one side, proud *Mezentius*, vvith fierce look,
 His huge *Etruscan* flaming pine-lance shook:
 On th' other side, *Messapus*, rider rare,
 VVhose royall race sprang from great *Neptune* faire,
 Brake into th' trench, for scaling ladders calls,
 To keep his hold, and to ascend the valls.
 O see faire *Nine*, *Calliope*, I pray,

Grace with your gracefull aid my warbled lay,
 That I may sing and shew what slaughters great,
 What grave heaps *Turnus* made in Martiall heat,
 What foules he sent to hell: help me, I pray,
 These mightie battells issues to display.
 For ye, faire ladies, can them promptly tell,
 And ye have power to expresse them well.
 There was a skie-topt fort, with scaffolds high,
 And situated adventagiously,
 Which the *Italians* with their utmost strength
 Assaulted fiercely, to o'rethrow at length;
 And which the *Trojans* on the other side,
 With thrown-down stones to safeguard did provide;
 And through the loop-holes shooed showres of darts.
 But *Turnus* chiefly, and his Martiall hearts,
 Fierce fire-balls threw, which 'gainst the walls did stick,
 And help'd with windes, burnt up the boards most quick,
 And on the weather-beaten posts took hold.
 The troubled *Trojans* hearts vvithin vvaxt cold,
 And fain they vvould these pressing ills have fled,
 But savv in vain they all endeavoured.
 They drew up then in heaps, retreating straight,
 Whereas no fire was flung; then with huge weight
 The thus assaulted fort præcipitate,
 Came tumbling down with thundring noise to th' skie,
 In whose fierce fall with extream miserie
 Men were dasht down half dead, unto the ground,
 And their own weapons did themselves confound,
 And wooden splinters did them pierce and vvound:
Helenor onely and *Lycus* likewise
 Did hardly scape, and from that mischief rise;
Helenors yeares him eldership allot,

King *Mæns* sonne, upon his maid begot,
And by her nurs'd in secret; after, sent
To *Troy* to th' warres, without allow'd consent:
He scapt (I say) with's naked sword, most poore,
And on his arm a shield ignobly bore.
Who when he saw himself surrounded quite
With *Turnus* troops and *Latine* bands, in bright
And glistring arms, on both sides spread about:
Like a wilde-beast, whom huntsmen with great shout
Do hedge in round, seeing himself beset,
Against their tools and toils doth rage and fret,
And on expected death doth rudely lip,
And desp'rately on snares and grins doth skip:
So this (now) lustie lad, fearelesse to die,
Into the midst of's foes doth fiercely flie;
Even where he saw their swords and shields most thick.
But *Lycus* being of foot more light and quick,
Betook him to his heels, through thickest bands
Fled to the walls, strove there with feet and hands
To clamber up, hopefull of help from's friends:
Whom *Turnus* following, at him fiercely bends
A deadly dart: and like a conquerour stout
With these like chafing terms to him cries out;
Thou frantick fool, think'st thou our hands to flee?
Supposest thou from us secure to be?
And with those words (as he did upward crawl)
He pull'd him down, and with him, part oth' wall:
Much like an eagle preying on a hare,
Or some white swan rising up into th' aire,
Fiercely pull'd down by th' eagles tallons strong:
Or like a rav'ning wolf, whose chaps do long
To lick the bloud of the poore bleating lambe,

And therefore in the stall pulls him from's damme.
 From all parts clamours rise, assaults are made,
 With rubbish heaps the dikes are levell laid.
 Fierce flaming brands to houses tops are cast.
 But as *Leucetius* to the gates came fast.
 To fire the same, *Troyes Ilioneus* brave
 With a huge stone a deadly pelt him gave:
 When valiantly *Liger Emathion* flew:
Asylas made death *Chorineus* due;
 The one at darts, th'other at shafts excell'd:
Caneus stout by death *Ortygius* quel'd:
Turnus, the victour *Caneus* did slay;
Clonius and *Itys* he with death did pay:
Dioxippus and *Promulus* most stout,
 And *Sagaris* and *Ida* holding out
 Worthilie on the wall: but *Capys* brave
Priverius kill'd: and him *Themilla* gave
 A light wound with his lance, who instantly
 Threw his shield from him, and most foolishly
 Claps his hand on the wound; whereat most fierce
 A winged shaft his left-side ribs did pierce,
 And nail'd his hand unto his wounded side,
 And bor'd his breathing lights, wherewith he dy'd.
 Brave *Arcens* sonne stood there in battell ray,
 Clad in a coat of needle-work most gay,
 Of a dark *Spanish*-purple colour rare,
 Himself of lovely look and countnance faire:
 Whom *Arcens*, his great fire, to warres had sent,
 Bred up in *Mars* his grove, neare the current
 Of *Symeths* floud, where is the altar faire,
 And full of presents, of *Palicus* rare.
Mezentius bold, his lance being laid aside,

A whistling sling up took, with Martiall pride,
And swung it thrice most fiercely 'bout his head:
The leaden bullet, as it swiftly fled,
Melted i'th' aire, and dasht him on the pate,
And dead, upon the sands laid him prostrate,
Ascanius then for his first enterprise,
Is said to sling a shaft in Martiall wife,
Who formerly wilde-beasts was wont to fright,
Wherewith *Numanus* he did deadly smite,
Who was surnamed *Remulus*: this same,
Turnus his younger sister, a faire dame,
Did lately wed: he in the forefront loud
Vanting vain and vile things with spirit proud,
Unworthie our relation, strook with feare
Of kindred new, the kingdomes rule to beare,
Went up and down, boasting with haughtie din,
As if some princely pers'nage he had bin:
Twitting the *Trojans* thus; Base cowards all,
Shame ye not to sit mew'd up in a wall?
To be immur'd in trenches now again,
Twice captiv'd *Phrygians*? think ye (but in vain)
By walls to scape from death? I pray behold,
What gallant lads are these, that dare be bold
By warres to get our wives! what destinie?
What madnesse great drave you to *Italie*?
Here are not *Greeks Atrides* tired rout,
No false *Ulysses* tongues to feigne and flout.
We are a people tough from rough stocks stemme:
Our children at the first we make to swimme
In frozen flouds, and harden them thereby:
Our boyes are bred to rare activitie;
In hunting beasts, and them i'th' woods to tire,

To

To ride great horse, is sport which they desire;
 And horny darts to cast they much affect.
 But constant at their work without neglect,
 Small wealth our youth contents; and either they
 With rakes and plowes do make the ground obey
 Their thriftie wills, or towns with warre suppress.
 Thus every age doth it to steell addresse:
 Yea even in peace our speares we hold in hand,
 Working our cattell plowing up our land:
 Nor does weak old-age weaken our stout mindes,
 Make valour vanish: but each gray-haires bindes
 His helm unto his head, fresh spoiles and prey
 With sword and shield daily to beare away.
 But as for you, your cloaths are rich and rare,
 Of purple hues, embroidered all most faire,
 Signes of your lazie mindes; and your delights
 In wanton dancings are, fond carpet-knights:
 In jackets short, with sleeves most delicate,
 And hairelace, bongrace, most effeminate.
 Fond *Phrygian* females (masculines y'are none)
 Gad to your *Dindyms* high hills every one,
 Whereas your various-vain pipes sounds do call
 You to your wonted wanton dancings all:
 Your *Idean* mother, *Berecynthia* faire,
 To make you sport, doth taber and pipe prepare:
 Let arms alone to men, touch not steell-swords.
 Him vaunting thus with bold and bitter words
Ascanius brave no longer could forbear,
 But he his horse-hide bow straight up doth reare,
 His shaft set ready: and his arms stretcht out,
 To *Jupiter* he prayes with courage stout;
 All-potent *Jove*, my bold beginnings aid,

And

And on thine altar shall vow'd gifts be paid;
A faire fat bull with gilded horns most high,
And a young calt like his damme, lustily
Bearing his head, whose pace makes dust to flie. }
Jove heard from heaven, and from a skie most cleare
Ascanius did a prosperous thunder heare.
Whose bow therewith set ready at full bent,
A deadly arrow fiercely forth he sent:
The whistling shaft through th' aire took nimble flight,
And on proud *Remulus* his pate did light,
Piercing his brains: Go (sayes the young prince stout)
Go on, true vertue with vain brags to flout.
Twice-captiv'd *Phrygians* send *Rutulians* thus
This answer. Thus did brave *Ascanius*.
The *Trojans* with loud cries second the same,
Fiercely flie on, spurr'd with affected fame.
As then it hapt, *Apollo* sagely sitting
Upon a cloud i'th' open aire besitting,
Beheld th' *Italian* troops and *Trojan* town,
And thus t' *Iulus* said, to's high renown;
Go on, brave spark, rare vertues to augment,
Thus fame shall raise thee to heavens firmament:
Faire sonne, and future fire of Gods most great,
All following bloudie broiles most boistrous heat,
Shall by the fates most due decree decrease
Under great *Dardans* line, and end in peace:
Troy can thee not contain. And this being said,
Down from the skies his way he smoothly made:
And doffing all aire-puffing vapours quite,
He kindly came into *Ascanius* sight,
And on him took old *Bates* shape and face,
(He heretofore enjoy'd the honour'd place

Of *Troyes Anchises* page, and guardian just
 Of temple rites) and as a mate of trust
 The aged fire *Ascanius* sociates.
 In every thing *Apollo* imitates
 An old-man right, as he along did go,
 In count'nance, colour, and gray locks also,
 In ratling Martiall armour drest; and thus
 And thus he spake t'enflam'd *Ascanius*;
 Let it suffice thee, brave *Aeneas* sonne,
 What thou hast freely on *Numanus* done;
 He slain, thou safe: now then for thy first praise,
Apollo great doth crown thee with due bayes,
 And envies not thy imitating arms;
 Yet wills thee, warre forbear, from future harms.
 Thus spake *Apollo*; having spoke, departed,
 And from mans fight into th' cleare aire he darted.
 The *Trojan* peeres knew him a God to be,
 When they his arms divine and shafts did see
 In's ratling quiver, as he flew away.
 Wherefore *Apollo's* words and will t'obey,
Ascanius, fierce to fight, they all restrain,
 And to th' encounter they return again,
 Trusting their lives in dangers imminent.
 A mightie clamour through their trenches went,
 They bend their trustie bows, fierce arrows flie,
 And thick upon the ground they strewed lie:
 And shields and hollow helms make clanging sound
 With clattering shafts, whose blows from them rebound.
 And now fierce fight begins, like mightie showres
 Which *baebean* Western starres upon earth poures,
 And thick as clouds of hail, quick ratling down,
 When *Jupiter* with winter storms doth frown,

And with a thudder-clap the clouds doth pierce.
 Even so the *Trojans* showre out shafts most fierce;
Bitias and *Pandarus*, whom *Hiera* faire
 A wood nymph, to *Idean Alcnor* bare,
 In *Joves* great grove, two brethren strong and stout,
 As tall as trees; as mounts, hard to hold out.
 These two were set the gate to guard, set ope,
 And both well arm'd, they voluntarily
 Their foes with them t'encounter did defie.
 They on the right and left hand stoutly stood,
 In stead of two great bulwarks strong and good,
 Arm'd with their swords and glistring helms on head,
 Like two most mightie oaks with boughs o'respread:
 Whose unlopt tops ascend up into th' aire,
 About moist *Padus* banks, *Athesis* faire.
 No sooner saw *Rutulians* open way,
 But rashly they rush in without delay.
Quercus and faire *Equicolus*, all arm'd,
Tmarus, stout *Hæmon*, but all sorely harm'd,
 Headlong they haste with all their troops and strength:
 But either were all beaten back, at length,
 Or at the gate did gasp their latest breath,
 And, maugre all their might, were prest to death.
 And as their rage increast, so *Trojans* stout
 Did valiantly assemble thereabout,
 And bravely skirmish, and adventure farre:
 And as elsewhere stout *Turnus* hot did warre,
 Fretting, affrighting them, news was him brought,
 That with fresh slaughters *Trojan* foes were fraught,
 And flesht, and had their gate set ope to fight.
 Hereat his work in hand forsaking quite,
 Enflam'd with quenchlesse rage, he thither flies,

And

And to the *Trojan*-open gate he hies,
 And those proud brethren both: but first of all
 (For he first met him) *Antiphates* tall,
 Born of a *Thebane* dame, but the base sonne
 Of great *Sarpedon*, on whom he did run,
 And smote him with his dart, th' *Italian* horn (lorn:
 Whistling through th' aire, pierc'd through his corps for-
 Whose hollow wound vented much black gore-bloud,
 And in his heart the warm dart fixed stood.
 Then *Meropes* and *Erymantha* strong,
Aphidnus stout, by death he laid along:
Bitias, with frightfull face and fretfull heart,
 He then did make to taste deaths direfull smart,
 Not with a shaft (a shaft could him not kill)
 But with a mightie dart, thrown with strong skill;
 Which stust with wilde-fire, flew like lightning fierce,
 And through two tough bulshides would stiffely pierce,
 And penetrate double steel-folds, in shields,
 Though lin'd with gold: herewith to death he yeelds.
 His mightie members ruinated fall,
 And make the earth to tremble therewithall,
 And crusht his target with a thundring din:
 Much like the stony pile, when men begin
 To build the *Baian* banks by *Cuma's* town,
 Which suddenly all tumbles headlong down:
 And all the former frame and mightie heap
 Fal'n plump i'th' sea makes the waves dance and leap;
 And thus sunk down i'th' waves, it sticks and stands,
 Rows billows up, and cleaves and heaves the sands.
 The noise whereof *Prochyta's* fle made shake,
 And all the adjacent huge mounts to quake.
 Here *Mars* armipotent pour'd courage great

Into the *Latines* hearts, and Martiall heat;
 And fill'd the *Trojans* mindes with feare and flight.
 And now they flock together to the fight,
 And now the God of warre and Martiall spight
 Reignes in their hearts. But now, when *Pandarus*
 Saw his deare brother to be conquer'd thus,
 How their affaires and fortune ticklish stood;
 With all the haste and struggling strength he cu'd,
 Shoving with's shoulders, close he locks the gate,
 And bolts and barres it fast; and many a mate
 He thus lockt out, and left to fatall fight:
 But others he lockt in, safe-guarded quite
 From rage of foes. But O how mad was he
 Which could not *Turnus* fiercely entring see
 Amongst them clos'd, not with an armie great,
 But singly shut up in the thronging heat,
 Like a fierce tiger, feeble flocks to eat!
 But suddenly bright light their eyes did cleare,
 And who he was did speedily appeare
 By his rough ratling arms, his bloud-red crest,
 And shield, which bright fire-flaming shines exprest.
 The *Trojans* hereat stupifi'de, did know
 His hatefull face, and limbes that hugely grow.
 Then great *Pandarus* unto him drew neare,
 Vext for the slaughter of his brother deare,
 Thus to him said; Nay sir, good sir, I pray,
 This is no dowre of your queen *Amata*,
 Nor do thy native *Ardean* walls thee close,
 But here thou seest th'art fenc'd in by thy foes,
 Imprison'd in their camps and custodie:
 Whence there's no hope of re-deliverie.
Turnus, with haughtie heart upon him smiling,

Sayes

Sayes, Sir, leave off thy brags and proud reviling.
Do thou begin: if any heart thou hast,
Thy spight and spirit now declare thou may'st:
Here thou shalt tell to thy king *Priamus*,
That thou hast found *Achilles* valorous.
Pandarus hereat took a knottie lance,
And with his utmost strength did it advance
Against king *Turnus*; which winde turn'd aside:
(For from least wounding *Juno* did it guide)
And missing him, it stuck fast in the gate.
But thou (sayes *Turnus*) shalt not finde the fate
To scape the force of my fierce slicing blade:
This wound and weapon thou shalt not evade.
And herewithall he rais'd his sword on high,
And with his sword, himself, and furiously
In sunder cut his brain-pan, with the blow,
And chops his chaps, where yet no haire did grow,
With a huge gash. A noise was rais'd to th' aire,
The earth even trembled with the weight it bare.
His fal'n-down limbes and arms all-soil'd with bloud,
O'respread the ground, besmear'd with brainy mud:
And in two equall parts lay his cleft head,
This way and that way on each shoulder spread.
The trembling *Trojans* hereat fled for feare:
And had this victours vigilance been cleare,
T'have broke the barred doores, let in his mates,
That day had been the last for fight and fates
To *Trojans*. But rough rage and rash desire
Of slaughter, did so set his heart on fire,
That he fell on his foes. And first of all,
He *Phalaris* and *Gyges* forc'd to fall:
And gathering up the darts from foes that fell,

He did them at their flying backs repell:
 For (*Juno* did his minde and might augment)
 'Gainst *Halys* next and *Phegeus* both he bent
 His Martiall rage, and those that on the wall
 Were fighting fierce, not knowing ought at all
 What he had done below, there dead he laid;
Alcander, *Halius*, *Prytanis*, he made
 Deaths underlings: and whiles that *Lyncæus* stout
 Did bravely fight, and recollect the rout
 Of flying mates, and o're the trenches vvent,
 He him with brandisht sword did soon prevent,
 And hand to hand fighting, with one fierce blow
 Cut off his head, and helm and corps laid low:
 Then valiant *Amycus* he set upon,
 A hunter brave, then whom there was not one
 More fortunate, or of more art and skill,
 Who us'd wilde-beasts with pois'ned darts to kill.
 And *Clytius* and *Æolides* he slew,
 And *Cretea*, friend unto *Parnassus* crew;
 The Muses mate *Cretea*, whose delight
 Was on rare instruments his layes t' indite,
 And to his harp melodious songs to sing
 Of steeds, of warres, and facts of many a king.
 But when at last the *Trojan* lord did heare
 The slaughters great which 'mongst the souldiers were;
Mnestheus and stout *Serestus* thither went,
 And saw their men with frights and feares nigh spent,
 And yet their foe enclos'd. Straight *Mnestheus* said;
 Sirs, whither flie ye, scud ye, thus afraid?
 What better walls or bulwarks would ye have?
 What? shall one single man you thus outbrave?
 And even within your citie-walls surrounded,

Shall so many by slaughter be confounded
 Within your town, and he unpunisht go?
 Shall he so many choice youths overthrow?
 Shame ye not thus extreemly to disgrace
 Your most unhappie woefull countreys case!
 Your household Gods and your *Aeneas* great!
 Do you not blush at such a base retreat?
 The *Trojans* fired with these words, stand fast,
 And in great heaps conglomerate at last.
Turnus thereat shrinks backward by degrees,
 And to that side retreats, on which he sees
 The fluent floud to run. The *Trojans*, they
 So much the fiercelier force him on that way;
 And with great shouts their companies augment.
 Much like a troop of men, vvho having pent
 A furious lion, and vvith swords beset,
 He therewith terrifi'de doth rage and fret:
 Shielding all sharp assaults, he back doth stride,
 But neither rage nor courage can abide
 To turn the back and flie, nor yet t' oppose
 (Being over-charg'd with troops) he hardly knows.
 This though he would and could, yet may 't not be:
 Therefore through foes and swords way forceth he:
 Directly thus doth *Turnus* back retire,
 With doubtfull, yet undaunted steps; with ire
 His heart is heated: as thus slow he goes,
 He twice assaults the thickest of his foes:
 And twice by flight about the walls them frighted:
 But now from all their tents the troops united,
 Against whose force not *Juno's* self suffic'd:
Jove therefore airie *Iris* straight advis'd
 With taunting terms to tell his sister faire,

That some should smart, if she took not quick care,
 To hasten *Turnus* from the *Trojan* towers.
 With targe therefore he could not shield the showers,
 Nor with his hand resist the *Trojans* blows,
 So thick flew shafts about: so hotly grows
 The fight, that arrows seem him to o'whelm,
 And tinckling tangs make on his hollow helm:
 And storms of stones his brazen cap so batter,
 And all his plummy crest so teare and shatter,
 That all the brazen bosses prove too weak,
 But that their thick quick blows it bruise and break.
 The *Trojans* still their rage ingeminate:
 With speare and shield *Mnestheus* doth fulminate,
 And all his body o're is on a sweat.
 Hence *Turnus* takes no breath from toiles most great;
 But clammy drops of pichy sweat distill,
 And all his tired joynts with fainting fill:
 So that at last himself he headlong throws
 Into the river (spight of all his foes)
 Whose flouds him friendly took, and smoothly glide,
 And set him safe with's mates on th' other side.

*An end of the nineth book
 of Virgils Æneids.*

THE ARGUMENT

of the tenth book.

*The Gods convoke a parliament,
 'Bout mans affaires their cares are bent.
 Rutulians do the fight maintain.
 Æneas now returns again
 Unto his mates, with ample aid.
 On both sides fierce assaults are made.
 In battell Turnus Pallas slayes,
 And numbers dead about him layes.
 But Juno snatcheth Turnus thence,
 Endanger'd by his violence.
 Æneas with most Martiall might
 Doth with Mezentius fiercely fight.
 Lausus his sonne him rescuing, dies:
 Mezentius self is slain likewise.*



*Meane while olympus day-light doores stand
 wide,
 And now great Jove, Gods fire, and mans
 grave guide,
 A councel calls in his stelliferous seat.
 From whence he views vast earth and trenches great
 Of Trojans, and the lofty Latines rout,
 As i'th' two-gated hall they fate about.
 Jove thus begins; Great Gods, what mean ye so
 Against your own decrees thus crosse to go?
 Why strive ye partially against our fates?
 I had forbidden Latium all debates
 Against the Trojans: then, vvhhat discontent*

Is this, thus rais'd 'gainst our commandement?
 What fretfull feare does those, or these incense,
 To use their swords and shields with violence?
 A time will come (you need not call for it)
 For just provoked battells farre more fit:
 When as curst *Carthage* shall *Rome* sore infest,
 And with her *Alpean* powers her much molest;
 Then may your rage rush out, with blood embrew'd:
 But now forbear, and kindly peace conclude.
 Thus briefly *Jove*: but golden *Venus* faire
 Replies more largely, being full of care.
 Great fire of mortalls and of Gods supernall,
 The mightie moderatour, wise, eternall;
 (For, but thy power, what else may more be had?)
 Thou seest how *Rutuls* rage, *Turnus* growes mad,
 Amidst fierce troops of horse made proudly glad
 In his successfull warre: the *Trojans* all
 Scarcely secure in their enclosing wall:
 Nay even within their walls and trenches strong
 Their foes fight safely, fiercely on them throng,
 Making their ditches gore-blood inundations:
 Absent *Aeneas*, of these desolations
 Utterly ignorant. Ah, shall they ever
 In strict besiegements restlessly persevere?
 And must their foes again spoile springing *Troy*,
 Another *Grecian* armie them annoy?
 And must a second *Diomedes* rise
 Against my *Trojans*? Sure (I think) thine eyes
 Behold my wounds: yet I thy heaven-born childe,
 With mortall battells am still much turmoil'd.
 But if without thy leave or fates consent
 To *Italie* they came, as insolent;

Then let them smart, and strip them of all aid:
 But if they have the oracles obey'd,
 VVhich Gods and ghosts unto them oft have given;
 VVhy then hath any thus against them striven
 To crosse thy great decrees? new fates to finde?
 O why should I our fir'd fleet call to minde
 In *Sicils* shore? or how that blustering king
 Did from *Æolia* windes and tempests bring,
 And painted ladie *Iris* forc'd from skies?
 And now at last she made hells hags to rise,
 (For this way onely unattempted stay'd)
 And to the heavens *Alecto* rise she made,
 VVho on a sudden through all *Italie*
 Did madly rage, and rouse up crueltie.
 I'm not much mov'd at's empire: that's well ta'ne,
 VVhiles fortune smil'd: Whom thou wilt, let him reigne.
 But if thy froward wife no land can spare
 Unto my *Trojans*; yet great father faire,
 By *Troyes* yet smoaky cinders I thee pray,
 Grant that my nephew, my *Ascanius*, may
 Survive in safety, free from piercing arms:
 As for *Aeneas*, let him feel the harms
 Of unknown tossing waves and billowing seas,
 And wander where thou wilt, if so thou please:
 But let me save his sonne from warres dire woes.
 I have faire cities fit for safe repose,
Paphos and *Amathus*, and *Cythera*,
Idalia faire, thither repaire he may;
 There leaving arms, lead an ignoble life:
 Then may'st thou *Carthage* cause with *Martiall* strife
 To vex all *Italie*: nought can oppose
 (If this may be) their *Carthaginian* foes.

To what end hath he scapt warres mischiefs past?
 Why hath he fled through *Grecian* flames at last?
 Why hath he shun'd so many dangers great,
 Which lands and swallowing seas did to him threat,
 Whiles he and his poore *Trojans Latium* sought,
 And *Pergams* walls t'have re-erected thought?
 Had it not better been t'have stay'd in *Troy*,
 And seen their countreys burning, last annoy?
 Sweet fire, let me thee for my *Trojans* pray,
 That they to *Xanthus* streams, and *Simois* may
 Return again: revert, I thee Intreat,
 To *Trojans* poore their toils and travells great.
 Hereat queen *Juno* grew most passionate,
 And unto *Venus* thus she burst out straight;
 Why from deep silence do you me constrain,
 And force me my hid griefs rip up again?
 Did any, either God or man, compell
 Your sonne *Æneas* unto battells fell?
 Or for to make king *Latine* thus his foe?
 The fates (you say) to *Latium* forc'd you go:
 VVell, be it so; yet I say otherwise,
Cassandra forc'd him with mad fooleries.
 And yet did we him from his tents entice?
 Endanger'd he his life through our advise,
 By windes, at sea? did we his sonne incite
 Fierce warre to wage, or on town-walls to fight?
 To make a league with adverse *Tuscanes* stout,
 Or peacefull nations, thus with warres burst out?
 VVhat God enforc'd this fraud? what did our might?
 VVhere now was *Juno*? *Iris* cloudie flight?
 You say 'tis pitie *Italie* should fire
 Your *Trojan* town, which did new life acquire;

That *Turnus* should his native land maintain,
 Where's grandfather *Pilumnus* once did reigne,
 And where his mother, faire *Venilia*
 The Goddesse, dwelt. And why is't not, I pray,
 As great a pity that with bloody broile
 Your *Trojans* should infest our *Latines* soile?
 To plow in others fields, to catch the prey?
 From mothers bosomes thus to steal away
 Betrothed virgins, wives by force t' obtain?
 Pray peace, by legates, yet warres pra^r. ordain?
 You could *Aeneas* from *Greeks* arms protect,
 Put for a man. a cloud; slight aire inject;
 And to so many nymphs transform your fleet:
 Yet must it be supposed most unmeet
 For ours also your way, their weal to meet?
 Your sonne *Aeneas*, absent, knowes not ought;
 Still may he absent be, and still know nought:
 You have a *Paphos* and *Cythera* faire,
 Why do you not then our fierce people spare?
 Whose hearts and homes are big with bloody broiles,
 And once spurr'd up will hardly cease from spoiles.
 Was't we that first o'return'd *Troyes* triviall treasure?
 Was't we, or he, that for his lustfull pleasure
 Brought *Greeks* to your poore *Trojans*? what's the cause,
 That *Europe*, *Asia*, with warres greedy jaws
 Devoure each other, marriage-rites being broke
 By filching filthie lust? did I provoke
 Th' adulterer of *Troy* the *Spartane* dame
 To force with him? did I incense the flame
 Of warre with violence and venerie?
 Then had it fitter been thus fearefullie
 Their cases to condole: now 'tis too late

To use such coyn'd complaints, t' ejaculate
 Such unjust janglings. *Juno* thus reply'd,
 Whose words the sacred synod did divide
 In various votes: much like the bustling winde,
 First puffing in a wood, by boughs confin'd,
 Makes a close rumbling murmure; whence, unknown:
 Whereby fierce following storms are sea-men shown.
Jupiter then, who had prime power to speak,
 From further silence now began to break.
 Who speaking, all the court of Gods was still:
 Earth trembled, aire did cease all echoing shrill:
 Fierce *VVestern-windes*, rough ocean-waves were laid.
 Mark well therefore (sayes he) what now is said.
 Since *Trojans* and *Italians* may not be
VVith links of love, in one made to agree;
 Nor any hope we have to end your jarres:
 What-ever hope or hap ye have in warres,
 Enjoy the same on both sides: but to me
Trojans, *Rutulians*, both alike shall be:
 So't shall be seen, whether by destinie
 The *Trojans* get firm ground in *Italie*;
 Or whether by an impious error led,
 And sinister conceits they ventured.
 I'll neither *Trojans* nor *Rutulians* cleare,
 For either side shall his own travells beare,
 And follow his own fortunes, shame or fame:
 Great *Jove* their king will be to both the same.
 The fates will finde a way. This here I vow,
 By my beloved brothers *Stygian* flow,
 By all those pichy flouds and banks most black.
VVhereat he beckt, and with a thunder-crack
Olympus totall frame extreamply trembled.

Here

Here ceast the parle of all the Gods assembled.
 Then mightie *Jove* rose from his golden throne,
 By all the Gods to's station tended on.
 Meanwhile the *Rutules* 'bout the gates were spread,
 Much men were slain, the walls were oft fired:
 VVithin their trenches *Trojan* bands were bound,
 And hard besieg'd: no hope of flight was found:
 And poorely on their forts in vain they stand,
 And fence their walls with a thin thrivelesse band.
Asius Imbrasius sonne, *Thymetes* stout
Hictaons sonne, two *Trojans* stood about;
 Two of king *Tros* his sonnes, and *Caster* old,
 The forefront kept, with the two brothers bold
 Of great *Sarpedon*; and *Ethimon* brave
 From *Lycia* land: these them attendance gave.
 Then *Phrygian Acmon*, sonne of *Clytus* great,
 Brother to *Mnestheus*, for his Martiall heat
 Equall to either, with huge might and art
 Took up a mightie stone, a mounts best part.
 These strive with stones those to defend with shafts,
 VVith wilde-fire balls, and bow-mens sinowy drafts.
 Himself i'th' midst, faire *Venus* darling deare,
Ascanius young, bare-headed did appeare;
 (Much like a precious pearle fast fixt in gold,
 Gracing ones head or neck, rare to behold:
 Or as white ivorie in black ebonie,
 Inlaid by art, glisters resplendentlie)
 His milk-white neck with dangling locks o're-spread,
 Yet wreathed up in folds with golden thred.
 The noble nations (*Ismarus*) thee saw,
 VVith poysoned shafts mens hearts-bloud out to draw.
 Thou peerelesse prince, sprung from faire *Lydia's* land,
 VVhere

Where *Paetolus* yeelds gold, a fruitfull strand.
Mnestheus was also there, whose grace was great,
 Who from their forts did *Turnus* lately beat.
 And *Capys* from *Capua's* town took name,
 They by fierce blows contending thus for fame.
Aeneas crost the foamy seas by night.
 For when he parted from *Euanders* sight,
 And to *Etruria* came, he met the king,
 And to the king related every thing;
 His name and nation, whence and why he came,
 What strength *Mezentius* did unto him frame,
 King *Turnus* turbulence; mans fickle state;
 To shun delayes, he then doth supplicate.
Tarchon conjoynes his powers, firm league doth make;
 Then they a forrain captain to them take,
 Freed from all fault therein, by destinie:
 And so a ship-board went immediately.
Aeneas ships the vanguard led along,
 The foredecks deckt with *Phrygian* lions strong:
 Whose poop with *Ida's* painted mount was graced,
 A gratefull guarding signe to *Trojans* chased.
 There great *Aeneas* fate, casting in minde,
 Warres various events he's like to finde.
 Prince *Pallas* with him fate on his left side,
 And now night starres he gaz'd, their ships to guide:
 Thinking what land and sea-toiles he did 'bide.

And now set ope (ye sacred Muses nine)
 Sweet *Helicons* faire fount, with power divine,
 To raise my layes to sing and shew the might
 Which in *Aeneas* aid came now to fight,
 From faire *Etruria* bravely armed all,
 Transported over sea in ships most tall.

Prince

Prince *Massicus* in's golden tiger sails:
 With him a thousand youths from *Clusus* dales,
 And *Cosa's* confines, skilfull at the bow,
 Death-wounding shafts to shoot, and darts to throw.
 Fierce *Abas* in another vessell went,
 VVhereon *Apollo's* figure excellent
 Glistered with golden rayes. His totall rout
 VVas full six hundred Martiall souldiers stout,
 From *Populonia* their faire native soile:
 All expert youths, and fit for fight and spoile.
 From *Ilva* faire three hundred gallants came,
 A fertile countrey, mettals strong to frame.
Asylas a southsayer the third place had,
 VVhose divinations, birds and beasts were glad,
 And starres above, obediently to heare,
 And rapid lightnings all his votes to cleare.
 An armie of a thousand thick he led,
 At lances long and strong experienced.
 All these from fluent *Alphins Pisas* came,
 A *Tuscan* town, readie to purchase fame:
 Next whom came on renowned *Astur* faire,
Astur, for riding horses, expert, rare,
 Arm'd with most curious, various colour'd arms.
 Three hundred of them (prompt for fierce alarms)
 Bred up in *Cerets* soil by *Minions* lands,
 Old *Pyrgus* and ill-air'd *Gravisca's* strands.
 Nor may I thee omit, great *Cycnus* strong,
 VVho bravely thy *Ligurians* led't along;
 Nor thee, *Cupavo*, with thy armie small, (tall
 Whose helmets height was rais'd with swans-plumes;
 Your love your guilt began, and cognizance.
 For *Cycnus* (as'tis said) the dire mischance

Of his beloved *Phaëthon* bewailing,
 Among the poplars and the shades him vailing
 Of his deare leasie-sisters: as thus he
 Sate warbling out love-fishing melodie,
 He turned was into a milk-white swan,
 Leaving the land and companie of man,
 And flying up i'th' aire with chattering voice.
 His sonne in's ships led troops of equall choice,
 And forc'd along with oares his centaure great,
 And thwacks the waves, and seems huge rocks to threat,
 Furrowing the mightie main with's vessell strong.
 VVhom *Ocnus* followed with an armie strong
 From's fathers realm, esteem'd a southsayer wise,
 VVhose birth from *Tuscane* river did arise,
 And *Manto* faire; and to his mothers fame
 The town and towres he *Mantua* did name;
Mantua mightie in progenitours,
 But yet not all from lineall ancestours.
 This nation rul'd three tribes, and under them
 Foure mightie states made up that diadem:
 But this was the *metropolis* of all,
 From *Tuscane's* bloud came their originall.
 And hence *Mezentius* 'gainst himself did arm
 Five hundred valiant sparks his pride to charm;
 VVhom *Mincius Benacs* sonne, cloath'd in ripe reeds,
 In piercing pine-ships through rough seas proceeds,
 And leads along. Next went *Auletes* brave,
 Whose hundred branchie trees so slice each wave,
 And roule the rising flouds with restlesse roare,
 As that they boile with foam at rocky shore.
 Him terrifying *Triton* strongly bare,
 Set in's sea-frighting *cœrule* shelly chaire,

Whose

Whose upper parts from face unto the breast,
 Though rough and hairie, yet mans form exprest:
 From belly downward, a sea-monster foule,
 Who as he swims with fins, the waves doth roule
 Under his half-wilde breast, with rumbling roares,
 And foule slime-foamie billows to the shores.
 So many peeres in thirtie ships did sail,
 And plow the liquid soile, for *Troyes* avail.
 And now day spent, and night comne on apace,
 Night-gadding *Cynthia* with her whitely face
 Having past half the heavens in chariot faire;
Aeneas (for he takes no rest for care)
 Sitting himself, the helm holds, sails does tend.
 And as they now i'th' midway onward bend,
 Behold the troop of sea-nymphs, once ship-mates,
 To whom faire *Berecynthia* ordinares
 Seas soveraigntie, of ships, them having made
 So many nymphs: these swimming to him, stayd;
 As many as at shore (when ships) did stand,
 So many know their king, and hand in hand
 About them dancing swimme: of all which train,
Cymodocea, ablest to explain
 And speak their mindes, coming behinde them all,
 With her right hand holds fast the ship most tall
 I'th' poop thereof, raising herself upright,
 With her left hand steering her passage slight.
 Thus to him then unknown the sea-nymph spake;
 Faire Goddesse sonne, *Aeneas*, art th' awake?
 A wake then still, slacken thy ropes to sails,
 Give way to winde, enjoy these goodly gales.
 We once were sacred *Ida's* pine-trees faire,
 But now to nymphs we metamorphiz'd are:

We were thy fleet, till thy perfidious foe,
Rutulian rough, sought us to overthrow
With fire and sword; whereat (though 'gainst our minde)
We brake our bonds, our safety so to finde;
And now thus through the sea we thee have sought:
Thy tender mother on us this form wrought,
And made us (thus) sea-nymphs, to spend our dayes
Amongst the rocks in *Neptunes* watery wayes.
As for thy childe *Ascanius*, he is well,
And safe immur'd, i'th' town and trench doth dwell
'Midst deadly darts and Martiall *Latines* stout.
Th' *Arcadian* troop of horsemen stirres not out
From station set. One half of *Turnus* bands
(Left to the town they power unite) now stands
Firmly resolv'd thee herein to prevent.
Arise therefore, in haste thy mates convent,
And set in battell-ray before sun-rise;
Thy all-proof target take to thee likewise,
Which the ignipotent black *Vulcan* gave,
Impenetrable, edg'd with gold most brave:
For this next morning (if thou trust for true
What now I say) shall see thee to embrew
Thy sword in blood of thick *Rutulians* slain.
Thus having said, she shov'd with might and main
His mightie ship, at her departure thence,
In her known way, which with fierce violence
Flew through the floud, more swift than shaft from bow,
Or nimble darr, equalling windes that blow.
And therewithall the ships fast after flie:
This fact did *Troyes Æneas* stupifie:
The omen yet his heart exhilarates.
Thus then to th' heavens he briefly supplicates;

Faite

Faire *Ida's* mother of Gods, to whom poore *Troy*
To save and shield is thy delight and joy;
Who towns and towres, and lions fierce and strong
Dost make to yeeld to yokes; to thee belong
The praises of my facts, of this great fight;
Order this augure prosperously aright;
Stand to thy *Trojans* with auspicious aid,
Faire Goddess, I thee pray. This having said,
Meanwhile daylight began now to wax cleare,
And night quite banisht, all did bright appeare.
First he his mates commands warres signes to watch,
And to their harnesse strong their hearts to match,
To fit them for the fight. And now he had
His *Trojans* and their camp in's sight, most glad,
Standing aloof in's ship: whereat he rail'd
With his left hand his shield, which brightly blaz'd.
The *Trojans* from their walls, who this did spie,
Do raise a clamour echoing to the skie:
Hope kindlesse courage, darts i'th' aire they fling,
Like *Thracian* cranes descending with strong wing
From the high clouds, all soaring in a train
With cackling noise, fierce tempests to refrain.
But to the *Rutuls* king, *Italian* state,
These wonders seem, and them exanimate;
Untill at last to sea they cast their eye,
And see the ships fast to the shore to hie;
And with tall barks the sea all-over spread,
And burning crests and helm upon his head,
The golden bosses belching flames of fire:
Much like i'th' dewy night a comet dire
Of hurtfull bloud-red hue; or dog-starres heat,
Which drought and sicknesse sore to men doth threat,

And

And makes the skie to lowre, and dimmes the light,
But none of these stout *Turnus* heart could fright.
But he must first the shore anticipate,
And these his foes from landing profligate.
Whereto he cheeres the hearts, he chides the stayes
Of all his troops, and freely thus he sayes;
What ye your selves desir'd, now here ye have:
Now use your hands therefore with courage brave;
For *Mars* himself the prey puts in your hands,
Remember now your vvives, your goods, your lands.
The famous facts of ancestours recount,
And praises due; let yours now theirs surmount,
And let us freely them at shore assail,
Before they land, now whiles their hearts them fail.
Fortune befriends bold spirits. These words he spake,
And vvhom with him to lead, great care doth take,
His sea-foes to invade, to vvhom to leave
The hedg'd-in town, their hopes thus to deceive.
Meanwhile *Aeneas*, vvith ship-bridges faire,
To land his souldiers takes all speedie care:
But many stay'd till calm seas flouds did flow;
Some leapt on studs and stakes, thus out to go
Upon their oares; some to the shore make haste,
Great *Tarchon* up and down the sea-banks trac'd,
To see if he could spie fit place to land,
Secure from shallow shelves, or swallowing sand.
And vvhere no rigid surges did appeare,
But a smooth sea vvith swelling flouds made cleare,
A harmlesse passage, there he suddenly
Winding his ship, thus to his mates did crie;
Now noble youths, plie close your slicing oares;
Beare up your barks, cut through these aduerse shores,

And let our ship plow furrows deep in sand,
 And break my bark, so we may gain the land.
Tarchon thus having said, his mates with oares,
 Through frothy seas, their ships to *Latine* shores
 Do bravely bring, so that their noses kisse
 Drie-land: and all secure, their aims none misse,
 Except thy ship, great *Tarchon*, which neare land,
 Was so assail'd with stubborn shelves and sand,
 As that it wavering both wayes, deep stuck fast,
 And struggling long, in pieces split at last,
 Exposing all his men unto the waves:
 VVhereat each one himself on splinters saves,
 Pieces of oares, and planks, and floating boards,
 VVhich safe assistance unto them affords:
 But oft the flowing streams their heels did trip,
 Yet thus at last they safe on land do skip.
 But all this while *Turnus* turns off delayes,
 His totall troops 'gainst *Trojans* he arayes,
 At shore them to assail the trumpets sound:
 And now *Aeneas* firmly set on ground,
 Himself first set upon the rarall bands,
 And for first handell, with his valiant hands
 Slaughters the *Latines*, *Theron* bold being slain,
 VVho stoutly durst a bickering short maintain
 Against *Aeneas*, whom he quickly foil'd,
 And through's gilt arms with his heart-bloud him foil'd,
Lucas likewise he flew; who when a childe,
 Was cut out of the wombe of's mother milde,
 Whereof she dy'd; though to thee, *Phaebus* faire,
 He, yet a young man, consecrated were,
 Yet could not scape this princes slicing blade:
 Hard by he *Cysseus* also slaughtered laid,

And

And mightie *Gyas*, who with clubs did fight,
 But both he slew; *Alcides* arms too slight
 Did prove, to save their lives, their hands too weak,
 And fire *Melampus*, though he bold did break
 Through hazards great, being *Hercules* his mate;
 And *Pharon*, as he fondly much did prate,
 He through his gaping throat pierc'd with a dart.
 And thou stout *Cydon* tasted hadst deaths smart,
 Whiles thou faire *Clytus*, with young douny chin
 Unfortunately followedst, him to win
 To new, but nought delights of love unchaste,
 This *Trojan* prince had made thee death to taste,
 Foulely affecting love of youths impure,
 And thou hadst been deaths woefull subject sure,
 Had not a troop of armed brothers stout,
 All sonnes of *Phorcus*, met him in the rout,
 Being seven in number, who seven darts did throw,
 But to no end, which partly clattered so
 Upon his shield and helmet back rebounding,
 And *Venus* partly from his corps least wounding
 Putting them off. *Aeneas* herewithall
 Unto his kinde *Achates* thus did call;
 Bring me those darts (for none in vain he threw
 At the *Rutulians*) which proud *Grecians* slew
 In *Trojan* fields. Then a great speare he took,
 Which darted, flew; and flying, fiercely strook;
 And penetrating *Means* brazen shield,
 Through corps and corslet, he to death did yeeld.
 Whose brother *Alcanor* unto him hies,
 And held him up as he thus falling dies:
 Whose arm that stayd him pierced was also,
 The bloody speare through's brauny arm did go,

And's right hand dangling did his deaths wound show;
Namitor then pulls out the deadly dart
 From's brothers bodie, and with wrathfull heart
 Retorted it at *Troyes Aeneas* brave:
 But there it could not the least entrance have;
 And yet it wounded his *Achares* thigh.
 Here *Lausus*, full of juvenility,
 And bold, there by with troops attended came,
 And throws at *Dryopes* vvith Martiall flame,
 Standing aloof, a deadly vvounding lance,
 Which underneath his chin did fiercely glance,
 And pierce his throat, snatching thence voice and soule:
 Whose face fell first to ground in's gore most foule.
 Three *Thracians* more, of utmost Northern race,
 And three of *Ida's* sonnes and *Ismar's* place,
 By diuerse deaths he furiously did slay.
 Thither *Halesus* came in battell-ray
 With his *Auruncian* bands: and thither came
Messapus bold, sprung from great *Neptunes* name,
 Famous for riding horse: All close contend,
 Now these, then those, each other to offend,
 I'th' edge of *Italie*. Like two fierce vvindes
 I'th' open aire, contending in their kindes,
 With crosse contrarious blasts in equall might,
 And neither they, nor clouds, nor sea in fight
 Yeeld to each other, doubtfull, long they jarre,
 And stiffely, crosseley, all maintain the warre:
 Thus *Trojan* troops and *Latine* bands contend,
 Thus foot to foot, thus hand to hand, they bend
 Their furious force. But on another part,
 Where pebble-stones lay all abroad most smart,
 Roul'd up by vvaves, and boughs and bushes thick

'About the banks, most apt their feet to prick,
 And so unfit for horsemen there to fight,
 And such th' *Arcadians* were, not footmen light,
 Who to foot-battells unaccustomed,
 They to the *Latines* turn'd their backs and fled.
 Which *Pallas* spying (th' onely staffe in straits)
 He cries to them; some prayes, and some he rates
 With bitter words, their hearts to re-incite,
 Saying, Sirs, what mean ye? whither take ye flight?
 Now by your selves, and by your valiant acts,
 By your commanders great *Euanders* facts,
 And conquering name and fame, and my hopes great,
 Which emulates our countreys praise compleat;
 I you adjure, trust not base flying feet,
 But break through thickest troops your foes to meet,
 And with your swords assail them: for this way
 Your countrey wills us all our parts to play.
 No angry Gods, but mortall foes you force,
 VVe have as many hands and hearts to course
 And chase our foes; behold the seas also,
 VVhose waves so block us up and 'bout us flow,
 That there's no hope by land away to flie,
 And will ye back to *Troy* by sea now hie?
 And with these words, himself i'th' midst of all
 Doth on the thickest ranks of *Rutuls* fall;
 VVhom *Lagus* first by fate unhappie meets,
 VVhom as a mightie stone he pull'd, he greets
 VVith deadly dart, which ribs and back did pierce,
 VVhich sticking in the bones, he pulls out fierce.
 But over him he did not *Hisbon* slay,
 Yet this he hop't t' have done without delay:
 For as he rusht and rag'd, regardlesse quite

Of his mates death, him *Pallas* deep did smite,
And sheath'd his sword in's heart, and life forth drew,
Thus *Helennus*, *Anchemolus*, he slew,
From *Rhætus* ancient offspring sprung; who durst
Defile his step-dames bed with most accurst
Incestuous lust. You *Rutuls* twins most stout,
Daucius two sonnes, vwho valiantly had fought,
Both you he slew, *Tymber* and *Larides*,
So like by birth they were, that 'twixt both these,
None, even their parents could no difference see,
Nor by their persons sweet deceived be:
But *Pallas* 'twixt them made a difference great,
Even 'twixt you both: for in his Martiall heat
His sword cut off thy head, O *Tymber* faire,
And thy right hand par'd off, *Larides* rare,
Whose half-dead hand, sprawling, his sword lets go.
Th' *Arcadians*, vwho but late retyred, so
With *Pallas* vvords and vvorthie deeds spurr'd on,
Now rage and shame arms them to set upon
Their fiercest foes. Then *Pallas* prosecutes,
And *Rhæteus* swiftly flying executes.
Like tariance and delay he *Ilus* sent:
For as at *Ilus* he his strong speare bent,
It *Rhæteus* intercepts and slayes by th' vvay:
And there faire *Tenthra*, flying, it doth slay;
And's brother *Tyres* who from chariot reels,
And being half dead beats the ground vvith's heels.
And as the shepherd, vvhen vvisht vvindes do blow
In summer, does i'th' woods his fires bestow,
Which by their nearenesse fire do quickly take,
And o're the fields a vast combustion make:
And vvhiles thus *Vulcans* armie spreads about,

He like a victour glad, at flames doth flout:
 Thus all their mates their powers in one unite,
 Which fight to see, thee, *Pallas*, did delight.
 But Martiall *Halesus* all foes defies,
 And with his shield 'gainst them his power applies.
 And *Ladon* soon he slayes, and *Phæretus*,
Demodocus; and of *Strymonius*,
 With his bright blade, he cut off the right hand,
 Threatning *Halesus* throat; nor still doth stand,
 But *Thoas* brains he dasht out with a stone,
 And mixt together bloud and brains and bone.
Halesus father his sonnes fate foresaw,
 Him therefore to a wood he did withdraw:
 But when old-age his life for death did fit,
 Th' impartiall *Parca* from their hands commit
 Him to *Euanders* darts: whom *Pallas* thus
 Assails; but first thus prayes; Grant now to us,
 Grave father *Tyber*, that this dart I throw,
 May finde good fortune, and the right way go,
 Through haughtie *Halesus* obdurate breast:
 So shall thy aged oak be deckt and drest
 With this mans arms and spoils. The God did heare;
 And whiles *Halesus* hop't away to beare
Imaons spoils, a strong *Arcadian* dart
 Through's open breast pierct his unhappie heart.
 But lusty *Lausus* did least feare disdain,
 At slaughter of so rare a prince, thus slain,
 A prime part of the warre; nor would admit
 His *Rutuls* to be thereat damp't a whit.
 For first confronting *Abas* strong he slayes,
 The bolt and barre of these most furious frayes.
 Down fall *Arcadians*, down *Etrurians* fall,

And *Trojans* thick which scap't from *Grecian* thrall,
 Both armies meet, captains and souldiers fight
 With equall force, the reeres with utmost might
 Presse forward, making their approach so thick,
 That the whole armie seems stone-still to stick,
 Without least motion. *Pallas* hereupon
 His souldiers urgeth and inciteth on.
 Here *Lausus* laboureth on the other side,
 Neither much different in their youthfull pride,
 Both bravely beautifull; but both gain-said
 Into their countrey to make retrograde,
 And hereunto *Jove* would not condescend,
 That they in single duell should contend:
 But for a greater foe their fate now waits.
 Meanwhile *Futurna* moves and instigates
 Her brother *Turnus*, *Lausus* straight to aid.
 Who in a wingy-chariot swiftly made
 Through thickest of their troops: and when he saw
 Both *Time*, and's *Martiall* mates from fight withdraw,
 I (sayes he) I alone must *Pallas* finde,
 To me alone I see his death assign'd.
 I wish his father now spectatour were.
 And hereupon his mates the field forbear,
 Being charged thereunto. The princely spark,
 As he the captains pride and power did mark
 In's *Rutuls* quick withdrawing, stood amaz'd,
 And stupifi'd, on *Turnus* stature gaz'd,
 With envying eyes viewing his limbes most great,
 And every part about him most compleat.
 Thus then unto the kings words he replies;
 Sure I shall now get praise by this rich prize,
 Or by a noble death. My father (sure)

Is just and wise, what fates will, to endure.
 Spare then thy brags and threats. Thus having said,
 Into the midst o'th' Martiall list he made:
 Th' *Arcadians* hearts were fill'd with chilling feare,
Turnus from's chariot then descending there;
 And now on foot was stately seen draw nigh,
 Like a fierce lion, who from's den doth spie
 A stout big bull fitting himself to fight,
 Farre off i'th' field, he to him takes his flight:
 Even such is *Turnus* in his fierce access.
 VVhom *Pallas* now within the reach doth guesse
 Of his darts-cast, *Pallas* doth first advance,
 Unmatcht in might, but hoping happie chance.
 First thus he prayes; O thou *Alcides* great,
 I by my fathers kindenesse thee intreat,
 VVho thee a stranger took to bed and board,
 To my designs thy mightie aid afford,
 And let my adversarie half-dead see
 Himself of's bloudy arms bespoil'd to be:
 And let proud *Turnus* see with dying eye,
 Me winne the field with valiant victorie.
Hercules heard the youth, and (but in vain)
 Fetcht a deep sigh, which did even teares constrain.
 Then mightie *Jove* to's sonne most kindly sayes;
 To each man's given his appointed dayes;
 Mans life is short, his time irrevocable,
 But fame by facts to make most memorable,
 Is vertues work indeed. Under the wall
 Of stately *Troy* how many sonnes did fall,
 Even sonnes of Gods! yea my *Sarpedon* faire,
 My sonne was slain, the fates would him not spare:
 And *Turnus* hath a term and certain fate,

And

And his lifes period hastes to terminate.
 This said, on *Rutuls* fields his eyes he bent.
 And *Pallas* now with all his force forth sent
 A nimble speare, and from his scabbard drew
 His glistring blade. The speare most fiercely flew
 To *Turnus* shoulder on his armour blue;
 And on the brim of's shield did glance along,
 And gave a clattering blow on's bodie strong.
Turnus hereat shaking a speare of oak,
 Tipt with sharp steel, darts it, and thus he spoke
 To *Pallas* as it flew; Go now and see
 Whether more penetrable now ours be
 Then his. This said, through his most mightie targe
 Lined with plates of brasse and iron large,
 And cover'd o're with many bulls hides thick,
 VVith brandisht blow the speare did enter quick
 Piercing his corslet, wounded deep his breast.
 He straight the bloud-warm'd speare in vain doth wrest;
 Striving to pluck it out, plucks out withall
 Life, bloud and soule, and straight down dead does fall
 Flat on his face: in's fall his arms do clatter,
 The ground his gore-bloud-gushing mouth doth batter.
 Over whom *Turnus* trampling, thus doth say;
 Go now *Arcadians*, minde my words, I pray,
 Go tell *Euander*, I his sonne re-send
 Unto him with a well-deserving end.
 VVhat-ever buriall-honour he can crave,
 Or full content and comfort in a grave,
 I will bestow on him, his harborous cheere
 To his *Aeneas*, now doth cost him deare.
 Thus saying, standing on the corps now dead,
 Spoiling him of his belt embroidered

With the whole storie of the impious act,
 How *Danaïes* daughter foulely did compact
 Upon the wedding night in marriage-bed
 To murder their young bridegrooms there left dead:
 Which things *Enrytion* had wrought thick in gold,
 This prize most rich *Turnus* doth joy to hold.
 Mans minde is ignorant of future fate,
 Knows not a mean, is puffed with prosperous state.
Turnus shall see the time when he'd be glad
 This prize most dearly bought, he never had
 Once toucht, and when, this day and *Pallas* spoiles
 Shall prove most hatefull, and his hearts turmoiles.
 But *Pallas* mates with sighs and feares all fraught,
 Upon a shield his corps in troops thence brought.
 Ah, the great grief, yet grace thy fire will have,
 This day the first and last to battells gave:
 And yet about thee thou didst make remain
 A mightie heap of fierce *Rutulians* slain,
 Nor now did flying fame this mischief shew;
 'Twas brought t' *Aeneas* by a poste too true,
 Who told him how distressed his souldiers were,
 How 'twas high time to help them fled for feare.
 Hereat *Aeneas* mowes all down with's blade,
 And like a mad man he wide path-wayes made
 Through thickest troops, thee, *Turnus* proud, to finde,
 With slaughters fresh, having still in his minde
 (All came to's sight) *Pallas*, *Euander* kinde,
 The table spread, where first he was a guest,
 All, though a stranger, right-hand loves exprest.
 And here before him he foure youths espies,
 All born at *Salmo*, and foure more likewise
 Train'd up by *Ufens*, all alive he snatches,

And

And as a sacrifice, them all dispatches
 To the dead ashes of his dearest friend,
 And in the fires their captive bloud doth spend.
 Thence passing on, when he next dart did throw
 At *Mago* stout, he slyly stooping low,
 Escapt the quivering dart, which flew away.
 Whereat his knees he clasping, thus did pray;
 Now by thy fathers ghost, and hopefull state
 Of thy *Iulus*, I thee supplicate,
 Preserve my life both to my sonne and me,
 And in my stately house thou hid shalt see,
 Deep in the ground, great store of silver coyn'd,
 And much good gold, some fin'de, some unrefin'de.
 My life (alas!) staves not *Troyes* victorie,
 Nor can I onely work such jeopardie.
 This said, *Aeneas* presently replies;
 Those heaps of gold which thou so high dost prize,
 Keep for thy children; *Turnus* took away
 This quarter, when my *Pallas* he did slay.
 Thus thinks *Iulus* and *Anchises* dead,
 And with these words, upon his helm and head
 He layes fast hold; and as he so did pray,
 Up to the hilts his sword in's soule made way.
 Hard by he met *Emonides* most brave,
 Faire *Phæbus* and *Diana's* priest most grave:
 His head a sacred hood and head-bands tie,
 Glistring all-o're in arms most gorgeously.
 Whom chaf'd i'th' field, and overcome i'th' fight,
 He sacrific'd, and on him stood upright,
 Whose mightie shade him hid: *Sereftus* stout
 Upon his shoulders bare his armour out,
 Thy trophie, mightie *Mars*. Then *Cæculus*

Black *Vulcanes* brood, and *Umbro* valourous
 Of *Marsies* mounts, the fight afresh ingage.
 But *Dardanes* prince doth on them fiercely rage:
 And *Anxures* arm his sword slic'd off so round,
 That arm and shield straight fell down on the ground.
 This gallant had some loftie words given out,
 And thought perhaps time would it bring about:
 His heart was high as heaven, perswaded, sure,
 Of hoarie haires, and life, long to endure.
Tarquitus proud in glistring arms him met,
 Whom *Faunus* did on *Driope* beget,
 Who furiously a strong speare at him throws,
 Which through his harnessle and huge target goes.
 His head (he craving life, but to no end,
 And much about to speak) he soon did send
 From's shoulders to the ground, on's trunck he stood,
 And o're him thus he spake, in heat of bloud;
 Lie there, thou frighter fierce, thy mother deare
 Shall never thee unto thy buriall beare,
 Nor in thy native soile entombe: wilde-beasts
 Or fish i'th' sea shall on thee make them feasts.
Antheus then and *Lycas* stout, who led
 King *Turnus* voward, he encountered,
 And *Numa* strong, sworthy *Camertes* stout
 Sprung from renowned *Volscons* race and rout:
 A mightie landed man in *Italie*,
 Who o're th' *Amyclians* had the soveraigntie;
 Men for their sparing speech of speciall name.
 And like *Egeon*, who (as blazeth fame)
 Had full an hundred arms and active hands,
 And fiftie mouthes; whence, as from firebrands,
 And fire breasts, he flames of fire forth threw,

As

As many shields held up and swords he drew
 Against *Joves* lightnings: so *Aeneas* stout
 Victoriously did fret and fume about
 As soon as once his sword waxt warm with blows:
 But then (behold!) most furiously he goes
 Against *Nipheus* and his coach horse swift,
 And 'gainst his breast his fatall blade did lift:
 But they farre off, as soon as ere they saw
 Him rushing, fiercely raging, 'gainst them draw,
 For feare they flie, and backward madly go,
 And in their race their rider overthrow,
 Whurrying the chariot with them to the shore.
 Meanwhile *Lucagus* also prest on fore
 With his white coach-horse, then accomitated
 With's brother *Liger*, who thus regulated
 The coach-horse reins, *Lucagus* brandishing
 His glistring blade. *Troyes* prince not suffering
 Their bold out-braves, unto them rusheth straight;
 And against both did quick accommodate
 A mightie speare: to whom thus *Liger* bold;
 Thou dost not here *Achilles* coach behold,
 Nor *Diomedes* horse, nor *Pbrygian* field,
 But in these plains thy life to death must yeeld,
 And end these broiles. Thus madly loud he spake:
 But *Troyes* brave *heroe* no reply would make
 In words, but casts a dart at his fierce foe.
 And as *Lucagus* reaching out a blow
 With stiffe intent did fetch his horse about,
 And his left foot unto the fight set out,
 The flying speare piercing his target bright,
 On his left groin did penetrating light,
 Which did him overthrow and deadly wound;

VVhere

Where he lay groveling dead upon the ground,
To whom in these tart terms *Aeneas* laid;
No ghost, *Lucagus*, made thy horse afraid
And flie thy foe, nor did their paces slow
Thee and thy coach betray unto thy foe:
But thou thy self, leaping down from the wheels,
Thy coach forsook'st, and triptst up thine own heels.
Thus having said, the coach in hand he takes:
Th'unhappie brother prostrate fall'ne down quakes,
Holds up his trembling hands, thus does intreat;
Now by thy self and by thy parents great
Who thee begat (*Troies* prince) so great so good,
O spare thy suppliants life, spill not his bloud.
O sir, sayes he, these words you us'd not late;
Die then, let brothers brothers sociate.
Then with his sword his breast he opened wide,
And from's hearts hollow caves his soule did glide.
Thus through the fields this *Trojan* victour made
Great slaughters: like fierce floods which banks invade,
Or blustering windes, so did he rage about:
Th'enclosed *Trojans* now also break out,
And leave their camps, and young *Ascanius* brave
VVith his green sparks, them valiantly behave,
Though late (in vain) besieg'd. Things resting so,
Jove of himself does to his *Juno* go,
And thus sayes to her; See, my sister kinde,
And speciall spouse, most gratefull to my minde;
Venus, thou seest (even as thou didst suppose,
Nor art deceiv'd) supports thy *Trojan* foes:
Their boldest hearts, strong hands, nor patience stout
VVarres woes t'endure, could not alone hold out.
To whom thus humbly *Juno* did reply;

Why

Why, O my Pheere most deare, ah tell me, why
 Dost thou my grieved heart more grieve; which quakes,
 And at thy bitter piercing words even akes?
 O if thou lov'd'st me now as formerly,
 If (as 'twere fit) thou hadst first fervencie;
 Great *Jove*, thou this request wouldst grant to me,
 My *Turnus* from the fight withdrawn to see:
 That to his father *Dannus* him I might
 Safely restore. But let him fall i'th' fight,
 And be a pious prey to *Trojans* base;
 Yet is he sprung from our celestiall race.
Pilumnus was his sire, i'th' fourth descent,
 Thine altars he with hand munificent,
 And many gallant gifts enriched hath.
 To whom *olympus* king thus briefly saith;
 If thou desirest present deaths delay,
 And the death-marked youths dire fall to stay,
 And think'st I may the same procrastinate;
 Let *Turnus* flie then from his present fate.
 This onely distance must thy minde suffice:
 But if thy prayers to higher hopes arise,
 And that thou think'st he may be wholly freed
 From chance of warre, or what fates have decreed
 May altered be; thou but vain hopes dost feed.
 To whom thus *Juno* full of teares replies;
 But what if *Jove*, what he in words denies,
 Would grant in heart, and *Turnus* life make sure?
 Now he most guiltlesse, must hard hap endure,
 Or I no truth do know: but rather I
 Could wish thou wouldst my fond feare falsifie;
 And (as thou canst) convert all to the best.
 Thus having now each way her votes exprest,

From

From heaven she forthwith flies, to earth descends:
 Storms flie before her, clouds she 'bout her bends.
 Thus through the aire to *Trojan* bands she flew,
 And to th' *Italian* tents she nearer drew.
 The Goddesse then in concave cloud did frame
 A forcelesse shade most thin to seem, the same
 With brave *Aeneas* shape (a most strange sight)
 And fraught it faire with *Trojan* arms most bright,
 A plumy helm fit for his sacred head,
 A shield which his most nearely patterned:
 Yea gives it windie words, a senselesse sound,
 And goodly gate, like one walking profound.
 Much like those shapes which walk (they say) being dead,
 Or those fallacious dreams in snorting bed.
 The frolick figure brags before the bands,
 And *Turnus* tempts to shew the strength of's hands,
 And him with speech provokes: whom *Turnus* straight
 Assails aloof, and with repressesle hate
 A whirling dart casts at it; instantly
 The shadow turns its back, away doth flie.
Turnus supposing now *Aeneas* fled,
 Nourisht vain hope, which thus he uttered;
Aeneas, whither fly'st thou? do n't forsake
 Thy spouse betroth'd, to whom thou vows didst make:
 This hand of mine shall give thee lands so sought.
 And thus he follows him in word as thought,
 Brandishing his bright blade; but could not finde,
 How these vain joyes were but puffed toyes of winde.
 As thus he past, by chance a ship he spi'de,
 To a rocks rigid bank most fitly ty'de,
 Whereto a ladder for ascent did stand,
 For a sea-voyage fitted out of hand.

In which *Osinius* king from *Clusium* came.
Aeneas fearfull figure in this same
 Cast it self quickly, there it hidden lay:
 Which *Turnus* following, cuts off every flay,
 Nimble ascends the top: scarce did he take
 Footing i'th' ship, but *Juno* quickly brake
 The fastning cable, launcht the ship from shore,
 Which with full sail into the ocean bore.
 Meanwhile *Aeneas* with a bloody fight,
 Seeks up and down his foe thus out of sight;
 And multitudes of men him meeting slayes.
 But now the nimble shade no longer staves,
 Hid in its holes, but vanisht into th' aire;
 And when to th' midst oth' sea storms *Turnus* bare,
 Ignorant of these things, for's life ingrate;
 He looks about, to th' heavens doth elevate
 (After this manner) both his hands and heart;
 Almighty *Jove*, deem'st thou it my desert,
 To suffer such a shame, a scourge so great?
 Ah, whither go I? whence make I retreat?
 What flight is this? vvhom do I thus forsake?
 Shall I not once more yet my self betake
 To *Laurents* walls and warres? What now (alas!)
 VVill to my troops of souldiers come to passe,
 VVhich followed me in fight? vvhom impious I
 Have left alone, a thousand deaths to die?
 For now, me thinks, I heare and see them all
 Dying and crying as they wounded fall.
 VVhat shall I do? vvhath land me live can swallow?
 But oh ye windes, do ye me rather follow
 VVith pitying puffs: (this *Turnus* does you pray
 VVith glad some minde) O cast this bark away

On rocks or sands, where *Rutuls* may not see,
 Or tainted fame may never follow me.
 Thus moaning up and down, thoughts ebbe and flow,
 What to resolve to do, he does not know;
 Or madly slay himself, for such disgrace,
 And in his corps his bloudy blade to case;
 Or headlong into th' sea himself to cast,
 And so by swimming to get land at last:
 And landing, to the *Trojan* troops to hie.
 Thrice both these wayes he did attempt to trie;
 And thrice great *Juno* his attempts did hinder,
 Pitying the young prince with indulgence tender.
 Thus on he sails with prosperous winde and tide,
 At last at's father *Dannus* town did 'bide.
 Meanwhile by *Joves* advise, *Mezentius* stout
 Comes forth to fight, and (*Trojans* all about
 Joyning in good successe) does now invade
 The *Trojan* troops, who to him joyntly made.
 And all at once at one alone they flie,
 Their hands and hate do this one man defie.
 But he, much like a rock 'gainst mightie waves,
 Withstands the furie of windes bigge outbraves,
 Layes ope his rigid fides 'gainst billows great,
 And all the rage that seas or skies can threat,
 It self unmov'd remains: he's even so.
 And *Dolichaons* sonne did overthrow,
Hebrus; with whom he *Latagus* did slay,
 And *Palmus*, as he from him ran away:
 But *Latagus* he with a stone most great,
 Even with a mountains part, his brains out beat.
Palmus his hammes and legs he cut off quite,
 And left him there to roule in piteous plight.

His arms he *Lausus* gave, on's back to beare,
 And on his head his plummy helm to weare.
Phrygian Euantes, *Mimas*, *Paris* mate,
 And *Coatanean*, he did ruinate:
 Whom to *Amycus*, milde *Theban* bare,
Paris being born of *Hecuba* most faire,
 Who dreamt she had a firebrand begot,
 And he to die in's countrey had the lot:
 But *Mimas*, ignorant of this his hap,
 Did finde his grave here in *Laurentums* lap.
 Now as a boare hunted from mountains high
 By barking, biting dogs, (which long did lie
 Shelter'd in wide pine-bearing *Vesulus*,
 And in *Laurentums* fields most copious,
 Of wood-like reeds, having been long time fed:)
 As soon as he's i'th' nets intangled,
 He stands and stares about, his tusks does whet,
 And fretting, fiercely brissels up doth set;
 Nor is it wit or worth for any there,
 To be too busie to him to draw neare,
 But off to stand, and at him darts to throw,
 And with loud clamorous shouts to tire him so:
 So those that to *Mezentius* bare just spight,
 Durst not come neare him hand to hand to fight;
 But with their darts farre off and clamours shrill,
 They him provoke: the boare sits boldy still,
 Gnashing with foamy chaps his tusks most keen,
 And shaking off the darts from's back is seen.
 From *Cerit's* ancient coasts came *Acron* stout,
 A *Grecian* forc'd from's countrey to flie out
 For breach of marriage; whom, when as remote,
Mezentius saw, and seriously did note,

Amid'st the troops moving his mates to fight,
 Adorn'd with purple plumes and scarlet bright,
 His kinde contracted spouses goodly gift:
 Much like a hungry lion rambling swift
 About the mightie woods (for so indeed
 Fierce hunger forceth madly to proceed)
 If haply he some well-grown goat may spie,
 Or bravely headed stagge that way to flie,
 He gapes for joy, his brissels rough erects,
 Falls close unto the prey he so affects,
 Washing his ravenous chaps in bloud luke-warm.
 Thus thickest foes *Mezentius* fierce doth charm:
 And quickly he unhappie *Acron* slayes,
 And him with's heels beating the ground he layes
 Low on the earth, his bloody speare unsplit.
 But he *Orodes* flying scorn'd to hit,
 Or smite to death by casting his strong dart,
 And coward-like to wound him in's back-part:
 But he must meet his foes all face to face,
 And man to man by dreadfull duells chase,
 Not pleas'd with pilfering, but with powerfull blows.
 And thus he great *Orodes* overthrows,
 His foot set on his corps, his speare at's heart,
 A man of no small worth, this warres best part.
 His mates him following, *panegyrics* sing,
 And of his conquests make the aire to ring.
 But he expiring, ere quite dead, thus said;
 Proud conquerour, thou shalt not passe unpaid,
 Who e're thou art, my death reveng'd shall be,
 Nor shalt thou long from this revenge be free:
 My fate thee follows, thee these plains shall hold.
 To whom *Mezentius* with a spirit bold,

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 Nor shalt thou long from this revenge be free:
 My fate thee follows, thee these plains shall hold.
 To whom *Mezentius* with a spirit bold,

Yet smilingly reply'de; But thou shalt die:
But as for me, *Jove*, king of earth and skie,
Will see to me. This said, the speare he pulls
Out of his corps: then fatall rest him lulls
Into a deadly sleep, which clos'd his sight,
Shutting his eyes up in eternall night.
Stout *Cadmus* in fight slayes *Alcath'us*,
Sacrator kills *Hidaspis*; *Parthen'us*
And mightie *Orsis* do by *Rapo* die;
Messapus fierce slayes *Clodius* valiantly,
And *Lyaconius* and *Ericates*,
VVhom from his skittish jade fallen with small ease
Unto the ground, on foot a footman flew:
Then *Lycian Agis* hotly to them drew,
VVhom yet *Valerius*, not a jot unfraught
VVith fires connative noblenesse, soon taught
The way to's grave: *Salius Atrionius* slayes;
Nealces nimble dart ends *Salius* dayes;
Nealces, expert both at speare and dart.
And now like heavie hap was on each part,
And mightie *Mars* made equall funeralls:
Alike they fight, alike catch fatall falls:
These conquer now, anon are conquered:
But neither these nor those from foes have fled.
The Gods from *Joves* high hall pity the plight
Of both parts, thus o'rewhelm'd with fruitlesse spight,
And tyr'd with troubles. This way, *Venus* faire;
Juno looks that way with contrarious care.
Pale-peevish *Tisiphon* with frantick heat
Doth rage and rave between the armies great.
And still *Mezentius* shakes his mightie lance,
And furiously does to the field advance.

Like great *Orion*, when with staulking feet
 He walks moyst *Nereus* pools and flouds that fleet,
 Slicing his wavy way, whole shoulders white
 O're-top the streams: or when he does delight,
 Walking the woods, a huge old oak to beare,
 On mountains-tops his head to th' clouds to reare:
 Even thus *Mezentius* to the armie goes,
 Whom seen farre off, *Aeneas* to oppose
 Prepares himself. He dauntlesely doth stay,
 Waiting his mightie foes approach that way.
 In's strength he stands, watching the distance right
 Sufficient for his lances fatall flight.
 Assist me now (sayes he) my right hand brave,
 And brandisht lance; none other Gods I have:
 And here I vow, the spoiles which I shall gain
 From this great thief *Aeneas*, shall remain
 To thee, brave *Lausus*, as thy trophie due.
 And with these words at him farre-off he threw
 Awhistling speare, which flying fierce did glance
 Upon his shield; whence, by unhappie chance,
 It pierced *Anthors* noble breast and heart;
Anthor, *Alcides* mate, who would not part
 From king *Euander*, once from *Argos* sent,
 But made abode in *Latines* continent.
 Unhappie he dy'd by anothers wound,
 His eyes to th' skies, he thinks on's native ground.
 Then brave *Aeneas* cast a dart at him,
 Which flying, pierc'd the hollow edge or brimme
 Of's three-fold brazen arms with linnen lin'd,
 And through his treble bulls hides way did finde,
 Or forced through into his groin most deep,
 Nor could his strength the paining wound out keep.

Whereat *Aeneas* joy'd to see the bloud
 Of his proud foe, draws out his fauchion good
 Which hung by's side, wherewith he furiously
 Assails his trembling foe, which with quick eye
 As soon as *Lausus* sees, due filiall love
 Doth in him, for his fire, much mourning move,
 And brinish teares provoke. Here cannot I
 In silence burie thy dire destinie,
 And famous facts (if future times will trust
 And credit what of him relate I must)
 Most memorable youth! *Mezentius* maim'd
 Unfit for fight, the battell, slow, disclaim'd;
 And in's retreat the wounding speare he bare,
 Sticking in's shield. Then straight the young man rare
 Steps in between, i'th' midst maintains the fight.
 And as *Aeneas* rais'd his hand to smite,
Lausus his sword crosse underneath it came,
 And brake the force o'th' blow, and stopt the same.
 His mates him follow with a mightie shout,
 And whiles the fire, guarded by's sonne, got out,
 They throw thick darts, incense their foe to fight:
Aeneas frets, hid under's target bright.
 And as black clouds pouring down showers of hail,
 The lowns and plow-men all without all fail
 Scud from the fields apace, themselves to hide,
 With cunning tricks, under some rivers side,
 Or in some rocks deep hole, whiles it doth rain;
 That i'th' sun-shine they may to work again:
 Even so *Aeneas*, showr'd on round about
 VVith shafts, this cloud of warre strongly beares out,
 And 'bides all brunts, and chides young *Lausus* fore,
 And bitterly thus threatens *Lausus* poore;

VVhither

VVhither, weak childe of death, dost rush so fast?
 VVhy dost thou on facts past thy strength thee cast?
 Thy filiall zeal doth flout thee most unwise;
Lausus no lesse doth madly him despise;
 VVhich makes this *Trojan* captains rage break out.
 And now the fatall sisters had spun out
Lausus last thred of life; for now with ruth
Æneas through the bodie of the youth
 Made his bright blade to enter instantly,
 There wholly hid: his shield and arms do flie
 In parts, and flasht his coat wrought curiously,
 His mothers work; and fill'd his breast with gore:
 VVherewith his soule into the aire did soare,
 And left his corps. But when with ruthfull eye
Æneas did his dying count'nance spie,
 His count'nance which waxt wondrous pale and wan,
 He deeply sigh'd, greatly to grieve began,
 Embrac'd him in his arms, and call'd to minde
 The tender love to sonnes in parents kinde;
 And sonnes reciprocall to fires, and said;
 VVhat honour now may worthily be paid,
 (Belov'd and much lamented youth) to thee?
 VVhat gift may to thy goodnesse congruent be
 From kinde *Æneas*? all thy arms most rare
 VVherein thou joy'dst, not mine, but thine they are,
 Thy corps also for buriall, I commit
 Unto thy fire (if he have care of it)
 Yet let this thee unhappie happifie,
 That thou by great *Æneas* hands didst die.
 Then freely he his friends checks tauntinglie
 For their delay; himself lifts him from ground,
 His lovely locks (i'th' fashion) comptly bound,
 Being

Being all-besmeared with blood. In this mean space
 His father dry'd his wounds at a fit place,
 About faire *Tyber's* flood, his bodie he
 Makes clean with water, and against a tree
 Refreshed himself, his helmet strong of brasse
 Hung on the boughs, his huge arms lay i'th' grasse.
 Chief gallants 'bout him stood; he faint, takes rest,
 Eased his tyr'd neck, his beard spread on his breast,
 Often enquiring for his *Lausus* deare,
 And sending off, that he of him might heare.
 They quickly do the mournfull fathers will;
 And on their shields, lamenting loud and shrill,
 Brought mightie *Lausus* dead, with mightie wound
 Woefully slain. Which when the father found,
 His mournfull minde farre-off foreseeing woe,
 On his gray-haires much dust he straight does throw,
 And both his hands unto the heavens doth heave,
 And with these words to th' corps doth cling and cleave;
 Oh my deare sonne, had I such love to live,
 That thee for me I to my foe should give?
 Even thee whom I begat? must I by thee
 Survive secure, and thou thus murdered be?
 Must I live by thy death? Unhappie I,
 What now remains, but exiles miserie?
 O wound most deeply driven, O my deare sonne,
 'Tis I have sham'd thee, and thy fame undone!
 Even I, whom home-bred hatred hath disthron'd,
 I should have dy'd, through envy, unbemoan'd.
 I by all kindes of death most guiltily
 Should to my realm have paid this penaltie
 Yet live I still: nor men, nor light yet leave.
 Well, now I will me of them all bereave.

And

And with these words, up on's weak limbes he stood,
 And though his strength was dull'd through want of
 By his deep wound, yet not a jot dejected, (bloud,
 He calls for's horse, his horse most high affected,
 His crown and comfort, wherewith evermore
 In all his battels he the conquest bore.
 And thus he to his mourning horse did say;
 Brave *Rhebus*, we now long (if long I may
 Say ought 'mongst men continues) lived have;
 And either we'le this day be victours brave
 With bloudie spoiles and proud *Aeneas* head,
 And for my *Lausus* losse be thus well sped;
 Or else, if force no way can force or finde,
 My death and thine shall be in one combin'de.
 For sure I think, stout steed, thou never yet
 To others didst, or *Trojan* lords submit.
 This said, he mounted; and i'th' saddle set,
 Into both hands sharp shafts he straight doth get;
 His glistring brazen helm on's head, and crest
 Fast fixt, and with most rigid horse-haire drest.
 Thus 'mongst them with a fierce careere addrest,
 He rushed in: his heart with shame did boile:
 Madnesse and mourning for his *Lausus* foile,
 Outragious love, and secret sense o'th' might
 Of his fierce foe, do spurre him to the fight.
 Aloud three times he now *Aeneas* calls,
Aeneas knows him, glad, to prayers falls;
 So grant great *Jove*, so grant *Apollo* high,
 That thou mayst now begin the fight to trie.
 This said, he with a piercing speare him met.
 Whereat *Mezentius*, in a ragefull fret,
 Cries out, Fierce wretch, why dost thou thus in vain

Me vex, perplex? thou having my sonne slain,
 Thou hast the way me now to ruinate.
 And surely now to die I do not hate:
 None of thy Gods regard or spare will I.
 Leave off thy threats, for here I come to die,
 But first of all, these gifts to thee I bring.
 Which said, a dart he at his foe did fling,
 And then another and another, thick
 He flings, which flies as in a circle quick.
 But yet the gold-bosht shield them all abides.
 Then 'bout *Aeneas* standing fast, he rides
 Three light careeres, still at him throwing darts,
 And thrice *Troyes* prince with his brasse target thwarts
 The seeming wood of shafts. But when he saw,
 And seeing sham'd so many darts to draw
 Out of his shield, such long delayes to use,
 And how he was constrain'd not to refuse
 The combate, though unequal, musing thus,
 At last with valour most magnanimous
 He rusheth on, and with resistlesse force
 He threw a dart which hit the warriours horse
 Between his hollow temples, with which blow
 The horse mounts up an end, kicks to o'rethrow
 His rider; and at last does backward fall,
 Fastning his master under him withall:
 He groveling headlong, out of joynt his arm,
Trojans and *Latines* raise a loud alarm
 And clamorous noise. *Aeneas* to him flew,
 And from his scabbard his bright fauchion drew,
 And o're him said; Where's now, *Mezentius* stout,
 Where's thy proud strength and stomach? all flown out?
 To whom the *Tuscane*, having ta'ne some breath,

Fierce

Fierce bitter foe, why so dost threaten death?
 Why so insult'st thou? 'tis no crime to die:
 Nor came I to the field so cowardly,
 Nor for me with thee would my *Lausus* have
 Such base conditions: Onely this I crave,
 (If any favour vanquisht ones may get
 From victours) I thee earnestly intreat,
 Permit my body to have buriall-rite:
 For why? I know my peoples hate and spight
 Stand round about me; keep me, I thee pray,
 From their great rage, and with me my sonne lay,
 Conforting in one grave. And with this word
 Expectedly his throat receives the sword.
 Whereat upon his arms gusht out his gore,
 And from his body forth his soule did soare.

*An end of the tenth book
 of Virgils Æneids.*

TNE

THE ARGUMENT of the eleventh book.

*Aeneas, for these victories,
To Mars doth trophies solemnize.
Pallas dead corps is sent thence straight
To king Euander, in great state.
Truce made, to burie both their slain:
Euanders grief, paternall pain
For his dead sonne. The souldiers dead
Are gather'd, burn'd, and buried.
From Diomedes message came,
That he these warres did quite disclaim.
Drances and Turnus' twixt them chide.
Aeneas to Laurentum by'de.
Fierce fight: the day the Trojans gain:
Unwares, Camilla there is slain.*



*Uroa rising now the sea forsook.
Aeneas (though especiall care he took,
And time, for buriall of his slaughtered mates
With sedulous intents he meditates)
Yet first, like victour brave, by break of day
He to the Gods his Martiall votes will pay.
Upon a hill a mightie oak he plac'd,
Which lopt all o're, with gliftring arms he grac'd,
Mezentius spoiles (great Mars, thy trophies good)
And fitly fixt the crest, yet dropping bloud,
Speares broken splinters, and his corslet strong, (wrong.
Which twelve times dig'd with darts, scarce took least
His*

His brazen shield to th' left hand up was tide,
 And from his neck, his ivorie sheath beside.
 Then thus his mates (for all his Martiall Peeres
 Had hedg'd him in) he with these speeches cheeres;
 Brave firs, our main work done, avaunt base feare,
 A rush for what remains: the spoiles see here,
 And first-fruits of our joy, from that proud king
Mezentius, whom these hands to ground did bring.
 Now to the King we must, to *Laurents* wall.
 Prepare your hearts for warre, yet hope withall
 For good successe; and let not least delay
 (So soon as th' ensignes thence to pluck away
 The Gods permit, and tents their youth forsake)
 In ignorance or sloth, force you to take
 Feare-caused counsell. In the meanwhile we
 Our mates unburied corps interr'd will see:
 This rite alone departed soules desire.
 Go then (sayes he) and carefully enquire,
 And search out all those worthy wights most rare,
 Who this faire land to purchase, did not spare
 Their deare hearts bloud, for us: finde them, I pray,
 And hang their hearses with last gifts most gay:
 And first unto *Euanders* city sad
 Let princely *Pallas* noble corps be had:
 Whom, full of valour, fatall destinie
 And bitter death drencht in extremitie.
 These weeping words he spake, and went his way.
 Unto the place where *Pallas* body lay,
 Watcht by *Acetes* old, *Euanders* page,
 But not by happie fate to such ripe age
 Admitted his sons mate. His servants all
 About him stand, mourning their masters fall.

The *Trojan* troops, and *Phrygian* matrons faire
Stood weeping (as th'are wont) with unbound haire;
But soon as e're *Aeneas* entred in,
There straight was rais'd a mightie mourning din,
With loud laments, their breasts they often beat,
Whose ruthfull roares fill'd all the palace great.
But when he saw *Pallas* white face and head,
And th' open wound which this just sorrow bred,
Through which th' *Italian* dart dire entrance made,
With trickling teares these wofull words he said;
Ah, wofull youth, must lot thus lucklesse be,
Even then when't smil'd to envie thee to me,
Lest thou our conquer'd kingdomes should'st behold,
And brought triumphant to thy father old?
I promis'd not to him these things of thee,
When at our parting he dismissed me
With sweet embraces, to an empire great,
And with advise did fearfully repeat
What furious foes we had, what people stout
To fight withall. And now fond hopes do flour
The good old king, who now (sure) hopes and prayes,
And for his childe heapt-gifts on altars layes.
But we esteem no gifts to th' Gods now due,
The dead young man we vainly 'tend and rue.
Unhappie old man, thou with grief shalt see
Thy sonne by cruell fate return'd to thee.
Here's our returns of love, our spoiles expected,
Thus thy great trust in me seems quite neglected.
Yet, grave *Euander*, this some joy may be,
Thou wilt not him by base wounds conquer'd see:
Nor him alive, for cowardise, wish dead.
Ah! woe is me, what fence is from me fled
For *Italie*, and what a noble mate

Hast thou *Iulus* lost by his dire fate?
Thus having wept, he bids them beare away
The woefull corps, choosung without delay
A thousand gallants brave from all his bands,
To wait upon the corps he these commands,
As his last honour, and at hand to be,
With his sad father, whom still as they see
Shedding salt teares, to yeeld him comfort sweet
(Although but small) to so great sorrows meet.
Then straightway some long reeds do quickly get,
Some make a beere whereon the corps to set,
With twisted twigs and oaken sprigs most tender,
Whose hearse-like bended boughs thick shades do render:
Here the young prince high on the reeds they lay,
Much like a flower by damselfs cropt in May:
Or withering hyacinth, or violet sweet,
Not yet quite stript of sent and semblance meet,
Though now its mother earth affords no sap,
Nor yeelds such strength, as hugged in her lap.
Then two rare robes of purple, thick with gold,
Aeneas straight brought forth, rich to behold,
Queen *Dido's* art, which in her prosperous state
She for him wrought, with gold-twist accurate.
One of these robes he in most mournfull wise
Puts on the prince, last due to's obsequies;
And therewith hides his locks for fire prepar'd,
And nought of all these warres rich spoiles he spar'd,
But heaps them on, which in a long array
Were born in state: great horses made a prey,
And speares and darts all taken from their foes,
And many a captive chained with them goes,
Whose bloud in flames must sacrificed be:

Truncheons of broken speares commanded he
 His captains in their hands to beare along,
 And on their tops to beare foes arms most strong,
 And on them every aduersaries name.
 Then aged sad *Acetes* onward came,
 Beating his breasts, tearing his aged face,
 Falne faintly on the ground in piteous case.
 Along they led chariots besmear'd with bloud
 Of *Rutuls* slain, *Ethon*, his courser good,
 His warre-horse brave, came after all his train,
 Stript of his trappings; nor could he refrain
 To weep, as on he went, full flouds of teares:
 Then one his speare, and one his helmet beares.
 The rest of's arms the conquerour *Turnus* had:
 Then followed all the troops and *Trojans* sad,
 The *Tuscane* and *Arcadian* captains strong,
 The wrong end of their speares trailing along
 Upon the ground. Thus as in *Martiall* bands
 These gallants passe, *Aeneas* here still stands;
 And with a deep-fetcht sigh does to them say;
 Deare mates, warres self-same fates call us away
 To weep for others: then my *Pallas* deare,
 Rest safe for ever, never to be here
 Re-visited, for ever then adew.
 His speech here stopt. Then he his troops withdrew
 Unto the town and tents; where soon they saw
 King *Latines* legates toward them to draw,
 With olive-boughs adorn'd, leave to intreat,
 The scattered bodies by that battell great
 Slain in the fields, that they might seek and have,
 And gathered up, bestow on them a grave.
 Adding, No fight ought be with conquered slain;
 Praying,

Praying, his once kinde hoasts he'd not disdain,
Fathers in law, once call'd. To whose request
Æneas kinde him flexible exprest,
And gives them leave, adding these words beside,
Tell me (you *Latines*) what unworthie guide,
What blinde-fold fortune hath involv'd you thus
Into this warre? Why have ye flown from us
Your vowed friends? ask ye peace for your slain?
Intreat ye for your dead? Truely I'd fain
Farre rather to your living grant the same.
And to this place, these parts, I onely came
By fates decree. Nor warre I with your land:
Your king our love and friendship does withstand,
And rather trusts himself to *Turnus* might:
Whereas for *Turnus* it had been more right
His life to hazard. If he do intend
By force to force us hence, this warre to end;
'Twere fit he onely were to me adrest,
And he should live, whom fates or facts made best.
But go, poore citizens, your slain interre.
Thus spake *Æneas*: they amazed were,
And silent stood, gazing as men agast
On one anothers faces, till at last
Drances the gravest of them, evermore
Who to young *Turnus* wrath and envie bore,
Set forth himself, and thus his words did frame;
Brave *Trojan* prince, great by illustrious fame,
Greater by vertuous facts; vvith what due praise
May I thy worth unto the heavens now raise?
I know not which, or first, or most t' admire,
Thy justice great, or quenchlesse Martiall fire.
But we, thy gratefull friends, these things will show

To all our mates, and towns where-e're we go:
And if successe do smile, vve hope to make
King *Latine* thee into his love to take:
Let *Turnus* somewhere else go seek him vvives,
But vvhen thy fate-given vvalls and building thrives,
We all shall be most glad *Troyes* stones to beare
Upon our shoulders, that great work to reare.
He ceast; and what he said, all hum'd assent.
Then for full twelve dayes they a truce indent,
And peace a space to hold. Then up and down
Trojans and *Latines* stray about the town,
And vvoods and fields, vvithout controll or strife.
And now to fell ash-trees strokes sound most rife;
Cloud-kissing pines and good old oaks to cleave,
To chop down cedars, which sweet sentes do leave:
And having fell'd them, never cease, till they
In carts have carried them thence all away.
And now fame, hastie sorrows harbinger,
Sad tidings told to old king *Euander*,
And fill'd *Euanders* court and countrey round
With crosse bad news, to that vvich late did sound,
That *Pallas* conquerour was in *Italie*,
Th' *Arcadians* (as old custome was) do flie
Unto their gates, vvith buriall-burning light,
Tall torches, vvich in long ranks shone most bright;
Whose shine dark fields abroad distinguisht plain.
And thus they meeting with the *Trojan* train,
Unite their mourning troops: which instantly
The maids and matrons spying, they drew nigh,
And through the citie sad raise piteous cries.
But for *Euander*, nothing could suffice
To hold him back, but to the midst he makes:

His *Pallas*-bearing beere quick down he takes,
 And falling, fastning on it, weeps and vvails,
 And scarce his voice, (vvhich him vvith grief yet fails)
 At last he thus unlocks, thus vvweeping spake;
 O my deare *Pallas*, ah, didst thou not make
 This promise to thy parent, that vvith heed
 And warieness thou wouldst to warre proceed?
 Alas, I know my self, how farre new fame,
 And honyed honour (therefore I too blame)
 I'th' first assault would spurre young spirits free.
 Ah, most unhappie youths first-fruits in thee,
 Most rigid rudiments of too soon vvarre,
 For vvho in my votes and vows all frustrate are!
 And thou, most sacred spouse, in death now blest,
 Not kept to be by this great grief distrest:
 But I, contrariwise, by life too long,
 My fates do vanquish, but my self do wrong;
 The father living, and the sonne thus dead,
 The *Rutuls* should me first have slaughtered,
 Following the *Trojan* troops: my bloud should I
 Have sacrific'd, then this solemnity
 Had been for me, not for my *Pallas* deare.
 But neither blame I you, brave *Trojans* here,
 Nor yet the league vvhich I with you did make,
 Then ratifi'd, vvhen as vve hands did shake;
 This grief (I see) to my gray haires vvvas lotted:
 But since the fates untimely death had plotted
 Against my sonne, some comfort it had been,
 If *Volscian* thousands first he slain had seen,
 And *Trojans* by him led victoriously,
 Ere he had died, into *Italic*.
 And now poore *Pallas*, I can give to thee

No better buriall-rites, then here I see
 Done by *Aeneas* kinde and *Phrygians* brave,
 By *Tuscan* Peeres and troops; thus to thy grave
 Who bring rich spoiles, which thou from slain didst win:
 And thou i'th' fight a mightie trunck hadst bin,
 If so his yeares (proud *Turnus*) unto thine
 Had equall been: but why do I confine
 You noble *Trojans*, and from fight detain?
 Go with this message to your king again:
 Tell him, whereas I live, my *Pallas* dead,
 'Tis by his hand to be re-comforted,
 In making *Turnus* pay the debt he owes,
 Both to the fathers and the sonnes great woes.
 This honour fates (I hope) reserve for thee,
 That by thy worth I may revenged be.
 I seek not sweets of life, nor fit I should,
 But that the death of *Turnus* may be told
 By me to my dead sonne. In this mean space
Aurora rare shew'd forth her shining face
 To night-tyr'd wretches, day-toiles to renew.
 And now *Aeneas* grave and *Tarchon* drew
 Neare to the shore; when fires they build apace,
 On which slain souldiers carcases they place,
 (As custome was) kindling black fuming fire,
 Whose smoak hid heaven, as it did up aspire.
 And thrice in arms they ran about the flames,
 And thrice they rode about with loud exclaims,
 And trickling teares on arms and earth they spill,
 And with loud sounds of Martiall musick shrill.
 Some spoiles from *Latines* slain obtain'd, do throw
 Into the fires, helmets, brave blades also,
 Bridles, and chariot-wheels warm with quick turning:

And

And some cast in their gallant gifts, thus burning
Their shields most strong, weapons too weak to save:
And many oxen fat to slaughter gave:
And briefly, boares and sheep, about the plain;
And threw them into th' fire, the first being slain:
And thus about the shore they see the states
Of those their slaughtered souldiers burning mates;
Whose half-burnt urns and ashes they retain:
Nor hardly could be thence reduc'd again,
Till night came on, and twinckling starres appeare.
On th' other-side, with like lamenting cheere,
The wofull *Latines* many heaps do frame,
And many corps they partly burn i' th' flame,
And partly burie in the fields about:
And some they to next fields do carry out
Unto towns adjacent: the rest, collected
Into huge heaps, and of them lesse respected,
As numberlesse, so honourlesse were burn'd,
Promiscuously thus into ashes turn'd.
Then all the fields with crackling flames did shine.
And now the third dayes light did cleare decline,
And utterly expell nights darknesse chill:
And sadly they their urns and pots do fill
With ashes of their bodies burned so,
Ta'ne from the bones, on which hot dust they throw,
And now in rich king *Latines* town throughout,
Farre greatest grief, most moan, was heard about.
Here woefull wives, daughters in law most sad,
Here sisters sweet do beat their breasts, too bad;
And children fatherlesse do execrate
The day of that fierce warre unfortunate,
And *Turnus* troublous match, wishing withall,

That he alone which would be principall
 And sole commander of all *Italie*,
 Should solely with his sword the battell trie.
 Old testie *Drances* these things aggravates,
 And testifies 'gainst him alone, to's mates,
 And counsells and encourages (as right)
 That *Turnus* onely should be call'd to fight.
 Much altercation was both *con* and *pro*,
 But yet the queens great presence crost it so,
 And so protected *Turnus* Martiall fame,
 That to her bent she made their mindes to frame.
 In midst of these commotions, tumults great,
 Behold, th' embassadours sent (late) to treat
 With *Diomedes*, sadly bring back news,
 That, notwithstanding all means they could use,
 All cost and pains, they nothing could effect
 With gold or gifts, but us'd with disrespect,
 No prayes prevail'd. *Latines* must look elsewhere
 For Martiall help, or else they all did feare,
 With *Troyes* great prince they must a peace request.
 Hereat king *Latines* heart great grief exprest.
 The Gods great wrath, and graves fresh 'fore their eyes,
 Made them conclude, *Aeneas* enterprise
 Fatall to be, and with heavens cleare consent;
 Therefore in haste they call a parliament.
 Straight all the empires Peeres are call'd to court,
 And thither with huge confluence resort:
 The aged king *Latinus*, with sad look,
 In honour chief, chief place amongst them took.
 And now he bade th' embassadours, comne late
 From faire *Ætolia*'s town, to promulgate
 What news they brought, all plainly to explain:

And

And all, to heare them, silent do remain;
Venus then with due observance spake;
 Grave patriots, we a perfect view did take
 Of *Diomedes* and his *Grecian* plains,
 And safe have past all our great journeys pains:
 We kist that hand which *Troy* did ruinate,
 And saw his citie, *Argiripa's* state,
 So nam'd from native soile, which, victour, he
 In *Gargan-Japyx* plains would built should be.
 We being entred, having audience faire,
 Present our gifts, our nation, name, declare;
 Who on us warr'd; what us to *Argos* drave.
 These things thus heard, he, with a count'nance grave
 And sweet, reply'd; O nation fortunate,
 Once *Saturns* throne, ancient *Ausonians* state:
 What froward fate your peacefull mindes molests?
 And you with unknown warres so much infests?
 All we, who-e're, that *Troyes* faire fields did spoile,
 (I speak not of those woes which *Martiall* toile
 Under her walls did wrack, but those rare spirits
 In *Simois* slain) we all have our due merits,
 Now soundly smart for those impieties,
 Such as even *Priam* sure would sympathize:
 Witnesse *Minerva's* most tempestuous starre,
Euböian rocks, which did against us warre,
Caphares conquering banks. That warfare fierce
 Did us to diverse seas and shores disperse.
 For *Menelaus*, *Atreus* sonne most stout,
 To *Proteus* pillars hurried was about;
Ulysses saw the *Ætnean Cyclops* fierce.
 Why should I *Neoptolems* realms rehearse?
Idomeneus towns, and Gods destroy'd?

And

And *Libyck Locrians* woefully annoy'd?
 Yea *Agamemnon*, *Greeks* great Generally,
 Had by his wicked wife his fatall fall,
 As soon as e're come home; and *Asia* ta'ne,
 Adulterous *Egisthus* in's throne did reigne.
 Yea and even the Gods did plainly hate,
 As my returning home did intimate;
 When I had hope my loving wife to see,
 And *Calidonia* from all mitchief free:
 Now with prodigious visions I am vext,
 And my deare mates (vvhich hath my heart perplext,
 To see their vvoefull state) are flown away,
 And vvvith birds vvvings, as birds about do stray
 In vvvoods and flouds, filling the rocks vvvith cries,
 And I e're since feare such like miseries:
 For frantick I have vvwounded vvvith my blade
 Celestiall bodies, and a vvwound have made
 In *Venus* hand. Move me not then, I pray,
 To more such fights, vvhich me thus mischief may;
 Nor vvvith the *Trojans*; since *Troyes* fall in fight
 I never vvvill attempt, nor take delight
 To think upon their ancient miserie.
 As for the gifts which ye have brought to me,
 Let them to prince *Aeneas* carried be,
 For vve have fought and bickered hand to hand.
 And (trust me who have try'd) most stout he'll stand
 Upon his shield, and fiercely whirling darts.
 If *Ida* had bred two more such stout hearts,
Dardan through *Gracia* clearely pierced had,
 And vve in woe bewail'd our fates as bad.
 For vvvhatsoever stout procrastination
 Was in *Troyes* furious warres continuation,

'Twas *Hectors* and *Aeneas* Martiall hand,
That ten yeares made our conquest anxious stand.
Both stout of heart, both were in arms most strong:
But unto this did worthily belong
Prime praise for's pietie: as for you then,
By all means make ye peace with these great men:
But if ye will to arms, stand on your guard.
And thus, most mightie prince, thou hast both heard
The answer and advises to thee sent,
Touching this mightie warres most dire event.
Scarce had th' embassadours thus made an end,
But that their muttering mouths forth forthwith send
Vast various humming noise confusedly;
Like stones which 'gainst a rivers current lie,
The bubling streams 'gainst them rough ratlings make,
And neighbouring banks of'ts dashing din partake.
But soon as e're their mouthes and mindes were still,
The king, first having pray'd, thus vents his will
From his rich throne; At first (as 'twas most fit,
And I, great *Latines*, most desired it)
I would have settled these affaires of state;
And not a council now necessitate,
When foes besiege our walls. Beleeve me, sirs,
We have begun repressesse, helplesse stirres.
Against God-guarded, war-like men we fight,
In battells undefatigable quite,
Whose hearts, though vanquisht, cannot banisht be
From sword and shield. If hope of help ye see
In stout *Ætolians* troops, entreated late,
Let whos' will trust that hope; for 'tis most strait,
And small, or none at all, as 'tis too plain.
For other things, ye see how they remain

In

In tottering state, 'tis open in your eyes:
And fast and loose in your own hands it lies.
I tax not any, all have done their best,
What might be, hath been valiantly exprest.
But give me leave, and I will briefly show,
What thwarting thoughts within my heart do flow.
There is an ancient land which large doth lie
Toward the West, to our faire *Tyber* nigh,
And on *Sicilia's* boarders butting out;
Which the *Aruncians* and *Rutulians* stout
Do plow and sow, and though much out of heart,
Yet into pastures they do it convert:
All this large land, and piny mountains high
Let us give to the *Trojans* instantly,
And peace compound, and faire conditions make,
And them our friends and fellows to us take.
And let them (if themselves do like it well)
Amongst us build, amongst us friendly dwell.
But if they minde to seek some other land,
And that they will relinquish this our strand;
Let's furnish them with twentie ships most tall,
Of strong *Italian* oak: or if they shall
Have need of more; then more we may them spare,
For all materialls by the river are
Already ready: let themselves also
Their vessels number, and their fashions show:
But workmanship, and brasse, and tacklings strong,
We will them give, and that to ships belong.
Besides, I think it fit what we should send
An hundred legates, these affaires to tend;
And those also of noblest birth and bloud,
To shew our mindes, and make conditions good:

And

And olive-boughs of peace to hold in hand,
 And precious presents of our wealthie land,
 And talents of good gold and ivorie,
 A chaire of state, and robe of majestie,
 Rites of our realm. Then let me heare, I pray,
 Your counsel, our declining state to stay.
 Then forenam'd wrathfull *Drances*, whom deep spight
 And oblique envie at great *Turnus* hight
 Did vex with bitter bites, most rich in state,
 Richer in words; but warres to animate
 Most cold and cowardly; yet held to be
 For solid counsel, in a prime degree;
 A seedsman of disension (pust with pride
 Of his nobilitie by th'mothers side,
 His fathers stock unknown) he up does rise,
 Thus poures out words, and puts in enmities;
 Good king, thou counsellest things throughly known,
 Such as will want best suffrages of none:
 Such as even all do know they feel and finde,
 But what they wish, they winde up close in minde.
 Let him then give me libertie to speak,
 Let him lay by his pride, whose dealings weak,
 If not most wicked, and unhappie deeds
 (For though he death and danger threat, I needs
 Must speak my minde) so many peeres have slain,
 And all our citie made in teares complain:
 And whiles that he assayes, scarcely affails
 The *Trojan* trenches, and us therein fails,
 Trusting his heels, thrusting all else in arms,
 Even frightening heaven and earth with fierce alarms.
 Let one thing more be added, I thee pray,
 To all those gifts which thou to send didst say,

And

Adde

Adde this one more, great king; Let not the heat
 Of any's rage make thee from this retreat;
 But give thy daughter (to conclude all strife)
 To such a sonne, most worthy such a wife,
 Thus mayst thou tie this peace with endlesse bands.
 But if thy heart on feare and trembling stands,
 We'le him intreat, and for this to him sue,
 To yeeld our king his right, our state its due.
 And why shouldst thou so oftentimes expose
 Our wretched natives to such certain woes?
 Thou head and heart of *Latiums* miserie,
 Even thou, O *Turnus*! no securitie
 Can be in battells: therefore peace we crave,
 Therefore we all firm pledge of peace would have.
 I first, whom thou indeed dost think thy foe,
 (And much I care not, if I sure be so)
 I humbly pray thee pitie our poore plight,
 Doffe thy high thoughts, be gone, since put to flight.
 For we have seen too many bodies slain,
 Too many, and too great lands spoil'd and ta'en.
 But, if thee fame so spurre, strength so incite,
 If in the princess thou so much delight,
 Venture thy self to combate with thy foe,
 That *Turnus* may a queen for's wife, get so.
 We peasants unbewail'd, unburied train,
 About the fields will silently remain.
 Thou then, if any Martiall spirit thou have,
 Shew it 'gainst him, who now does thee out-brave.
 This speech young *Turnus* rage exasperates:
 He sighs, and then these words evaporates;
Drances, thou ever drayn'st out flouds of words
 Even then when there's farre greater need of swords:

Thou

Thou wilt be foremost at a parliament;
But talk is not for court convenient,
Which (thou being safe) with full mouth from thee flies;
While there's a wall 'twixt thee and th' enemies,
And whiles with bloud dikes do not overflow:
Thunder (as 'tis thy wont) with babling so,
And taunt and tax me then of cowardize,
When *Drances* also hath heapt in a trice
So many *Trojan* bodies, by him slain,
And bravely can the field about maintain,
Triumphant with rich trophies. Then thou mayst
Thy vigorous valour trie, if ought thou hast:
Nor needst thou look farre off to finde thy foes,
They stand about us, and our walls enclose.
Let's out against them, why dost thou delay?
What, wilt thou still *Mars* in thy mouth display?
Or in those heels of thine flying like winde?
Did I e're flie? O thou of most base minde!
Can any truly tax me so, whose blade
With *Trojan* bloud *Tyber* o'reflow hath made;
Who ruined have *Euanders* stock and state,
And strongly did th' *Arcadians* denudate
Of all their arms? *Bitias* and *Pandarus*,
Though e're so strong, (I think) ne're found it thus;
And all those multitudes whom in one day
(Clos'd in their town, and hedg'd in every way)
I to black *Tartar* sent victoriously.
In war-fare (sure) there is no safetie.
But, frantick fool, go sing thy slanderous song
To *Troyes Æneas*, it does best belong
To him and thy base state: Proceed then still
All things with thy most impious feares to fill.

Extoll

Extoll the strength of a twice vanquisht nation;
 And make on th'other side, vile valuation
 Of *Latines* powers. And now it must be said,
 That *Greeks* great peeres of *Trojans* are afraid.
 And *Diomedes* and *Achilles* stout,
 And that *Ausidus* fierce turns back in doubt,
 Into the *Adriatick* sea to fall.
 This arts-master of lies and envious gall,
 Feignes himself fearfull, all because of me,
 My fault must by his feare imbittered be.
 But (feare not, fool) such base bloud ne're shall stain
 This hand of mine; safe to thy self remain.
 But now to thee (great fire) and thine affaires,
 I glad return. If in our coasts and cares
 And future force all hope be past and spent,
 If so forlorn for one poore hard event,
 If one repulse hath us quite ruinated,
 And fortune never can be restaurated:
 Let's then pray peace in submisse trembling feare;
 Though O, I wish there yet some reliques were
 Of wonted valour! O, 'bove all the rest
 I him admire, most fortunate and blest,
 For all his toiles, for his renowned might,
 In that he liv'd not of these woes t'have fight;
 He bravely stoopt to death, fear'd not his wound,
 But dying, conquer'd, when he bit the ground.
 But if we have both wealth and worth, and hearts
 Unstain'd with cowardize to flie from darts:
 If *Latiums* towns and people can bring aid;
 If *Trojans* pride hath been with much bloud paid,
 And that theit slain, and warre-tempestuous showers
 Have (if not more) been equall full with ours:

Why

Why faint we at the first? i'th' doore fall dead?
 Why for th' alarm, seem we thus basely fled?
 Much toile and times various vicissitude,
 Mans mutable estate do oft conclude
 In sweet content; Fortune re-smiles on them
 Whom she before threw from a diadem.
 Will neither *Greeks* nor *Arpians* us aid?
 But yet *Messapus* will, he's not afraid:
 Nor fortunate *Tolumnius*, that brave king,
 Nor all those lords which mightie troops do bring:
 Nor is't a petty praise to have choice bands
 From *Italie* and stout *Laurentums* lands.
 Then from the nation of the *Volscians* brave,
 The princeesse rare, *Camilla* faire, we have,
 Leading her troops of horse in armour bright:
 But if with me alone *Trojans* would fight,
 If this will please, if I alone withstand
 The publicke good, I ne're yet found this hand
 So void of victorie, that I should e're
 For so great hope the greatest task forbear.
 I full of courage, will my foe go finde;
 And though he had *Achilles* mightie minde,
 And had such armes as he, by *Vulcan* drest,
 Yet I, even *Turnus*, equall to my best
 Of ancestours, am here most ready prest,
 This life and soule of mine to consecrate
 To you my father in law, great *Latines* state.
 'Tis me (you say) *Æneas* does desie:
 I wish it so, and pray it may be I.
 Yet, whether I survive or end my life
 By heavens displeasure or my Martiall strife,
 I this could wish, that *Drances* neither may

Insult or boast i'th' gain or losse o'th' day.
Whiles they these things contending agitate,
Aeneas tents and troops do properate:
And now behold, a poste comes rushing in,
Filling the court vvith most tumultuous din,
Frighting the citie vvith amazement great,
And eagerly this news doth oft repeat,
That *Trojans* were by *Tybers* stream array'd,
And *Tuscan* troops o're all those plains display'd.
The peoples hearts were damp't and much perplext,
And vvith deep wrath and rage provokt and vex't,
Arms tremblingly they crie, arms sparks do crave;
Much mourning, muttering is 'mongst old men grave.
And hereupon doth clamourous noise arise,
With various votes in most contentious vvise.
Much like when in a wood a mightie flight
Of chattering birds on boughs and branches light;
Or cackling swans by fishy *Padus* lake,
Whose notes the banks about loud echoing make.
Then *Turnus* taking th' opportunity,
Cries out, Well done, my friends, well done say I,
Sit ye in councel, praise peace on your feat,
Whiles foes your kingdome foile and ruine threat.
Without more words, forth from them all he flings,
And swiftly leaves them treating on those things.
And forthvvith bids *Volusus* arm his bands
Of *Volsicians* brave; and instantly commands,
And orders stout *Messapus* to lead forth
His fierce *Rutulian* horsemen of brave worth:
With him his brother *Coras* to bring on,
And to the field forthvvith for to be gone.
Some he bids block the wayes, some guard the towers,
The

The rest, as I think best, shall strength my powers.
 Straight through the citie to the walls they scud.
 Then from the councel, king *Latinus* good,
 And great negotiations, doth arise,
 Deferring them in discontented wise;
 Taxing himself, that voluntarily
 He took not into his affinity,
 As his deare sonne in law, the prince of *Troy*.
 Some busily their best aid do employ
 About the walls and gates, deep dikes to cast,
 With stones and blocks the gates to dam up fast.
 The Martiall trump now gives the bloudy sound,
 And wives and children 'bout the walls stood round,
 All at a pinch to help the work are bound.
 Then to great *Pallas* towre and temple rare,
 The queen was born with troops of ladies faire,
 With sacrificing gifts: and in great state
 Virgin *Lavinia* did her sociate,
 (Cause of these ills) her comely eyes down cast:
 After, whom orderly the ladies past,
 The temple they perfume with frankincense,
 Thus praying sadly, at ingredience;
Tritonian maid, arms potent patronesse,
 Do thou this *Phrygian* filchers power suppressse
 With thy strong arm, and cast him to the ground,
 And from our gates do thou his force confound.
 And now fierce *Turnus* fits him to the fight,
 His rough *Rutulian* arms with buckles bright
 Fastned about him, vvith gold buskins clad,
 Not yet upon his head his helm he had;
 But at his side, his sword. Thus gorgeously
 In glistering gold he from the towre doth flie,

His heart with hope of hap his foe outstrips;
 As when a pampered courser nimbly skips,
 Broke out o'th' stable, now at libertie,
 Fiercely does to faire fields and meadows flie;
 And frisks about, and leaps amongst the mares,
 And in his wonted waters washt, he stares,
 And snorts and snuffs, and shakes his rough-haire main,
 Which bolt-upright starts up, and falls again
 In wanton wise, about his neck and breast.
 Whom thus to meet, *Camilla* her addrest,
 Leading along her troops of *Volscians* stout,
 The queen alighted at the gates without:
 Whom all her troops do forthwith imitate,
 Leaving their horses, were dismounted straight.
 And thus she first began; O *Turnus* brave,
 If for true valour, one may duely have
 Hope of good hap, I dare adventure now,
 And *Trojan* troops I first t' affront do vow,
 Yea I alone dare deal with *Tuscan* bands.
 Let warres first fortune fall upon my hands,
 Whiles thou on foot stay'st here, the gates to guard;
 To whom thus *Turnus* with all due regard,
 (His eyes fast fixt on this admired maid)
 Replies; Faire virgin, who hast full displayd
 Thy self the glorie of all *Italie*!
 What can I say, or do, to gratifie
 So great desert? But now (since all I may
 Comes short of thy brave heart) let's part the prey.
Aeneas now (since fame and scouts forth sent,
 Had made the truth of things most evident)
 A troop of light-horse fiercely first sent out,
 His foe t' outbrave, and scoure the fields about.

Himself

Himself ascends a craggie steepie hill,
 Through uncouth combring way, with Martiall skill,
 And bends to th' citie. I'le (sayes he) here lay
 An ambush strong close in this woods crosse way,
 And so block up both passages most strong,
 With armed troops: do thou then lead along
 Against the *Tuscan* horse, thy bands combin'de,
 And fierce *Messapus* unto thee conjoyn'd,
 Together with our *Latine* companies,
 And strong *Tyburtus* troops, our brave allies;
 And of a stout commander take the charge.
 And like encouragements he did enlarge
 Unto *Messapus*, him to th' warre t' incite,
 And all his captains; and proceeds to th' fight.
 Between two hills a crooked valley lies,
 Fit for defeat and Martiall policies,
 On both sides with thick shady boughs beset,
 Passage through which 'twas difficult to get,
 By narrow entrance, and dark rigid wayes,
 Whose mountain-top on high, abroad displayes
 An unknown plain, which safe holds for retreat,
 For left or right hands shifting the warres seat,
 Either to skirmish stiffely on the top,
 Or from on high great stones on pates to pop.
 To this vantageous place, by wayes well known,
 Doth *Turnus* haste, to get possession
 Of the said seat, and settles secretly
 Within those woods, his foes to damnifie.
 Meanwhile *Diana* nimble *Ops* doth call,
 One of her mated maids celestiall,
 And of the modest crew; and sadly said
 To this faire nymph her most officious maid;

Faire Ops, *Camilla*, whom I much affect,
Goes to this furious warre vainly bedeckt
With our acoutrements: nor is this love
Which your *Diana's* heart thus neare doth move,
A new affection, or an up-start sweet.
For when as *Metabus*, by undiscreet
And impious envie, and insulting might,
Was from *Priverus* forc'd to take his flight,
Scaping through thickest of his fiercest foes,
With his poore exil'd infant thence he goes,
And her *Camilla*, from *Casmilla's* name,
Her mother, nam'd; a little chang'd the same.
He in his arms his daughter with him bare
Through long unwonted woods, with carking care:
At whom thick storms of arrows fiercely flew,
And troops of *Volscian* souldiers neare him drew.
In whose fierce flight, behold, *Amasenus*,
Swiftly o'reswells his banks most copious,
So mightie showres of rain gusht down before,
That he prepared swiftly to swimme o're:
But tender love unto his infant tender,
And feare of this deare burthen, did him hinder.
As he a thousand thoughts in minde did cast,
VVith much adoe, he thus resolv'd at last;
A mightie speare of oak in his strong fist
By chance he caught, strengthened with knotty twist,
And scorcht about; wherein the childe he layd,
And it with bark and cork closely up made:
And her conveniently to th' staffe thus ties,
And with strong hand it grasping, thus to th' skies
He vents his votes; *Diana*, virgin faire,
Goddesse of woods, I this my childe, my care,

Do here thy servant to thee dedicate,
 Who in her hands thy speare doth elevate;
 And by me humbly prayes (flying her foe)
 That as thine own, thou wouldst receive her so,
 Who now is left unto uncertain fate.
 This said, his arms laid ope, he casteth straight
 The twisted speare into the streams, and they
 Making a dashing-sound, swift floats away
 Unfortunate *Camilla*. But her father
Metabus, seeing foes him nearer gather
 In mightie heaps, commits himself to th' waves,
 And so by swimming, both himself he saves,
 And (victour in his votes) the childe; and speare,
Diana's gift, from a grasle-turffe doth teare.
 No harbourous house he had, nor town wall'd in,
 (Nor would have had though they had profered bin)
 But liv'd a shepherds life i'th' woods alone,
 And here in groves and beasts dark-dens unknown
 His daughter he nurs'd up with a mares dugged,
 VVho with her lips milk from the teats did tugge:
 And when the babe began to go and stand,
 He her enur'd to hold a speare in hand,
 To beare a bow and quiver at her back:
 And for a cawle of gold, (which she did lack)
 And a long lovely robe, she wore behinde
 A tigers skin, loose dangling in the winde:
 And prettie childish darts she us'd to fling,
 And 'bout her head would nimbly whisk her sling;
 VVherewith sometime a fat *Strymonian* crane,
 Sometime a milk-white swan were finote and slair.
 Great *Tuscan* dames, as she their towns past by,
 VVisht her their daughter in law, but frustrately,

Her sole delight being in *Diana's* grace,
In pure virginitie to end her race:
O that she had not warre so much affected,
Nor to provoke the *Trojans* been addicted!
Then had she liv'd one of my damselfs deare,
But now, since she her bitterfates must beare,
Faire nymph descend, view *Latines* land throughout,
Where with unhappie hap the field is fought.
Take these with thee, and from this quiver pull
A dart vindicative of vengeance full;
Which, whosoe're her sacred bodie harms,
Trojan, Italian, fatally it charms,
And gives me full revenge. Afterwards I
Will in a hollow cloud immediately
Take up her woefull corps, arms free from spoile,
And her interre in her own native soile.
This said, she fluttering flies down through the aire,
A black thick stormie cloud her body bare.
But now meanwhile *Troyes* troops the walls drew nigh,
Etrurian-leaders bands of horsemen hie,
In well-compos'd arrayes: the steeds most stout
Curvet, and fret, and range the field about,
Churlishly champing (still) the curbing reins,
And here and there prancing about the plains:
Steel-glistering speares the very fields affright,
And all the camp seems fir'd with armour bright.
Messapus also, on the other side,
And lusty *Latines* shine in Martiall pride:
Coras and's brother and *Camilla's* wing,
Their adverse armies brave to field do bring;
And in their right hands they their speares do shake;
And in their rests, their lances charges make.

And

And now both horse and men with fervour fret
 To meet: and both sides now together set
 In distance of a darts cast, both stand still,
 And suddenly burst out in clamours shrill,
 And cheere their snorting steeds, and thick darts throw
 From both sides, all parts like huge drifts of snow,
 Which darkly dimme the aire. Then instantly
Tyrrhenus and *Aconteus* furiously
 With piercing speares begin a combate strong,
 Whose first affront, with overthrowing throng,
 Made mightie noise: the horses breast to breast
 Batter'd each other as they forward prest:
 And down *Aconteus* fell unto the ground,
 Much like a thunder-bolt with clattering sound.
 Or like a pondrous stone from engine thrown,
 Headlong he fell, and falling gave last groan.
 The ranks are straight disrank'd, the *Latines* flie,
 Turn back their bucklers and horse-heads, and hie
 Unto the citie. *Trojans* drive them on,
Asylas makes prime prosecution,
 And execution on the enemy,
 And chas'd the *Latines* to the citie nigh;
 There suddenly with clamours loud and great
 Rein back their horses, back their foes they beat.
 The *Trojans* straight, re-rein their horse and flie.
 Like as i'th' sea, when subalternately
 Now on each other, billows backward rush
 Fast to the shore, and with foam-waves do brush
 And overtop rough rocks and bounding sands;
 And now again with furious countermands
 And boyling foam re-sups roll'd-pebbles small,
 Ebbing and flowing, to and fro does fall:

Thus

Thus *Tuscanes* twice to th' walls do *Rutuls* force;
 And twice beat back, their backs hid, foes they course.
 But after third encounters skirmishing,
 The whole battalions furiously begin
 Promiscuously to fight it out pel-mell,
 And closely to it, man to man, they fell.
 Then groans of dying men drencht deep in gore,
 Corslets and corps of souldiers more and more
 Tumbling down dead, mingled with half-dead horse,
 Wallowing in bloud, loud screeks and cries do force:
 The fight grows fierce. Thus then *Orsilochus*
 (Fearing to set upon fierce *Remulus*)
 Darted a speare at's horse, which stuck in's eare,
 VVhereat the furious beast could not forbear,
 But stamps and stares, impatient of his wound,
 And ne're left kicking, mounting, till to th' ground
 His rider he did headlong tumble down.
Catillus then slew, to his high renown,
Iola fierce, and bold *Herminius*,
 In corps and courage most magnanimous,
 VVho with his yellow locks bare-headed fought,
 Bare-neck'd, not fearing wounds or weapons stout,
 So great he was in warre; yet through his neck
 A piercing speare did his bare-boldnesse check:
 VVhich in his mightie shoulders stuck most fast,
 And into deadly pangs this warriour cast.
 Black fouds of bloud on both sides flow amain;
 By steel they die, by death they fame obtain.
 But through the thickest of these slaughters fierce
 The manly *Amazonian* dame doth pierce,
 Rare quiver-bearing faire *Camilla* stout,
 VVho with one breast cut off, most fiercely fought.

Sometimes

Sometimes she grasps her darts or whistling speares,
 Sometime her untyr'd hand a battle-ax beares.
 Still 'bout her neck her golden bow hangs fast,
Diana's arms. And if by chance at last
 She forced be to flie, pursu'd in chace,
 Her bow turn'd back, she shoots in followers face.
 And still about her her choice virgins fight,
Larina, Tulla, and *Tarpëia* bright,
 Her brazen bill brandishing valiantly,
 Faire *Latium* lasses, whom especially
Camilla rare chose both for guard and grace,
 Affaires of peace or warre t'appoint a place.
 Like th' *Amazonian* dames of *Thracia* land,
 When warring 'bout *Thermoodon* fouds they stand
 In rich wrought arms: or 'bout *Hippolyta*,
 Or in her coach war-like *Penthesil'a*.
 Shewing herself victour with voices shrill,
 And feminine out-cries, the skies that fill,
 And stately strutting with their half-moon shields.
 O whom (fierce ladie) didst thou slay i'th' fields,
 Both first and last? How many bodies slain
 And gasping soules did at thy feet remain?
Eumenius, Clytus sonne, she first did slay,
 Whose naked breast ope to her anger lay:
 Which with her speare she pierc'd, who fouds of gore
 Straight vomiting, with teeth the ground he tore,
 And dy'd in his own bloud. On whom she slew
Liris and *Pegasus*; the one who drew
 His reins too strait, curbing his floundring horse;
 Th' other, too weakly aiding, she did force
 To follow him, and headlong both do rush:
 Next with a speare, farre-off, she fierce doth push

At *Hippodates* sonne, *Amaster* strong:
Terens and *Harpalycus* ere long,
 Stout *Demoph'ou* and *Chromis*, all she slew
 And look how many shafts this ladie threw,
 So many *Trojans* dy'd. *Ornitus* stout,
 In arms most strange, did flie the fields about,
 On an *Apulian* beast, in hunters pride,
 Whose shoulders broad an oxes hyde did hide,
 And for an helm on's head a fierce wolfs head,
 With grinning jaws, white teeth discovered:
 He in his hand a clownish club did weld,
 In thickest troops 'bove all the rest beheld.
 Him she assailed (nor was this brave fact
 Effected when the troops retired back)
 Assaulting, slew: and wrathfully thus said;
 Proud *Tuscane*, didst thou (false) thy self perswade,
 That thou wast hunting wilde-beasts in a wood?
 This day shall teach thee thou hast understood
 Erroniously, and that, by female force:
 Yet tell thy fathers ghost, 'tis no mean course,
 No common death, thus by *Camilla's* lance
 To die. This said, forthwith she did advance
 Both at *Orsilochus* and *Butes* bold,
 Two *Trojans* huge of body to behold:
 But fiercely she at *Butes* her speare strake,
 Which 'twixt his helm and corslet way did make,
 Glistring about his neck: his target strong
 By his left side hung danglely along:
Orsilochus she subt'ly seems to flie
 On th'inner-side, circling, with policie,
 Her foolifed foe, who thus again
 Her close pursues, that chases him amain.

Then

Then raising up her self, with battle-ax great
 Together armour, flesh, and all she beat:
 And on him praying, prating, double blows
 Nimble redoubles, till at head and nose
 Warm brains gush out, and all-besmeare his face.
 Then unawares arrived in this place,
 And at first sudden sight somewhat afraid,
 The war-like sonne of *Annus*, who long made
 Abode in *Apenine*; none of the worst
 Of *Ligures* lying race, whiles fates (from first)
 Permitted him to cheat: who when he saw,
 He by no slight nor flight could now withdraw
 From a sharp fight, nor turn th'affronting dame;
 He thought how he by craft some trick might frame;
 And thus begins; What so renown'd a fact
 Is it, if thou, a woman, having backt
 So brave a beast, dost boast and trust him so?
 Leave thy swift horse, alight to me below,
 And hand to hand let's bicker on the ground,
 And fight on foot; then shall it soon be found,
 How fond thy flash of praise is, who'le best merit.
 He ceas'd. But she with hot enraged spirit,
 Enflam'd with deep disdain, her horse forsakes,
 Commits him to her mate, her self betakes
 To equall arms on ground, her sword in hand
 And nimble shield, thus stoutly she doth stand.
 But now the lying lad, thinking his cheat
 Succeeded right, flies thence in frightfull heat;
 He makes no stay, but turns his reins with speed,
 Sets spurres to's nimble nagge, hopes (thus) he's freed.
 Whereat sayes she, Vain *Ligar*, 'tis in vain,
 That thou thy pride of heart would'st thus maintain.

In vain's (I say) thy countrey couzenage base;
Nor shall thy fraud thee shuffle in safe case,
To thy fallacious father *Annus* vile.
Thus spake the ladie, who in this meanwhile
With light-heel'd flashy haste the horse o'retook,
Layes hold on's bridle, at him fiercely strook:
And thus in's blood reveng'd his knavish wrong.
Much like great *Mars* his bird, the *faulcon* strong,
Flown from a loftie rock, having in chace
A swift aire-piercing dove in quivering case:
Which caught, he keeps, and does with's rallons teare,
Forcing both blood and feathers flie i'th' aire.
But *Jove*, great founder both of Gods and men,
With watchfull eye looks from *olympus* then;
And *Tuscan* *Tarchon* to this fight invites,
And with sharp spurres of rage him soon incites.
Then into th' midst o'th' fight and failing bands
Tarchon doth rush, and stout on horse-back stands,
With various votes encouraging his wings,
And every one by name about he brings,
Re-cheering those that fled to th' fight to fall.
And thus he sayes; What feare surrounds you all,
O still dull *Tyrrhens*, ne're to be lamented?
What so great sloth hath you so circumvented?
What, shall a woman force you to pale face?
Shall she you up and down so hunt and chafe?
Why beare ye blades? why weare ye weapons vain?
Ye stand not thus, fond courtesie to strain:
Nor dreaming thus at *Venus* wanton sport,
At nightly warres: or when with thick resort
Bacchus his bag-pipe calls in companies:
Or when with beere and cheere ye gurmandize!

O here's your love, here your delight most lies,
Whiles in high groves your priest glad tidings sings,
And to your sacrifice fat offerings brings.
This said, his horse into the midst he spurres,
Himself much vext in heart, fate first him stirres
To set on *Venulus* most furiously:
Whom from his horse he pulls down instantly,
And with main force squeez'd him on his own breast.
Then mightie clamours were to heaven exprest,
And on him all the *Latines* cast their eyes:
Thus lightning flashing *Tarchon* forward flies,
Bearing down men and arms: and as he past,
The iron of his speare brake off at last.
Yet still death-wounds to give all parts he pries;
And fighting, he himself doth shield likewise
From bloudie blades, and force by force defies:
And as the lustie eagle loftie flies,
And in his claws a snatcht up dragon holds,
Which fast in's feet he with sharp talions folds;
But yet the pinching serpent wrigling wreathes,
His folding limbes and scales with hideous breathes,
And poyl'nous hissings, struggling sturdilie:
Yet ne're the lesse, the eagle eagerlie
Him pulls and pinches with his beak most strong,
And through the aire forcibly flies along:
Even so great *Tarchon* from *Tyburum* bands
Triumphantly beares the prey in his hands.
The *Lydians* likewise gladly imitate
Their brave commanders pattern and good fate.
Then *Aruns*, full of craft and subtiltie,
Subject himself to fatall destinie,
Rides round about *Camilla* with his lance,

His fortunes fitliest lab'ring to advance.
 And wheresoever in thickest troops she stood,
 Thither doth *Aruns* fly lie prying scud:
 Where she from foes retreats a conqueresse stout,
 Thither by stealth quick runs he, wreathes about:
 And this way, that way, every way doth trance,
 And round he runs, and shakes his death-sure lance.
 By chance *Choreus*, once a priest divine,
 In *Phrygian* arms 'bove all the rest did shine,
 Prancing his foaming horse, adorned faire
 With rich caparisons, brasse scales most rare,
 Garnisht with gold, himself most richly clad
 In fine outlandish scarlet, purple sad.
 His *Cretian* shafts he shot in *Lycian* bow,
 His bow all gilt, his shoulders hung below.
 A priests gilt helm, rich yellow coat he wore,
 Whose dangling flaps gold buttons ty'd before,
 A rare embroidered jacket, robe to's thighs.
 The ladie him no sooner thus espies,
 But (either that she might her temple grace;
 And *Trojan* armour hang in speciall place;
 Or cloath her self in captive cloaths of gold)
 This hot-spurr'd huntresse greedily blindfold
 Through all the fight follows him eagerly;
 And fir'd with feminine aviditie
 And longing lust of that rich spoile and prey
Aruns, who long in watchfull ambush lay,
 At last layes hold of fit time offered,
 And casts his dart, and these votes uttered;
 Great *Jove*, and thou *Soracte's* grave *Apollo*,
 Whom chiefly we with sacrifices follow,
 To whom a pile of oylie pines still flame,

And

And we, assisted by thy sacred name,
 Through midst of flames can walk and passe most free,
 Yea even bare-footed, yet unhurt are we:
 O grant, great *Jove*, my weapon may wipe out
 Our foule disgrace, too long thus born about.
 No trophies from the damsell I desire,
 No prey nor spoiles in conquest I require,
 By other facts I will advance my fame:
 So I may but subdue this pest'lent shame,
 I passe not, though I passe ingloriously
 Unto my home, and honourlesse there die.
Apollo partly his request respects,
 Partly as airie stuffe he it rejects:
 He grants *Camilla* by dire death shall die,
 But his return safe home he does denie:
 And these his words like windes he made to flie.
 Wherefore as soon as e're the whirling lance
 Flung from his hand, did through the aire advance,
 The eyes and thoughts of all the hoast throughout,
 Towards the *Volscian* queen were cast about.
 But she, nor aire, nor sound, nor singing dart,
 Heard or regarded, till it pierc'd her heart:
 Untill the speare on her fear'd breast fast lights,
 And drunk with damselfs bloud her heart it smites.
 Her maiden-mates made all about her straight,
 To stay their falling queen, in dying state.
 But *Aruns* chiefly makes away with speed,
 In whom much feare mixt with much joy doth breed:
 Nor longer durst he linger, more to trie
 The damselfs dart and speare, but fast doth flie.
 And like a wolf, who ere the adverse darts

Do him assault, fearfully flies and starts,
And hides himself in uncouth mountains high,
(Some shepherd by him slain most ravenously,
Or some brave bullock) conscious of the deed,
Does with the tail between his legs proceed,
And haste into the woods with feare and fright:
So *Arms* full of feare gets out of sight,
Well pleas'd with flight, him in the armie hides.
The dying queen the speare, which in her 'bides,
Strives to pluck out; but in her bones and breast
The steely weapon fast did stick and rest;
She wanting bloud, sinks down, her dying eyes
Shut down their lids: her red, which beautifies
Late cherry cheeks, is lost. With dying voice
To *Acca*, one of her chief maids of choice,
(Whom 'fore the rest for her fidelity
Camilla us'd in deep anxiety,
With her her sorrows to communicate)
Thus she her minde doth dying demonstrate;
Hitherto, sister *Acca*, I was able;
But now my mortall wound doth me disable.
All things (me thinks) 'bout me seem dark and dim,
Haste hence to *Turnus*, and relate to him
My last advise; wish him in any case
To come to th' fight, *Trojans* from's town to chase:
And now farewell. And with those words her rein
Fell from her hand, and with her wounds great pain
She fiercely falls to ground; then by degrees,
Her corps all naturall heat doth softly leese,
And so growes cold, and then her limber neck
Lets loose her helpless head, to bow and beck:

And

And from her hands her weapons letting fall,
 With a great groan, her struggling soule withall
 Flies to the seat of soules. Then instantly
 A wondrous clainour clambers up to th' skie.
Camilla thus cast down, more bloody growes
 The furious fight, and thick the confluence flowes,
 Of *Trojan* and of *Tuscan* captains stout,
 And of *Euanders* brave *Arcadian* rout.
 Meanwhile, faire *Ops*, *Diana's* maid, fate high,
 Mounted upon a mount, undauntedly,
 To view the fight. As she among the sparks,
 Furiously fighting sees farre off and marks
Camilla most unworthily thus slain,
 A hearty sigh these words pump out amain;
 Too deare (alas faire ladie!) ah, too deare
 Thou now hast paid, by cruell death laid here,
 By warre thus labouring *Trojans* to provoke.
 In vain thou wor'st in woods *Diana's* yoke,
 In vain thou didst our shafts and quiver weare;
 Yet no disgrace (faire queen) there shall appeare
 In this thy death; nor shall it without praise
 Passe through the world: Fame thee reveng'd shall blaze:
 For whosoe're thy corps thus violated,
 Shall surely be by death retaliated.
 Under a steepie hill there was the grave
 Of king *Dercennus* rais'd aloft most brave,
 With heaps of earth from ancient *Laurent* ta'ne,
 Cover'd with oaken boughs and branches main:
 Here the faire nymph first swiftly did alight,
 And from this hill on *Aruns* cast her sight.
 Whom spying richly arm'd puffed up with pride,

Why fly'st thou hence (sayes she) and turn'st aside?
Make this thy way, come hither to thy bane,
Take thy just guerdion for *Camilla* slain.
Shalt not thou by *Diana's* dart now die?
And at these words, like *Thracian* huntresse high,
From her gilt quiver she a sharp shaft takes,
And fiercely bends her bow, and fitly makes
The nock stand to the string: so strong she drew,
That both the horn-ends meet; out swiftly flew
The shaft from both her hands. *Aruns* at last
Hears the darts din, as through the aire it past:
The steel stuck in his breast, he gasping lay,
His mates unmindefull of him, gone away,
Left him expiring in an unknown ground:
Ops for *Olympus* with her wings is bound.
Lady *Camilla* slain, her left wing first
Flies fast away, their faire array quite burst:
The routed *Rutuls* run, *Atinas* flies,
Their ensignes lost by captains cowardize,
Seeking for shelter, horsemen haste to th' town,
The *Trojans* fierce by death do all beat down.
None them withstands, none can their darts resist,
Foes unbent bows fall from their fainting fist:
Flying horse-hoofs shake the bemired fields,
The way to th' town rais'd-clouds of thick dust yeelds:
Wives from the walls behold it, beat their breast,
Womanish cries to th' skies their woes exprest.
And those which first by flight got ope the gate,
Promiscuous might of foes doth perturbate.
Nor scape they bitter death, even at the doore,
And at their house and homes they gasp in gore.

Some shut the gates, shut out their mates for feare,
 And though they pray, to ope are forc'd forbear.
 A mightie slaughter here defendance found,
 And fierce assailants finde their fatall wound,
 And some shut out, 'fore weeping parents eye,
 Constrain'd, run headlong into th' ditch and die.
 Some fury-blinded, set spurres to their horse,
 And headlong butt the barres and gates by force.
 The women on the walls made so fierce fight,
 When dead *Camilla* came into their sight,
 (Such to their countrey was their zeal and love)
 That fearfull fast they fling darts from above,
 And steely staves of oak, speares burnt at th' end,
 Fearlesse to die, their countrey to defend.
 Meanwhile a message sad as bad flies out,
 Which in the woods fills *Turnus* heart with doubt,
 By flying *Acca* to this young prince brought;
 How their affaires were with confusion fraught:
 How *Volsicians* vanquisht were, *Camilla* slain:
 How furious foes upon them prest amain:
 How they in all with prosperous warre proceed:
 How feare within, without the town did breed.
 He fury-fill'd (for so *Joves* fierce decree
 Ordained had) the immur'd mounts doth free,
 Leaves the sharp thickets, scarce was out of sight,
 Hardly had pitcht his camp in Martiall rite;
 When brave *Æneas* entred had the wood,
 And on the late forsaken mountain stood,
 And got out of the grove: when both in haste
 With all their troops unto the citie pas'd,
 From one another not farre distant lying.
Æneas also vigilantly eying

The dusty fields and faire *Laurentine* bands:
And *Turnus* saw where stout *Aeneas* stands,
His footmens fierce approach, his neighing horses:
Immediately they had conjoyn'd their forces,
And fought the field, had not *Sols* roseall face
VVith tyred needs been vail'd in th' end of's race,
In Western waves, and dayes decay brought night;
Before the town they therefore plant their might.


*An end of the eleventh book
of Virgils Æneïds.*



THE ARGUMENT

of the twelfth book.

*King Turnus, now the Latines tyr'd
 With adverse arms, once more desir'd
 By single combat fates to try.
 Latinus labouring urgently
 A peace to make, the peace is had.
 Juturna, Turnus sister sad,
 Disturbs the same, Camertes feignes,
 Both th' adverse bands to fight constrains.
 Æneas wounded with a dart,
 His mother Venus cures the smart.
 The town is ta'ne: queen Amata
 Then hangs herself. Turnus straightway
 The combat with Æneastries,
 Is slain: Æneas wins the prize.*


 When Turnus saw his Latines tired quite,
 And much perplext with this unfriendly
 fight,
 His promise now requir'd, himself the but
 On whom the eyes of all themselves did glut.
 With self-incens'd rage he burns and blazes,
 Fury implacably his spirit raises:
 Much like the *Libyan* lion hunted fore,
 Who with a mortall wound molested more,
 Prepares to fight, insultingly doth shake
 His curled locks, hoping revenge to take
 On the sly-hunter, snaps the speare in's paws,

And furious, fearelesse, roares with bloudy jaws:
 So wrath vindicative fierce *Turnus* swells.
 Thus then to th' king his troubled thoughts he tells;
 In *Turnus* (sure) there can be no delays,
 Why turn-coat *Trojans* should use stops and staves,
 Eating their words, refuse their promise past.
 I'le meet him: then (grave sir) about you cast,
 Secure conditions for your peace to make,
 For with this hand I'le either undertake
 That *Asian* fugitive to send to hell,
 (Let *Latines* sit and see, and note it well)
 And with my sword-salve heal this publick ill:
 Or he shall conquer us, and with good will
 My faire *Lavinia* in due marriage have.
 The king with settled thoughts and count'nance grave,
 Makes this reply; O most accomplisht prince,
 By how much thou all others dost evince
 In vertue, valour; the more seriously
 Must I consult with circumspective eye,
 And cast all courses how to free our feare.
 Thou hast faire realms held from thy father deare,
 Faire warre-won towns: *Latinus* still inherits
 Plentie of gold, but most and best, brave spirits:
 And *Latium* and *Laurentum* doth possesse
 More vertuous virgins, full of noblenesse.
 Then give me leave to speak the truth, though tart,
 Plain without flash, and fix my words in heart:
 To no old suiter I my daughter may
 In wedlock joyn: this fates and all men say:
 Yet won with love of thee, won by thy race,
 And flouds of teares on my sad spouses face,
 I brake all bands, infring'd my promise plighted

Unto my sonne in law, vile warre invited.
 Meanwhile thou seest (brave *Turnus*) what befalls
 Both thee and me; what broiles even to our walls,
 How many tyring troubles, chiefly thee
 Have overtaken: whereby we now see
 Our selves in two set-battells vanquished,
 And we within our town scarce free from dread,
 The strength and hope of famous *Italie*:
 And to this day our bloud doth tepefie
 Swift *Tybers* torrent, still our fields look white
 With mightie heaps of bones. O why so light
 Turn I so oft? what phrenzie moves my minde?
 If (*Turnus* slain) I make these foes friends kinde,
 Why rather do I not, while he's alive,
 An end of these fierce fights with speed contrive?
 What will our kinsmen the *Rutulians* say,
 Yea and all *Italie*, if I betray
 (Fates falsifie my words) his life to grave,
 Whiles he our daughter his choice spouse doth crave?
 Warres various events respect, I pray;
 With pitie thy old parents grief allay,
 Whom, full of grief, *Ardea's* land separates.
 This speech no whit stout *Turnus* rage abates,
 Whose salve doth more and more the sore infect.
 Who soon as he could speak, it thus exprest;
 Your care of me (grave sire) pray put aside,
 And let me death for dignitie abide.
 VVe yet cast darts, draw swords with Martiall hands,
 And every wound we give, life-bloud commands.
 His Goddesse mother will be absent farre,
 VWho in a cloud that fugitive from warre
 VVith feminine affection us'd to hide,

In pain shall he in cloudy vails abide.
 But now the queen with this new-purpos'd fight
 Sorely perplext, showres teares in piteous plight,
 Her firie sonne in law, ready to die,
 Embracing in her arms, with plaints doth plie;
 Deare *Turnus*, by these teares I thee intreat,
 (By that, if any love o'th' honour great
 Of *Amata*, warms thy late loving heart:
 For of our old age thou the sole staffe art,
 Our sorrows solace, *Latines* lovely crown,
 That prop, which failing, all our state falls down)
 This one thing I thee pray, Cease warres with *Troy*;
 For whatsoever chance doth thee annoy,
 The very same (my *Turnus*) me'll destroy:
 And life I'll leave, ere captiv'd I will see
Aeneas base, my sonne in law to be.
 Her mothers tongue, with teares, *Lavinia* knew,
 Straight crystall drops her blushing cheeks bedew,
 Whose corall colour seem'd her face to flame,
 And with much heat to overspread the same.
 Much like white ivorie with vermilion stain'd,
 Or lilies faire with much red-roses drain'd;
 Such was the damself daintie coloured face.
 Love straight turns *Turnus* to more amorous case:
 Whose eyes fast fixed on her count'nance faire,
 More eagerly for arms he does prepare.
 Thus therefore briefly to queen *Amata*
 He makes reply; Forbeare, forbeare, I pray,
 Deare mother, with your teares me to molest,
 To urge me from a lot which I love best,
 And for which I will bloudest battells try:
 Nor is't in *Turnus*, life or death to fly.

Go therefore *Idmon*, tell that *Phrygian* king,
Shew the unfavoury message thou dost bring;
That earely the next morn, so soon as e're
Ruddy *Aurora* with a count'nance cleare
In purple chariot ushers in day light,
His *Trojans* should not *Rutules* force to fight,
But both might rest, and both desist from arms,
And their two's bloud determine these alarms.
This message sent, to's home he fiercely flies,
Calls for hir horses which, before his eyes
Champing with foaming mouths, him much delight:
Even those which of a faire and prancing sprite
Faire *Orithyia* to *Pilumnus* gave,
For snowie colour and swift course most brave.
The horse-keepers about them busie stand,
Slicking their breasts, clapping them with their hand,
To cheer them up, and combe their mains rough haire.
Himself puts on his corslet, shining faire
With glistring gold and streaks of tinne most bright:
His sword and shield and helmet, fits to th' fight.
His sword (I say) which ignean *Vulcane* gave
Unto his father *Dawnus*, dipt most brave
I'th' *Stygian* stream, to make it strong and bright
Then from a pillar standing bolt-upright,
I'th' midst o'th' room a mightie lance he takes,
And in his hand it furiously he shakes,
Actor Aruncus spoile: thus then he said;
O thou my speare, which ne're deny'dst me aid
When I desir'd, the time is now at hand:
Once mightie *Actor* us'd thee to command,
But *Turnus* now thee in his hand doth hold:
O grant, with thee I may his carcase cold

Lay low on ground, and by thee, my brave speare,
With my strong hand, the pull'd off corslet teare
Of that hen-hearted *Phrygian*, and most just,
Smeare his perfumed smelling locks i'th' dust,
Curled and crisp'd with heated irons neat.
Thus up and down with rage and furie great
He breathes outbraves, and makes wrath-sparkles flie,
And flames of indignation flash in's eye.
As when a bull a furious fight intends,
Aire-frighting bellows forth he forthwith sends,
And with madhead his horns whets on the ground,
Buts trunks of trees, to fight with windes turns round,
Playes with the dust, plowes up the earth in spight:
Aeneas also fits him for the fight,
Arm'd in his mothers arms, *Mars* invokes,
And him to th' combate, wrath exasperates,
Rejoycing that by this thus offered truce,
There was good hope to peace warre to reduce.
Then sad *Iulus* feares, and all his mates
He comforts by discovering all his fates:
And bids the messengers shew to their king
The rules for peace, and truth of every thing.
Next morn, when day with light scarce sprinkled had
The mountain tops, so soon as *Sol* most glad
Gave reins to's courfers, with a full careere
Mounting from sea, snorting out day most cleare
From their light-breathing nostrills: when with speed
Trojans, *Rutulians*, busily proceed
To bound the limits of their field to fight,
Under the citie-walls, i'th' cities fight:
And 'twixt them both, they fire and water brought,
And to their Gods they grassie altars fraught,

In linen cloath'd, with sacred vervine crown'd.
 Thus first come forth the *Latine* bands renown'd:
 The *Trojans* then and *Tuscans* follow fast,
 And troops with various weapons, with them past.
 As comptly, promptly arm'd with blades most bright,
 As if they all were instantly to fight.
 And in the midst of these their thousands bold,
 Their captains prounce in scarlet and in gold.
 And *Trojans* brave, *Mnestheus*, *Asyla's* forces,
 And stout *Messapus* rider rare of horses,
 Great *Neptunes* offspring. All then, at the signe
 Now given, to their set-stations do incline.
 Their speares i'th'ground they pitch, their shields let fall.
 Then with desire to see, the women all
 Flock forth, and young and old, and weak and strong
 Climbe turrets high, and up and down they throng:
 Some o're house ridges stride, some on high gates:
 To all high standings each one properates.
 But *Juno* from a mountain steep and tall,
 Which now adayes, *Albanus* men do call,
 (But then was namelesse, famelesse, quite neglected)
 Surveys the Martiall field, being much affected,
 Views both the *Laurent* and the *Trojan* bands,
 And in what state the *Latines* citie stands.
 Then to *Juturna*, *Turnus* sister, she
 Thus said, Faire nymph, to whom is granted free
 Authoritie o're roaring rivers swift,
 (For from above great *Jove* gave her this gift,
 When she was stript of her virginitie)
 Rare nymph, of flouds the lustrous braverie,
 To us most neare and deare; thou well dost know
 Of all the *Latine* ladies which do go

To

To mightie *Jupiters* ungratefull bed,
 That thee alone I kindely suffered,
 And lovingly in heaven gave thee a place:
 Learn then of me thy present piteous case,
 And do not me, *Futurna*, henceforth blame:
 For I, as farre as fates would grant the same,
 And destinies decreed, have still protected
Latiums affaires, *Turnus* and's towns affected:
 But now I see the young prince overmatcht,
 And by fates frowning day decreed, quite catcht
 In snares of hastning death: nor can mine eyes
 Endure this sight, and curs'd confederacies.
 If therefore now thou any good canst do,
 Then for thy brother, it with speed ensue,
 As 'tis most fit: perhaps fates may afford
 Better successe. Scarce had she said that word,
 When from her eyes *Futurna* showr'd out teares;
 And twice or thrice her breast she beat with feares.
 Cease (straight sayes *Juno*) now's no time to weep;
 Make haste, thy brother (if thou canst) to keep
 From speedie death; and or with Martiall broile
 Enflame them; or, their peace begun go spoile.
 Be hold, I'll beare thee out. With these perswasions
 She leaves her cumbred with most fierce invasions
 Of wounding thoughts. Meanwhile the kings proceed;
 (*Latinus* in a chariot with swift speed
 Drawn by foure horses gallantly bedeckt
 With twelve-fold golden wreathes, whose rare aspect
 Shone like his granfires glorious sun-beam bright;
Turnus goes next, drawn with two horses white,
 Grasping in's hand two steellie-lances strong:
 Then grave *Aeneas* bravely goes along,

The *basis* of *Romes* regall progenie,
 With's starrie shield glistring refulgently,
 And heaven-given arms; with whom *Ascanius* came,
 The second hope, *Romes* empire fast to frame)
 Thus on (I say) they to the camp proceed:
 Their priest aray'd in pure and spotlesse weed,
 Drawes forth a brisslie sowes young porker faire,
 And unshorn sheep, to th'burning altars rare
 Bringing the beasts. They then their faces bent
 To the ascending sunne, on the beasts spent
 Their salt and bran, and with their sizers keen
 They clip the haire, and wooll their brows between,
 And on their altars poure out bowles of wine.
 Then with drawn sword *Aneas* grave, divine,
 Thus vents his votes; Bright *Sol*, my witnesse be,
 And thou O *Latium*, who both heare and see
 Me praying, and for whom I undergo
 These mightie toiles: and thou great *Jove* also,
 Yea and *Saturnian Juno*, whom I pray
 A kinder Goddesse be, wrath laid away:
 And thou renowned *Mars*, who at thy will
 All warres dost regulate and order still:
 And springs and rivers all I invoke,
 And whatsoe're heavens power do venerate,
 And all that in the azure flouds do go.
 If on *Italian Turnus* chance bestow
 The victorie, we vanquisht, will depart
 Unto *Euanders* town with readie heart.
Iulus also shall your land quite cleare,
 Nor shall our *Trojans* arms against you beare,
 Or ever after give you least distaste,
 Or with their swords your territories waste.

But

But if to us *Mars* grant the victorie,
(Which I much rather hope by destinie,
And pray the Gods would rather ratifie)
I neither will *Latines* subjection crave
Unto us *Trojans*, nor your kingdomes have:
But that both *Trojans* and *Italians* be
Link'd by one law in endlesse amitie:
I'll guide you to the Gods and sacred rites.
Have power (great father in law) in Martiall fights.
Have and enjoy (grave sire) thy soveraigntie:
My *Trojans* onely shall me edifie
A settled town, and call it by the name
Of thy *Lavinia*, to her datelesse fame.
Thus first *Aeneas*, then *Latinus* grave,
His hands and eyes lift up, this answer gave;
The self same things I (great *Aeneas*) sweare,
Let sea and land and starres true witnesse beare,
And both *Latona's* broods, and *Janus* old
With his two brows, and hells force uncontrold,
And dues divine of plagueie *Plutoes* seat:
And let great *Jove* heare thus, whose thunders great
Do truces tie; fright the fedifragous:
And hereupon our shrines I handle thus,
And midst o'th' flames I touch, and Gods I call,
Of what I speak and vow, to witnesse all.
No day shall *Latines* make this peace t'impeach,
Nor of these coards of concord to make breach.
Nor (whatsoever chance betide) will I
By any force fall backward wilfully:
No, though the seas hide earth with inundation,
Or heaven with hell should force fierce desolation.
And as this mace (for in his hand by hap

A mace he bare) quite void of native sap,
 Shall never sprout or spring with branches tender,
 Nor ever any cooling shadows render,
 Cut out o'th' wood, and from the stock quite rent,
 VWanting its root, and boughs and bark all spent.
 And cut away with tools, but once a tree,
 Though now with gold it garnished you see,
 By cunning artists skill, and thus made fit
 For *Latine* kings to hold, in thrones that fit.
 VVith such like words their peace they did conclude
 Amidst the princely peeres and multitude:
 And then, as custome was, their beasts they slay,
 And on the fire their sprawling inwards lay.
 But all this while, this match seems much amisse
 To all the *Rutuls*, muttering much at this,
 VVith various votes and thoughts, and so much rather,
 By how much their unequall strength they gather.
 And *Turnus* his slow walks and paces sad,
 And low dejected looks much feare do adde,
 As he was humbly sacrificing there,
 VVith hollow cheeks and childish totall feare.
 VVhich muttering whiles *Juturna* notes right well,
 And how the peoples hearts both rose and fell;
Camertes count'nance counterfeiting, she,
 (Famous for grandsires ancient pedigree,
 And fathers fortitude, which farre was blown,
 And he himself valiant in arms was known)
 She mixt her self amidst the thickest wings,
 And craftily acquainted with all things,
 Spread rambling rumours 'mongst them all, and said;
 O *Rutuls*, are ye not with shame o'relaid?
 Thus one mans life for many's to expose

To danger great? Equall me not our foes
In number and in magnanimities?
See herethe *Trojans* and *Arcadians* lie,
And fatall troop *Etrurians*, *Turnus* foes;
And if in fight we bravely them oppose,
They scarce have man for man. He shall indeed
To th' Gods (whose altars he adores) proceed,
And live by fame in all mens mouthes, though dead:
But we (our countrey lost) live in dire dread,
Beslav'd to supercilious lords, whiles we
Lie lazing and permit it thus to be.
With these like words the youths hot thoughts she fires,
And more and more the murmure might acquires
Through all the armie. Now the *Laurents* stout,
And all the *Latines* wheel their thoughts about,
And they which lately lookt for rest from fight,
And safely from their sorrows, now down-right
Addicted are to arms, with the peace mar'd,
And with great grief, *Turnus* hard hap regard.
And to all this *Futurna* jugles more,
And from the heavens sends a signe them before,
Which more effectually than ought else yet,
Did mould th' *Italians* mindes for her most fit,
To foolifie them with a prodigie.
For as *Joves* bird, the eagle, in cleare skie
Soaring along, drives little birds about,
And frights the chattering flock and wingie rout,
When with a sudden swoop and serious watch
Hegliding down, a gallant swan doth catch,
And teares in's tallons; (hereat instantly
Th' *Italians* courage take) then cherpingly,
All the birds back do flie (a most strange sight)

And

And with their wings do dim the skies cleare light,
 And with a clustring cloud o're all the aire,
 Their foe so much infest an over-beare,
 That forc'd at last by force and ponderous waight,
 He lets his prey fall into th' water straight,
 And swiftly flutters from them into th' skie.

The *Rutuls* their auspicious augurie
 With clamours loud adore, to fight prepare:
Tolumnius specially, a southsayer rare,
 Stands forth and cries; This, this is it indeed,
 Which I long looking for, wish might succeed.

The Gods great power I know, and glad embrace.
 Brave *Rutuls*, come, come follow me apace,
 Even me your captain, let your swords take place:
 Even you, whom this base stragler by fierce broiles,
 Would as those weak birds fright from native soiles,
 And all your shores with fire and sword invade;
 But he shall flie, and with base retrograde
 Hoise sailes from hence, and haste into the main:
 You then with one consent your troops maintain,
 Double your files, and with your Martiall arm
 Defend your forlorn king from fatall harm.

This said, he running forth at's enemies
 Casts a strong dart, which whistling fiercely flies
 Clean through the aire, piercing all opposites:
 And this and more a doubled din incites,
 And all the armies startles and provokes,
 And heats their hearts to fierce tumultuous strokes.
 And as the speare flew on with furious chance,
 Against nine brethrens bodies it did glance:
 All whom one modest *Tuscan* mother bred
 To her *Gylippus* in chaste marriage-bed.

One of which nine standing i'th' midst, it hits
 Just on the place whereon his brave belt fits,
 And where a button clasps his clothes aside,
 A lovely lad, and full of Martiall pride:
 And through his ribs it quickly perforated,
 And on the sands his life soon terminated,
 Hereat the other brethrens valiant band
 Enflam'd with grief, take some their swords in hand,
 Some deadly darts, and furiously flie on:
 Whom to oppose and fiercely set upon,
Laurentum troops flie out: hence instantly
 The *Trojans*, like an inundation high,
 Break out, and *Agyllines*, *Arcadians* bold,
 In gallant arms embroidered rich with gold.
 Thus all had one hot heart to fight it out:
 Their shrines snatcht up, fierce tempests flie about
 Through all the aire, and storms of deadly darts,
 And showres of slicing swords to wound their hearts.
 Their sacrificing censers thence they beare,
 And flaming fires. *Latinus* in great feare
 Makes haste away, unto the Gods complaining
 Of their dishonour and the peace profaning.
 Some from the chariots take their horses out,
 And nimble backing them, do range about,
 With naked swords in hand approach the fight.
 Martiall *Messapus* full of war-like spight,
 This late compacted peace now to confound
 Against *Anestes* king, and kingly crown'd:
 Over the *Tuscans* ran with full careere,
 And to the ground him straight did over-beare.
 And headlong him on head and shoulders cast
 Flat on his back, upon an altar fast:

Whereat

Whereat *Messapus* fiercely to him flies
With speare in's hand; and as for life he cries
And much intreats, he with his bearnie lance,
On horse-back strongly 'gainst him doth advance,
And with a mortall blow, thus to him spake;
So, so, 'tis well, thou'lt a good offering make.
Th' *Italians* close him, mangle him all-o're,
Whereat stout *Chorineus* vext full sore,
Snatcht up an altar fire-brand, bravely met
Ebnus coming in a furious fret,
And smiting at him; whom he swift doth chase,
And thrusts the flaming fire-brand in his face:
Which cing'd his haire and broad beard all about,
And sent a mightie stench and savour out.
Then this his trembling foe doth with him close,
Lugs him by's locks, and gives him more full blows,
Forcing him on his knees, fells him to th' ground,
And through his side his sword his heart doth wound.
Then *Podalirius* with a slicing blade,
Alfus a famous shepherd did invade,
Pressing on forward in the vanguard brave:
Whom *Alfus* such a knock with's battle-ax gave,
As cleft his head to th' chin, sprinkling all-o're,
With his deep broached and out-gushing gore.
Rough rest and steel-given sleep do shut his sight,
And close his eyes up in eternall night.
But great *Aeneas* stretcht his unarm'd hand,
As he bare-headed without helm did stand,
And calls aloud to's mates; O whither flock ye?
Why with this creeping jarre our peace thus mock ye?
O pacifie your rage; conditions faire,
And good conclusions for us fixed are:

'Tis I alone must now the battell trie.
O then give way to me, all false feares flie:
For with this hand I will corroborate
This peace, and *Turnus* troubles terminate.
As he thus spake, ere he had ended all,
Behold a whisling dart did fiercely fall
And light upon the prince, uncertain whence,
From whose strong hand, what stormie violence,
What fate, what fortune should the *Rutuls* raise
To such high honour, unexpected praise.
The glorie of the fact lies rak't up, yet
Not one dares bragge that he *Aeneas* hit.
When *Turnus* saw *Aeneas* leave the field,
And all his troubled troops much ground to yeeld,
With hastie hope his heart begins to flame,
He calls for horses, longs to fight for fame:
And proudly prauncing in his chariot high,
To his loose reins gives ample libertie.
And many a valiant souldier fiercely flying,
He sends to *Styx*, and many leaves half dying:
And either teares them with his chariot-wheel,
Or bores their flying backs with darts of steel.
Like as when bloudy *Mars* with his strong shield
Doth check cold *Hebers* flouds, and makes them yeeld;
And waging warre, his furious steeds sends out,
Who swifter then West-windes flies all about
The Martiall field, and with their trampling strong
Do shake large *Thraces* confines all along,
Frighted about with shapes of damping dread,
Wrath, rage and plots, the God accompanied:
Thus agile *Turnus*, 'midst of all the fight,
His sweatie smoaking steeds drives on, a sight

Wofull to see, how he insulting goes,
And gluts his sword with his thick slaughtered foes:
Dying their horrid hoofs with dewes of bloud,
Mixing both sand and gore like mortar-mud.
And now he flew *Sthenelus*, *Thamyris*,
And *Polus* fierce to death he doth dismiss:
Meeting now this, now that resisting foe
Fighting farre-off; farre-off he meets also
Imbrasus sonnes, *Lades*, and *Glaucus* strong,
Whom *Imbrasus* himself had nurs'd up long
In *Lycia*, and alike with arms them fraught,
And horse or foot-fight expertly them taught.
Upon another part *Eumedes* stout
Amidst the thickest ranks flies all about,
Famous in warre, by kindred of great fame,
Stout *Dolons* sonne, right of his grandsires name
In strength and courage parents paralell,
Who once in valour did so farre excell,
That he a scout to th' *Grecian* camp would go,
If they'd on him *Achilles* coach bestow.
But *Diomedes* did his boldnesse pay,
And with another price sent him away,
Of great *Achilles* chariot frustrate quite:
Whom *Turnus* spying a farre-off in fight,
Ere he went farre, pursu'd him at the heel,
And stopt his passage with his nimble steel.
Whereat he stayes his steeds, from's coach descends,
And to his half-dead falne-down foe he bends:
Sets his foot on his neck, drawes out his blade,
Dy'd it in's throat; and this moreover said;
See, *Trojan*, see the land so long time fought,
See *Italie*, which thou with bloud hast bought,

Now lie and meat it out. Here's all their gain,
Which me to warre thus boldly dare constrain,
Thus to themselves a citie they erect.
A dart he then did furiously direct
Against his mate *Asbustes*, *Chlores* next,
Sybaris and *Daretes* he perplex;
Thersilochus, with him *Thymætes* strong,
Whose starting jade on ground laid him along.
As when *Ædonian* Northern blasts do blow,
Ægean roaring surges do o'reflow,
VVave following wave, thick rolling to the shore,
As pusses do push them, and i'th' skies all-o're
Clouds fleet about: so *Turnus* turbulent
Makes armies flie, which way soe're he went,
And turns troops headlong back; force makes him stout,
And blasts his fluttering plumes do puffle about.
But *Phægeus* fierce no longer could abide
His sturdie stomach and insulting pride,
But to the coach he comes with courage bold,
And with his hand upon the reins layes hold,
To stay the foamie horses furious pace,
And to divert them to some other place.
As thus he's drawn, and on his horse-main hangs,
A mightie speare upon his armour clangs;
And pierc'd his double plated corslet brave,
And on the top of's skin a wound him gave.
He hereupon safe cover'd with his shield,
Makes at his foe, pursues him in the field
VVith his drawn-sword, for surerer safetie;
VVho with the chariot wheels velocitie
And swift driven axle-tree, was headlong cast
Down to the ground, whom *Turnus* follows fast,
Alights,

Alights, and 'twixt his helm and gorgets brim
 With his sharp sword straight way beheaded him,
 Leaving his headlesse carcase on the sand.

As thus i'th' field *Turnus* doth victour stand,
Mnestheus, *Achates* kinde, *Ascanius* faire,
 Bleeding *Aeneas* bring with grief and care
 Into his tent, who walking with weak strides,
 And resting on a strong staffe which him guides,
 He's sorely vext, strives with all urgencie
 The speare and head to pluck forth totally.

Which since he could not, he desires their aid
 To take the nearest way, cure might be made,
 And with a blade the flesh to lance more wide,
 Which did the arrows head so deeply hide,
 And thus to get it out, and him again
 To send to th' field, the combate to maintain.

And now *Iapix* came, old *Jasus* sonne,
 Who with *Apollo* from all others won
 The praise and prize, in his most deep affection,
 Once taken with his love, by kinde aspection;
 And thereupon upon him did bestow,

Accurate arts and sciences to know,
 Hid auguries, rare musick, archers praise;
 But he his bed-red-fathers wasting dayes
 Long to prolong, himself did most apply
 To studie physick, and plants secrecie,
 And such like silent and lesse honoured art.

Aeneas still extreemly vext at heart,
 Leans on a mightie lance, with many a youth,
 And young *Iulus* full of feare and ruth,
 All shedding teares: but he unmoved stood.
 Then old *Iapix*, like a surgeon good,

Tying

Tying a linen apron him before,
Of salves and physick herbes he brings forth store,
Whose power *Apollo* had unto him taught,
These faintly he appli'de; but none well wrought,
All prov'd in vain, in vain he trialls made,
With hand, with pinching pinfers to give aid,
And get the iron out. No chance findes way,
And *Phœbus* physick serves him for no stay:
But more and more increase fierce clamours high
About the field, and mischief drawes more nigh.
They see dust flie i'th' aire, horsemen make speed,
And numerous darts amongst them cast, exceed:
And clamourous noise and cries of souldiers fighting,
And of fierce *Mars*, dead bodies headlong smiting.
Then *Venus* vext at her sonnes piteous pain,
To cure the wound and make him well again,
From *Cretian Ide* straight gathers dittanie,
VVhose stalk has little leaves, and to the eye
Beares purple blossomes. To this well-known plant
VVilde beasts repaire, when cure of wounds they want,
VVhen in their flesh fierce digging darts do stick.
This *Venus*, hidden in a cloud most thick,
Brought quickly thither with all secrecy,
Steeps it in pans of water standing by,
Compounds it with *Ambrosian* juyce most rare,
And odoriferous *Panax* plants most faire.
Iapis old not knowing what was done,
The wound to supple now again begun
VVith this compounded water; instantly
All wonted pain and smart from's wound did flie,
All putred bloud into the wound collected,
And out oth' fore was carefully ejected:

And

And then the steel without least molestation
Smoothly came forth; and to their admiration,
He instantly new strength and vigour feels,
And old *Iapis* now his courage steels,
And cries out, Come, come bring the prince his arms:
Why stand ye, stay ye him from fierce alarms?
Know (brave *Aeneas*) 'twas not humane will,
Nor arts best parts that freed thee from this ill:
Nor power or practise of mine own right hand,
Some greater God did thus propitious stand
By thee, and thee reserve to greater deeds.

Aeneas (for his zeal to th' fight exceeds)
Plucks on his buskins overspread with gold,
Cuts off delays, his glistering lance doth hold,
His shield and corslet on, arm'd *capa-pee*,
His young *Ascanius* in his bosome, he
Hugging within his arms, with kisses sweet,
His beaver rais'd, thus he his sonne doth greet;
Faire sonne, from me thy father vertue learn,
And of true industrie the gain discern;
And fortunes power by others understand.
As yet I'le thee safeguard with my strong hand,
And thee exalt unto great dignitie:
But when th'art grown to full maturitie,
And strength of yeares, then use thou famous facts,
And then remember me and my great acts:
Recogitate and ruminare with spirit
Thy fathers and thine uncle *Hectors* merit,
And let their patterns stirre and spurre thee on.
This said, in haste he through the gates is gon,
Brandishing in his hand his mightie lance:
And with huge troops, along with him advance

Anteus

Anteus, Mnestheus, and even all the rest,
 Which in their camps were for the fight addrest.
 Black clouds of dust o're all the field o'respread,
 And trampling thick the ground even harrowed.
 The adverse armie *Turnus* marching saw,
 And all th' *Italians*, how they nearer draw:
 Cold fearefull quakings on them straight do fall,
 Chiefly *Juturna*, 'mongst the *Latines* all,
 Observes and knowes their noise, and frightened flies,
 And he with wingie speed to th' battell hies,
 Rushing on with his dust-hid armies strong.
 As when a blustering storm is fore'd along,
 Dissolving furious drops from sea to land,
 (Which the poore swains, alas! pre-understand,
 And tremblingly foresee; foreseeing, flie,
 As knowing what rough ruine by and by
 'Twill make amongst the trees and fields of corn:
 And all before it will be overborn,
 Before its blustering blasts flie to the shores
 With mightie huffring, puffing, rumbling roares,
 Even so *Rhæteius*, Trojan captain stout,
 Against his foes most fiercely flies about:
 In doubled files they all conglomerated,
Thymbræus stout *Osiris* trucidated,
Mnestheus *Archetius* slew, *Achates* brave
 To *Epulo* a most deep death-wound gave;
 Stout *Gyas* *Ufens* slayes; *Tolumnius*, he
 The southsayer which first made them disagree,
 By throwing first his dart against his foes,
 Even he was slain. A mightie clamour rose,
 And *Rutuls* now were put to dustie flight
 But brave *Aeneas* will not dain to fight

With

With all he meets, nor horse or foot will slay,
 No nor on armed foe his hands will lay.
 But in the thickest throngs seeks seriously
 For *Turnus*; he alone his strength must trie.
 Jollie *Juturna* a *Virago* stout,
 In feare of this perplexed with great doubt,
 Stept to *Metiscus*, *Turnus* wagoner,
 And 'twixt the horses reins o'returns him there,
 And leaves him fal'ne farre from the beam o'th' wain,
 And takes his place, and checks the loof'ned rein;
 And rightly she resembles every way
Metiscus, both in shape, words, weapons gay.
 Like swallows black which princes courts frequent,
 And fluttering 'bout the yards seek aliment
 For their young chattering birds left in the nest,
 Spiders, gnats, flies, as they can catch them best;
 Sometimes in galleries large, or standing lakes:
 So diverse wayes through foes *Juturna* takes,
 And drives the coach through every part and place,
 And fiercely flies, and here and there does trace,
 And bring her bragging brother to and fro,
 But will by no means let him fight with's foe;
 And farre enough flies from him out o'th' way.
 No lesse, *Aeneas* does by-paths aslay
 To finde his foe, and through the stragling bands
 Calls him with words and becknings of his hands;
 And still as he on's foe his sight doth cast,
 And thinks with's wing'd-heel'd steeds to meet at last;
 So oft *Juturna* turns the coach awry.
 Alas! what should he do? what must he trie?
 In vain with various rage his heart doth burn,
 And diverse doubts his thoughts distractive turn.

Messapus

Messapus meets him, in his hand two speares
 Well tipt with steel, which he by fortune beares,
 Both light of flight, one of which darts most swift
 Gripping, he flings with straight and sturdie drift.
Aeneas stands, to him his target takes,
 Shrinks down, but yet the speare impression makes
 Upon his helm, and teares the top of's crest.
 Hereat *Aeneas* much fierce rage exprest,
 And much incens'd by this vile treacherie,
 Seeing the horse flie back, coach turn'd awry,
 Great *Jove*, and th' altars he to witnesse brings
 Of their peace broke, and many wrongfull things.
 And now at last invades foes thickest bands,
 And with succesfull warre and conquering hands
 Makes all without all difference fall and die,
 And unto rage give reins implacably.
 My Muse cannot, O then, what supreme might
 Can help me here to set down and indite
 The many bitter bickerings, slaughters fierce,
 And captains slain to sing in solemne verse?
 Which now by turns (as 'twere) stout *Turnus* slayes,
 And now *Troyes* prince, wounded, confounded layes.
 Great *Jove*, was this thy will that with such rage
 Those men should meet, which in ensuing age
 Should in eternall peace spend all their dayes?
Aeneas now endures no long delayes,
 But strikes *Rutulian Suro* through the side
 (And that first blow made flying *Trojans* 'bide
 And bid fresh battels) and through's vitall part
 Under his short-ribs wounds him to the heart.
Turnus o'returns *Amycus* from his horse,
 And meets on foot *Diores* with great force;

Two *Trojan* brethren brave, one with a lance,
The other with a sword by fatall chance
He slaughtered straight, cut both their heads off quite,
And hung them on his chariot in full sight.
The chariot sprinkled with thick drops of bloud,
Then flew he *Talo* and *Tanais* good,
And stout *Cethegus*; all three met at once,
And brave *Onytes* venting gasping groans,
A *Thebane* peere, sprung from *Peridia*
His mother deare. Here doth he also slay
Two brothers sent from *Lacia* and the plains
Of great *Apollo*, and here dead remains
Arcadian young *Menætes*, who in vain
To go to warre did feare and much refrain:
Whose speciall skill and will was fish to catch
By *Lerna's* fishie banks, in house of thatch
He poorely liv'd, his coyn could never swarm.
His father also hired a plow-farm.
And as huge burnings made in diverse wayes,
Amongst drie trees and squib-like crackling bayes:
Or like fierce frothie streams which down do shrill
With rapid roaring-race, from some high hill,
And scud to sea, and finde or force their way:
With no lesse force both these their parts do play.
Æneas brave and *Turnus* with great might
Most furiously do rush about and fight:
And now, just now, their imbred rage enflames them,
Least thought of being foil'd, with envie shames them.
Therefore with utmost force they fight and fell.
Murrhanus here *Æneas* sends to hell,
Proud of his parentage and grandsires great,
And regall race of *Latine* kings compleat;

He

He dafht him headlong down with rockie stone,
 By which fierce stonie storm he's overthrown,
 And with his coach-wheels crusht and trampled hard,
 By's horse, who nought their master do regard.
Turnus assails stout *Hilus*, rushing fast
 With courage bold at's gilt-arm'd temples, cast
 A digging dart, which furiously straight ran
 Clean through his helm, and stuck in his brain-pan.
 Nor could thine arm, *Creteus*, *Greeks* brave knight,
 From *Turnus* thee protect, in furious fight:
 Nor could thy Gods, *Cupentus*, ease thy case,
 When 'gainst thee great *Aeneas* came in place:
 When at his breast his steelie speare he sent,
 Which (spight of's brazen shield) through's bodie went.
 And thee, great *Aeolus*, *Laurentines* spide
 Slain in the field, on's back the ground to hide.
 There thou lay'st slain, whom *Grecians* could not slay,
 Nor great *Achilles*, *Priams* crowns decay..
 This was thy fate-given date, neare *Ida* born
 Of great *Lyrnessus* line, now laid forlorn
 In *Laurents* field, a sepulchre to finde,
 And row the totall troops together winde,
 All *Latines* bands, and all *Troyes* valiant rout:
 Renowned *Mnestheus* and *Sereftus* stout,
Messapus, rare horse-rider, and his mate
Asylas strong, 'gainst whom do properate
 All *Tuscan* troops and brave *Arcadian* wings,
 And every one his best assistance brings.
 No rest they take, no stay they make from fight.
 And here *Aeneas* mother, *Venus* bright,
 Promps her sonnes thoughts, that to the citie-wall
 He should make haste, and all his forces call,

And

And vex the *Latines* with a sudden fight:
 Who whiles for *Turnus* he doth cast his fight
 On every troop, still prying here and there,
 Seeks up and down, but could him finde no where.
 He spies the citie, sitting still, at rest,
 Untouch'd, unstirr'd, no warre did it molest.
 Straight hotter brands of broiles in's breast flame out:
Mnestheus, *Sergestus*, and *Serestus* stout,
 His captains brave, he to him quick doth call,
 And takes a hill; to which the *Trojans* all,
 And valiant troops thickly and quickly they
 Assemble close, cast not their shields away,
 Nor nimble speares; then mounted on a hill,
 Standing i'th' midst he thus declares his will;
 Let no delay (faire mates) clog my designes,
Joves friendly face I see now on us shines.
 Though I be sudden, yet let none be slow,
 Th' emperiall citie, cause of all this woe,
 King *Latines* throne, this day I'le ruinate,
 And houses tops to th' ground æquiparate,
 Unlesse they take our yoke, and to us yeeld.
 Shall I (forsooth) stand waiting in the field,
 Till *Turnus* please to meet me? and again
 Attend him, when he vanquisht doth remain?
 Here is the head (brave sirs) the seat and seed,
 Which all these toiles and bloody broiles did breed.
 Quickly bring brands, with flames your peace demand.
 This said, they readily do his command,
 And make a warre-like wedge, and wondrous quick
 They to the citie flock in clusters thick.
 The scaling ladders suddenly they raise,
 And sudden fires to mightie flames do blaze;

Dd

Some

Some get to th' gate, and kill the first they meet;
Some dart their shafts, which flie so thick and fleet,
As dims the aire. *Aeneas* first of all
Holds up his hand, standing hard by the wall,
And with loud voice *Latinus* he doth blame,
And calls the Gods to testifie the same;
That he unwillingly was forc'd to fight,
And that th' *Italians* twice us'd hostile might,
And twice had cov'nant broke. Then 'mongst their foes
And fearfull citizens great discord rose.
Some bad them ope the gates, let *Trojans* in,
And some the king himself to th' walls do win:
Some bring their arms their citie to defend.
Much like a swarm of bees in dark rock pend,
And by a shepherd found, who joyfully
Fills it with choaking smoak all inwardly:
The bees afraid, flie 'bout their waxen cell,
And with huge humming wax most fierce and fell:
Black fumie stench flies out from forth the hive,
The stones within make crackling noise, and drive
Smoak into th' emptie aire. Besides all this,
A woefull chance fell out i'th' town amisse,
Amongst the tired *Latines*, which procur'd
Most loud laments, wofull to be endur'd,
Through all the citie: for so soon as e're
The queen beheld the enemy draw neare,
The town-walls scal'd, the houses all on flame,
No *Rutuls* bands, no *Turnus* neare to tame
Their insolence; she thought (poore wretch) again
Her young prince *Turnus* in the fight was slain.
Her heart o'rewhelm'd with sudden feare and grief,
She straight cries out, that she's the cause and chief,

The head and heart of all these miseries.
 Thus in much sad and mad perplexities
 Exclaiming, with her nails she rends and teares
 Her royall robes, ready to die with feares:
 And to a beam, a cord made fast on high,
 She hang'd herself with foule indignitie.
 Whereof when wofull *Latines* ladies heard,
 Chiefly *Lavinia*, mightie schrecks she rear'd,
 And with her nails all teares her yellow locks,
 Scratcheth her face, the folk in mightie flocks
 Rage up and down, their houses fills with cries:
 Hence through the town the fame thereof soon flies.
 Mens courage sinks, *Latinus* rent and torn,
 In's regall robes goes up and down forlorn,
 Mightily frighted at his queens foule fate,
 And at his cities ruinated state,
 With dirt and soile his grave gray haire he smeares,
 Blames himself much, drencht deep in thousand feares,
 In that at first he *Dardans* prince rejected,
 And as his sonne in law had not affected.
 Now all this while stout *Turnus* in the fields
 Follows a few, whose face small conquest yeelds,
 Poore and pale scatter'd straglers, and besides
 He sees, how more and more, more slow he rides,
 His horses waxing tir'd. Again a noise
 He heares i'th' troubled aire, which him annoyes.
 Whereat he stands and listens to the same,
 And from the citie various clamours came,
 And most distastfull stirres: hereat he cries,
 Alas, alas! what wofull miseries
 Are to this citie come, thus to molest it?
 And that strange turmoiles variously infect it?

This said, entrag'd, his horse rein'd in, he staves.
 Whereat his sister who her old pranks playes,
 Seeming *Metiscus*, still i'th' coach remains,
 Guiding his coach and horse, ruling the reins,
 Sayes thus to him; Brave brother, this way haste,
 This way the *Trojans* first and best thou may'st
 Fully subdue, here conquest gate stands ope,
 The town has troops enough with them to cope.
Aeneas close on our *Italians* lies,
 And fiercely fights with all his companies.
 Let us then also, with our furie fell,
 Go send those *Trojans* soules in post to hell:
 So shalt thou part in equall parity,
 No lesse in number, nor in dignity.
Turnus reply'de; O sister, now I know,
 That thou by craft at first didst overthrow,
 Our treated truce, these warres didst work again.
 But now, faire Goddesse, all thy craft's in vain:
 But pray thee tell me, who from heaven thee sent
 To undergo these troubles turbulent!
 Was it to see thy wofull brothers bane?
 For, what do I? what help can hap me gain?
 I saw before mine eyes, *Murrhanus* kinde,
 Than whom to me more deare earth none can finde.
 I heard him call me, one of mightie merit,
 Who, though now dead, yet dy'd with dauntlesse spirit.
 Unhappie *Ufens* also slain doth lie,
 That he might not survive our infamie:
 And *Trojans* now his corps and arms enjoy.
 And shall I suffer ('tis the last annoy
 Which onely yet remains) our buildings flame,
 And not resist dire *Drances* foretold shame?

And shall I flie? and shall this nation see,
Turnus a turn-coat fugitive to be?
 And should it now be shame in me to die?
 O ye the ghastly ghosts, which low do lie,
 Be ye propitious, for the heavens do frown,
 To you my sacred soule shall now go down,
 Untainted and unspotted of this blame.
 And still most worthie that my lineage came
 From ancestours of such renowned fame
 Scarce had he said, when *Sages* foamy horse,
 Hurrying him through his foes with windie force,
 His face all bloody with an arrows wound,
 And rushing on, at last he *Turnus* found:
 And calling him by name, *Turnus* (sayes he)
 Our last and best help now consists in thee;
 Pitie our plight, for *Troyes Æneas* thunders,
 In bloody broiles unto our woes and wonders,
 And threatens ruine to our *Latian* towers,
 And dire destruction, by his conquering powers.
 And now, even now flames 'bout our houses flie,
 In thee the *Latines* hope of help doth lie;
 On thee *Italians* all do cast their fight,
 The king himself mutters in much despight,
 Whom he his sonne in law might now ordain,
 And whom in love and league to entertain.
 The queen beside, they e're most faithfull friend,
 With her own hands her wofull life did end,
 In fright hath fled the light: now at the gate
 Onely *Messapus* and *Atinas* wait,
 And animate the armie yet remaining:
 But round about them are thick foes, maintaining
 A furious fight, like standing-corn in fields,

Which to steel sickles helplessly straight yeelds.
And yet dost there alone in this left plain,
Tracing thy coach about, here still remain?
Turnus astonisht at the tottering state
Of these affaires, like one inanimate
Stands mute, his eyes fast fixed on the ground,
And inward shame his boiling heart did wound;
And what with sadnesse, madnesse, raging love,
Conscious of adverse power, which he must prove,
The mistie vails of his dull thoughts put by,
And sunne-shine of discretion shining high,
His angrie eyes to th' citie-walls he cast,
And views the citie as in's coach he past.
And now behold, with flames the rafters flie,
And boards between burn up unto the skie,
Which caught hold of the tower, that tower, I say,
Which *Turnus* self erected rich and gay,
With brave crosse-beams and wheels and bridges high.
Now, now, deare sister (sayes he) readily
My fates attend me, use no further stay;
For where my fate and fortune point the way,
Thither I'll go, my resolution stands
To trie the strength of proud *Aeneas* hands,
To 'bide worst bitternesse of deaths dire smart.
Nor shalt thou henceforth see me play the part
Of an ignoble coward. This, I pray,
Good sister suffer me, that now I may
Be mad, ere I be mad: which having said,
Leaping from's coach, most swift away he made
Into the field, through thickest of his foes,
And leaves his sister full of feares and woes:
And with swift flight breaks into thickest bands,

And as a rockie mount which headlong stands,
 And tumbles from the top, broke down by winde;
 Or by strong fowcing showres quite undermin'd,
 Or rotted with long yeares antiquity,
 And so slips down with huge velocity,
 In broken fragments mounting on the ground,
 And woods and herds and people doth confound,
 And roule and wrap with it: *Turnus* even thus
 Through his dispersed troops most furious
 Runs to the citie-walls, where all with bloud
 The ground like pools and ponds bedrenched stood,
 And whirling arrows clattered to the aire;
 With hand and voice his minde he does declare
 Unto them thus; Forbear *Rutulians* all,
 And *Latines* now your swords and shields recall;
 What ever fortune falls, 'tis mine own due,
 'Tis fitter farre' for me alone, then you,
 To pay the price of this thus broken peace,
 And with my sword this quarrell quite to cease.
 All straight gave back, for him i'th' midst made way:
 But brave *Aeneas* without all delay,
 Hearing but *Turnus* nam'd, leaves towers and town,
 Breaks off all businesse, and comes nimbly down:
 Leaping for joy, thundring in arms most strong,
 Like *Atbos* mount, or *Eryx* steep and long.
 Or like old *Apennius* rais'd on high
 Into the aire, kissing the starrie skie,
 Ratling with leaves on trees, glistring in sight,
 Proud of his tops, clothed with snow most bright.
 And now *Rutulians* and the *Trojans* stout,
 Seriously bend their eyes and look about:
Italians, and all those that kept the town,

And those which would with rams the walls butt down,
 All arms they lay aside, king *Latine* stands
 Amaz'd to see two men so strong of hands,
 Of diverse nations, now to meet and fight.
 The champions both beholding in their sight
 The lists made void, and space t' encounter in
 With rapid race, the combate straight begin;
 And now farre off darts at each other cast,
 And to their swords and shields they come as fast:
 With dashing clashing bangs the ground even groans,
 And doubled trebled blows they give at once,
 With their bright blades: vertue and valour brave
 Seem mixt in one, in one their seat to have.
 And as two angrie bulls in furious fight,
 With butting horns encountring with deep spight,
 On mightie *Syla's* mount, *Taburnus* high,
 Their fearfull keepers keep close, covertly,
 The other cattell, cows and calves, stand mute,
 And with soft muttering hold a still dispute,
 Who shall their leader be, whom they shall rend.
 The bulls meanwhile each other wounds do lend,
 And gore each others sides, whose bloud spurts out,
 And head and shoulders all be-bathes about:
 Whose bloody blows the echoing woods resound:
 No otherwise is this fierce duell found,
 Twixt *Troyes Aeneas* and great *Dannus* prince,
 Lab'ring each other strongly to evince,
 With swords and shields the aire with clanging filling.
 Then *Jove* himself, to poise their fortune willing
 In equall balance, for some distance staves,
 And to them both their severall fortune layes:
 Which should with toiles triumph, which, fighting, die.

Turnus

Turnus himself rouz'd up, his sword rais'd high,
Hoping (untoucht) to do what he did aim:
With all his might he smote, the blow home came.
Whereat the *Trojans* crie, the *Latines* tremble,
And both the bands in much amaze assemble
To eye the issue: But the bastard blade
In pieces brake, the blow thus frustrate made.
Who, had he not straight fled, had dead there lain.
As swift as winde he therefore flies amain,
Finding in's hand a hilt, to him unknown,
His hand now weaponlesse. Fame thus hath blown,
That when he first to fight his coach ascended,
And furiously him to the battell bended,
'Twixt feare and furie, left his fathers blade,
And snatcht *Metiscus* sword for it. and made
Indifferent shift therewith, whiles frightfully
The scattered *Trojans* did before him flie.
But when he mindes *Vulcanes* strong tempered blade,
And that this filie sword by mortalls made,
Brake straight, as britt'e glasse the shivers small,
Glistering upon the ground as down they fall:
Then like a mad man *Turnus* flies about
Through all the field, here, there windes in and out:
For all the *Trojan* bands had hedg'd him round,
And citie-walls and mightie moorish ground.
Aeneas also (though his late wounds pain,
Pinching his knees, did swift pursuit restrain)
Followes, and foot to foot, keeps to him nigh.
Much like a huntsman, who with course and crie
Of eager hounds, a deere hath close i'th' flouds;
Or girt with feare o'th' bloudie dart, he scuds:
But frighted at the toiles and banks most high,

A thousand wayes does turn and winde and flie;
 But yet the noble nimble *Umbrian* hound,
 With breathing chaps, keeps close, doth loose noground.
 And now, even now, snaps him, yet lets him slip,
 Who from his cheated chaps doth quickly skip:
 Loud cries are rais'd, the brooks and banks about
 Re-echo, thunder from the skies breaks out.
Turnus thus flying blames his *Rutulos* all
 For his try'd sword, by name doth each one call.
 On th'other side *Aeneas* ruine threats,
 And present death, if any at his treats
 Dares him approach, whose feare does them afright:
 Menacing much to raze their citie quite;
 And thus (though wounded) he his foe draws nigh,
 And five round circling couries, eagerly,
 They finisht had, leaping back here and there:
 And for no pettie prize thus earnest were,
 Even for no lesse then *Turnus* life and bloud.
 By chance, a sowre-leav'd olive-tree there stood,
 Devoted to God *Faunus*, venerable,
 To mariners once, when it stood, most stable,
 When they did shipwrack scape; whereon they plac'd
 The gift wherewith they *Laurents* Gods had grac'd,
 And garments to the God were consecrated:
 This tree the *Trojans* had eradicated,
 Regardlesse of its use, that so they might
 Prepare a full and faire field for the fight,
 Here stuck *Aeneas* speare, by force there cast,
 And in the tender root was setled fast:
Aeneas stayes, assayes with his strong hand
 To pluck it out, with's speare to make him stand:
 Whom he in running could not overtake.

Turnus

Turnus in rage and feare this prayer did make;
 Favour me, *Faunus*, and this goodly ground,
 Keep fast the speare, since alwayes ye have found
 My sacred worship to your deitie,
 Which *Trojans* wrong most sacrilegiously.
 This said, thus pray'd, his prayers were not in vai;
 For why? *Aeneas* labouring with long pain,
 And struggling at the stock, yet by no might
 Could make the stump let go his fastned bite.
 As thus he stirres and struggles all in vain,
 The *Dannian* Goddesse did assume again
Metiscus shape, the wagoner before,
 And to her brother doth his sword restore.
Venus being vext, to see this nymph so bold,
 Hastes to the speare, and plucks it from its hold.
 Thus both these warriours arm'd with sword and speare
 Themselves most bloudily, bravely, now they beare:
 This proud of's blade, that joyfull for his lance,
 With breathlesse blows to th' fight they readvance.
 Meanwhile great *Jove*, *olympus* soveraign high,
 From's yellow cloud casting his all-seeing eye
 Upon the combatants, to *Juno* spake,
 Faire spouse, when meanest thou an end to make?
 What yet remains? thou know'st and dost confesse
Aeneas for to be a God, no lesse,
 That he belongs to heaven, starres must him hold.
 What dost thou build? what hope in clouds thus cold
 Makes thee stay here? think'st thou it fit to be,
 A sacred God with mortall wounds to see?
 Or that his sword (for but by onely thee,
Juturna nought could do) should gotten be,
 And brought to *Turnus*, vanquisht hearts to cheere;

O now at length, faire *Juno*, cease, forbear
 To presse me with thy prayers, thy self to fret
 With tart intestine grief, me to beset
 With carking cares, to give thee sweet content;
 'Tis now come to the period of event.
 Thou know'st I let thee both by sea and land
 Infest the *Trojans*, and, at thy command,
 To wage fierce warres, his house quite to deface,
 And marriages to make in mournfull case.
 Farther I now forbid to enterprise.
Jupiter ceast. *Juno* in submisse wise
 On th'other side reply'de; All-sacred phere,
 Since first I knew thy mightie minde most cleare,
 My *Turnus* and the world unwillingly
 I have relinquisht; nor so forrily
 Shouldst thou me see on this cold cloud to sit,
 Suffring so many things fit and unfit;
 But cloath'd in flames, standing my troops about,
 And fiercely firing all the *Trojans* out.
 And as for poore *Futurna*, I confesse,
 I bad her help her brother in distresse,
 And for his life bad her all hazards trie:
 But bow to bend or weapons to supplie,
 This I ne're bad, and to this truth I sweare
 By *Styxes* muddie peacelesse spring, the feare,
 And onely sacred oath the Gods do take.
 And now I cease, and all these fights forsake.
 Yet this one thing (which fates do not gainsay)
 For *Italie*, grant me I humbly pray,
 And for the grace and honour of thine own;
 That when they to a peacefull passe are grown
 By marriage made (well, be it so) and when

All rites and rules of peace are fixt by men,
 That thou'lt not change ancient *Italians* name,
 Nor *Troy* or *Trojans* to weare out the same;
 Let then their language and their weeds retain,
 Let *Italie* and *Albane* peeres remain:
 Let *Romes* rare offspring spread by *Latian* might:
Troy now is dead, O let *Troyes* name die quite.
Jupiter smiling on her, said, most milde,
 Thou art *Joves* sister and *Saturnus* childe:
 Yet can thy breast encheft such anger still?
 Well, go to then; yet now subject thy will,
 Cease thy vane rage begun: I grant thy motion,
 Willingly won herein to thy devotion.
Italians shall old kindes and customes keep,
 And, as 'tis now, their name in fame as deep
 Still stand and grow; *Trojans* shall onely be
 A mixed body 'mongst them; thou shalt see,
 That I religious rites will teach them all,
 And every land shall them *Italians* call.
 The offspring which from *Latian* bloud shall rise,
 All men on earth, yea and the Gods i'th'skies,
 Shall passe in pietie; and than this nation,
 None shall bring thee so copious adoration.
 This tickled *Juno* passing-well at heart,
 And from her cloud to heaven she did depart.
 This thus perform'd, great *Jove* doth now contrive
 How he *Juturna* might from *Turnus* drive.
 Two hellish hags there are call'd *Furies* fell,
 Whom dreadfull night begat in horrid hell
 Both at a birth, upon *Megara* black,
 Both with like serpents stings and wreathed back,
 And wings like windes. These at *Joves* footstool lay

Under

Under his throne, their angrie king t'obey:
 These feares and frights, kindle in male-contents,
 When direfull death or vexing punishments
Jupiter pleaseth on the bad t'impart,
 Or towns will terrifie with warres desert.
 One of these furies fierce *Jove* from him sends,
 Who to *Juturna*, *Turnus* death portends.
 She flies away to earth, whirlwindes fast
 Much like a shaft from *Parthian* quiver cast
 All dipt in poyson curable by none,
 And by some *Parthian*, or stout *Cydon* thrown;
 The dart unseen whistling through shadows, flies:
 Thus this night-imp hastes on, to earth now hies.
 Who having spi'de *Troyes* trocps and *Turnus* bands,
 I'th' figure of a little bird she stands,
 As screech-owles, who are wont on graves to sit
 And dark-night walks, to screech and hollow it,
 And in this owlie shape, this furie fierce,
 In *Turnus* fight doth up and down traverse,
 Making much noise, fluttering her wings about
 His shield, which lets in feare, sets courage out.
 Trembling, his haire doth stare, speechlesse he stood.
 But when farre off, *Juturna* understood
 The furies fluttering wings and screeching stirre,
 Poore sister, ah, how it bemadded her!
 Her face she scratches with her bloudie nails,
 With fists she beat her breasts, and thus she wails;
 Alas poore *Turnus*! pray thee speak, which way?
 What means remains whereby thy sister may
 Shield or assist thee? or thy life prolong?
 Ah! how can I resist this omen strong?
 Now, now foul fowles I from these armies flie:

Cease

Cease then me trembling more to terrifie;
I know your plaguing plumes and deadly din,
I know *Joves* proud precripts; do I this win
And nought but this, for lost virginity?
Why gave he me lifes immortalitie?
Why am I freed thus from a dying state,
Whereby I might these great griefs terminate,
And in hels depth with thee poore brother range?
Am I immortall? ah, I would it change!
For without thee, deare brother, nought can please me,
Oh, if some earth could swallow me 't would ease me!
Sending a Goddesse down to *Limbo's* lake,
These words with many teares and sighs she spake;
And straight her head waterie gray weeds hid,
And deep into the river down she slid.
Meanwhile, *Æneas* strongly doth oppose,
His tree-like lance brandishing as he goes,
And angrily thus cries; Now *Turnus* stout,
What stayes, delayes, make thee still time it out?
Why draw'st thou back? we must not fight by flight,
But hand to hand with furious blows down-right.
Transform thy self to shapes most variously,
Collect thy self with magnanimity,
To fight or by arts slight to soare i'th'aire,
Or hid i'th'ground to cover all thy care.
Turnus in rage shaking his head, replies,
Thy tongue, proud *Trojan*, nothing terrifies
My troubled breast, but th'angry fatall Gods
And *Jupiter* himself, with me at odds.
And with these words he spide a mightie stone,
A huge old stone, by which lands bounds were shown
All difference to decide, left long i'th'field:

Which

V Which twelve men scarce upon their necks could weld:
 Such proper men (I mean) as now adayes
 Times do produce. This he with ease doth raise,
 And with his trembling hand cast at his foe:
 And yet this noble prince doth scarcely know
 That he himself rais'd high, did swiftly run,
 Took up the stone, or what else he had done:
 His knees began to faint, his bloud grew chill;
 Then on i'th' emptie a'ire, the stone went still,
 But went not its full way, nor hit its mark.
 Likeas, when in our dreams, at midnight dark,
 V When lazie sleep tyr'd eye-lids down doth force,
 V Ve seem sometimes to run an eager course:
 And in the midst of many a seeming act,
 V Ve faintly fail, and vainly cease the fact;
 V Ve talk sometimes in sleep, but faultingly
 Our forces fail, nor words, nor works comply:
 Thus 'twas with *Turnus*, where his power was bent,
 Fierce fates made all his facts in vain be spent:
 Then diverse doubtfull thoughts in's heart arise.
 Upon his *Rutuls* casting now his eyes,
 Now on the town, fright stayes him, and deep feare
 (Even every moment) of his foes strong speare:
 Nor findes he means to flie, nor means to fight,
 Nor sees his coach, nor sister-coachmans fight.
Aeneas having in his nimble eyes
 Faire fortune offer'd, doth not sluggardize,
 But brandishing his dart at's doubting foe,
 Farre distant, at him doth it fiercely throw
 V With all his might: never flew stones so fast
 To batter walls from war-like engine cast
 V Vith battering din, nor thunder makes more roare:

Like

Like a black storm, hurrying destruction fore,
 So flies the speare, and through his corset strong,
 And seven-fold lined shields brim glanc'd along
 With clanging noise, sticking fast in his thigh,
 Which strake down mightie *Turnus* instantly,
 Doubling his knees to th'ground. The *Rutuls* straight
 Raife a huge crye, which hills reverberate,
 With mightie echoes, round about the plain,
 And all abroad the woods beat back again.
 He meek and lowly raising hands and eyes,
 O now (sayes he) I beare my most just prize.
 I ask no favour, use thy happie fate,
 Onely I pray thee to commiserate
 My aged father *Damnus* (if in thee
 Least pietie to parents harboured be,
 And thy *Anchises* once was such an one)
 And me (if so much favour may be shown,
 If die I must) restore my corps to mine.
 The victorie to thee I now resigne:
 Our *Latines* see my conquered hands extended,
Lavinia is thy wife, thus fates intended,
 Let farther furie cease. *Aeneas* stands
 Fierce in his arms, yet still he holds his hands,
 Gazing with's eyes, and now even now began
 His speech to work compassion in the man,
 Till that unhappie belt he did espie
 Upon his shoulders hanging broad and high:
 Whole buckles known, and glistring rarely cleare,
 To be young *Pallases* did plain appeare,
 Whom *Turnus* with a conquering wound had slain,
 And 'bout him did that fatall prize retain.
 But when his eye did seriously survey

Ee

That

That badge of griping grief, that piteous prey,
 Enflam'd with furie, all with rage posselt,
 Ah! dost thou hope to scape my hands thus drest
 With my deare *Pallas* spoiles? for *Pallas* sake
 This wound shall thee his due oblation make.
 And with that word, he sheath'd his sword in's heart.
 Whereat death scazing on his vitall part,
 His members bursten, loathed life out flies,
 And with a deep-fetcht groan to *Charon* hies:

*An end of the twelfth book of
 Virgils Æneïds.*

*Trin-uni Deo soli sit
 omnis gloria.*

FINIS.



ERRATA.

Courteous Reader, The large distance of place, and inevitable duties of my calling hindring my presence from the Printers-presse, divers faults have escaped, which I heartily desire may with thy patience and pen be corrected, as here is directed.

IN the life of Virgil, pag: 3. lin. 12. for shallow, read fallow.
Æneids. p. 5. l. 22. for Orentes, read Orontes. p. 28. l. 8. for I, read By. p. 29. l. 13. for sheep-shelter, read ship-shelter. p. 35. l. 11. for wraths, read wreaths. p. 39. l. 21. for hiddie, read hideous. p. 40. l. 2. for wag, read way. p. 45. l. 3. for Automedon, read Antomedon. p. 46. l. 26. for they, read for she. p. 53. l. 24. for Frame, read From's. p. 61. l. 27. for saue, read leaue. p. 66. l. 8. for could, read cold. p. 68. l. 18. for grew, read drew. p. 72. l. 1. for siccie, read seirce. p. 73. l. 25. for to th' Sea by Gods, read by Sea to th' Gods. p. 77. l. 14. for Achilles, read Anchises. p. 79. l. 10. for a station, read our station. p. 81. l. 22. for sigh's, read fights. p. 82. l. 17. for on, read on's. p. 83. l. 24. for au-all, read ouall. p. 93. l. 30. for long, read longs. p. 95. l. 2. for fiction, read fictious. l. 6. for The, read That. l. 10. for these mens, read these in mens. l. 28. for right, read rich. p. 111. l. 14. for cutting, read crossing. p. 113. l. 20. for thousands, read thousand. p. 115. l. 20. for That same, read, That the same. p. 118. l. 20. for a more, read no more. p. 121. l. 16. for Phaethons, read Phaetons. p. 124. l. 12. for or'eth board, read o're-board. l. 32. for power, read poure. p. 132. l. 21. for land, read laud. p. 134. l. 16. for begirt, read begirts. p. 139. l. 6. for partly, read party. p. 140. l. 2. for Laborynthicke, read Labyrinthicke. l. 25. for fleets, read fleet. p. 141. l. 15. for from, read for. p. 164. l. 29. for Now, read Nor. p. 175. l. 6. for hee heauen, read he did heauen. p. 177. l. 4. for these, read those. pag. 185. lin. 4. for Statutes, read Statues. pag. 194. lin. 25. for turret, read turrets. pag. 197. lin. 6. for O that, read O what. l. 24. for flight, read fight. pag. 200. l. 3. for An, read Ah. p. 204. l. 7. for

for waues, read wiues. p. 205. l. 21. for bid, read bad. p. 210. l. 21.
for godly, read goodly. p. 214. l. 3. for, Put-on, read Puts-on. p.
217. l. 18. for grunt, read groane. p. 220. l. 23. for Numacks,
read Numicks. p. 224. l. 29. for Ane, read And. l. 31. for So, read To.
p. 227. l. 10. for fire, read Sir. p. 237. l. 6. for protest, read pro-
tests. p. 238. l. 11. for for-mens, read foemens. p. 257. l. 12. for flying,
read fling. p. 259. l. 9. for afraid, read afeard. p. 262. l. 28. for land,
read laud. p. 265. l. 30. for Italie, read Italia. p. 277. l. 20. for
touch, read tough. p. 298. l. 10. for Asius, read Iasius. p. 323. l. 17.
for Ioyning, read Ioying. p. 346. l. 5. for Adulterous, read Adul-
trous. p. 352. l. 14. for coasts, read costs. p. 353. l. 2. for forth'ala-
rum, read, foreth' alarm. p. 361. l. 23. for There, read They. p.
372. l. 12. for her, read his. p. 373. l. 3. for defendance, read
defendants. l. 9. for made fight so feirce, read make furious fight.
p. 379. l. 8. for And their, read Let our. p. 384 l. 21. for thus, read
this. p. 386. l. 1. for me, read we. p. 392. l. 13. for fleet, read fleet.
p. 398. l. 16. for giue, read giues. p. 399. l. 21. for shrill, read
thrill. p. 403. l. 11. for fills, read fill. l. 32. for that, read what. p.
405. l. 26. for they, read thy. p. 406. l. 2. for there, read thou. p.
411. l. 17. for bloudily, read bouldly. p. 413 l. 4. for then, read
them. p. 418. l. 8. for bursen, read loosen.

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